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THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

VII.

A RANDOM PROPHECY.

SOMEWHAT like the notable Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, Barclay aspired also "to grow acquainted with all who had anything unusual in their fortune or conduct." The many foreign nationalities represented in the place appeared to him a considerable source of interest. Recollections of their scenery and traditions at home invested even the poorest of them with a touch of romance, whereas he found the common order of Americans looking down upon all alike with an ignorant prejudice and disdain.

He went to the German theatre, and an amateur play at the Bohemian Turnhalle. He passed, in his observing way, among the small, neat shops and cottages of the German quarter, tenanted by a most industrious and thrifty population. A part of this district was on the way to the factory. The sign "English spoken here" was sometimes seen, and pots of flowers in the cottage windows showed that humble striving after beauty amidst adverse surroundings that appeals to the kindly heart. A broom-maker had set up three crossed brooms on a post before his door, recalling the sign of that Dutch admiral who swept the seas. Next him, an ancient lightning-rod and weather-vane maker

exhibited, in his small window, gilded yachts, birds, and fishes, the famous Dexter trotting at full speed, leaping stags, short-horn cows, and a profusion of other specimens of his handiwork.

Barclay, having occasion to order something connected with the lightning-rods of his factory, entered this latter establishment. He found the proprietor to be a Dane, one Ole Alfsen, a garrulous old fellow, who professed to be a weather-prophet, and was much inclined to boast of his exploits of former days. A son of his, William Alfsen, came in while Barclay was there, to bid his father good-by. He was just setting off, as it appeared, for a voyage in his own sloop, the South Side Belle.

"I have try first to make that boy a mechanic," said the father, taking the pains incidentally to explain some traits of this son, "but I have to give it up; he bin a natural-born sailor. It come by his mother's family. William used to sail round with his uncle, what was a captain and brother of my wife, in the old country, when he was a small kid; and once he was a couple o' years in one o' them navy-yards, workin' round the big guns."

"He's a strong, manly-looking young fellow," said Barclay. "I trust he is successful."

"Well, he was pooty successful at first, but not so good now. He used to

go over, with a load o' small goods, to them Fox and Manitou Islands and Boy Blank [Bois Blanc] way, and Grand Traverse Bay, and Point Betsey, you know, what got no stores on 'em. He would blow his horn when he come in, and all them folks would come down to the dock and buy everything what he bring."

"That was an interesting business."

"Yes, but he lose his vessel; he went to help some other fellers, and his boat got away from him and foundered. Since then he got awful hard times. I lose my money in her, too, what I saved up, but I don't say nothing about that."

The next day, Barclay, being obliged to drive down towards the Polish quarter, saw the same young man walking before him, and recognized him from the peculiar impression he had made. He had not yet sailed, then?

The Polish settlement consisted of an area of yet poorer and more sparsely scattered shops and cottages than those of the Germans, which they adjoined. It was grouped around a few tall, unpainted wooden tenement-houses, containing many families each, and a solid, rather imposing ecclesiastical edifice of yellow brick, the church of St. Stanislaus, which had twin steeples, terminating in little domes covered with shining tin, in the Muscovite manner. Near the border-line, where the two nationalities overlapped, began a small ravine, with neither grading nor sidewalks, but dignified with the name of Sobieski Street. Upon this irregular site, driven to it by the stress of economy, immigrants had pitched their poor huts and cabins. Among them ran a variety of meandering paths, the right of way on which was disputed with human beings by the goats, geese, and swine. At the top of the ravine, where it joined a civilized thoroughfare again, stood a neat cottage of two stories, the lower unpainted, which gave a suggestion as of a cellar above ground, — the residence of

our worthy friend Ludwig Trapschuh. Barclay chanced to see William Alfsen steal cautiously up Sobieski Street, and disappear in the neighborhood of this dwelling.

This Polish immigration, he recalled, as he drove on, was the outgrowth chiefly of the later Russian persecutions, dating from about 1864. Partly as the last arrived, and partly on account of the uncouthness of their speech, they were generally rated lower than any others in the social scale. They were for the most part but common laborers. There were to be seen pouring forth from this district, every morning, a swarm of men, who proceeded to Market Square to wait for jobs of wood-cutting, or to distribute themselves on the railroads and public works of the city. They wore something like a uniform of military-looking homespun frock-coats, full in the skirts, big top-boots, round caps bordered with astrakhan, and, if it were cold, comforters and thick mittens. They had been serfs, or something very near it, at home, and still retained their thoroughly peasant-like aspect. They had constituted here, in a small way, an untrammelled new Poland: they came not from Russia alone, but from Prussia, and also that Austrian Galicia where Metternich had boasted that he had secured "fifty years of tranquillity by three days of blood." But the oppressors who had partitioned their country had contrived to partition their spirits as well. They were found full of violent prejudices and ancient localisms: the Warsaw man fell out with him of Cracow, and the peasant of Lithuania with the peasant of Podolia or Ukraine.

William Alfsen entered a poorer cottage than that of Ludwig Trapschuh, the rear of which it adjoined. A considerable piece of back-yard intervened between the two. He greeted there a heavy, dull-looking woman, who was Susanka Kraska, the mother of his tow-headed cabin-boy, Nicodem Kraska.

"Nick a good boy, make good sailor!" he bawled, for Susanka was deaf.

"You don't let it get drown?" she bawled in return. Her English was very defective, and even at its best had to be supplemented with some words of German.

"No, I don't let him get drowned." And with little more ado he went and sat down at a window which commanded the back-yard before mentioned. He presently saw appear there a person for whom he sought, — Stanislava Zelinsky. She no longer wore the trim dress in which he was wont to see her, but a linsey-woolsey petticoat and a bright handkerchief over her bosom. There rested on her shoulders a heavy wooden yoke, with a water-pail at either end, which she was going towards the well to fill.

He hurried out, and ensconced himself, as furtively as possible, behind a tall pile of wood, whence he whistled and called in a way to attract her attention. The girl discovered him.

"I didn't know you was here. I thought you was sailed away," she said; refraining, after a first startled glance, from looking towards him, so as to betray her recognition of his presence.

"I want to see you once more, Stanislava. I got something to say with you. I make believe go off. I sail through the bridge in big style, so your father and Barney think I gone away; then I tie up the boat down by the harbor mouth, leave Nicodem take care of her, and come here. You must come right away out and take walk."

"Wait till I make done my work and get good excuse. They don't watch me now, because they think you was gone."

They arranged to meet at the corner of a certain vacant lot, on distant Windlake Avenue. Alfsen waited patiently till she had finished her household tasks, and sallied forth; then he stole down the ravine again, and joined her at

the trysting-place. If the dull Dame Kraska regarded this manoeuvre at all, possibly she thought it only a part of the necessary business of employing her lazy son Nicodem as a cabin-boy, or possibly she winked at it because she had no great love for her neighbor, Ludwig Trapschuh.

"What happen you, Stanislava?" asked Alfsen, at once. "Why you wear that kind o' dress?"

"I got to; I must, all time, do house-work now."

"And you don't like milliner business no more? Why you leave Morgenroth's store?"

"I guess I was too sassy. When they say something against the Polanders, I say something back again, and they turn me out."

"Oh, no, you could n't be too sassy, Stanislava. Was that, sure, the reason?"

"Well, my uncle and aunt don't want me to do no more such work," she admitted. "They stop me from everything. Once, you know, I was setting types in a German paper, and once I was painting them canisters in the Stamped-Ware factory, and once" —

"I don't forget paintin' them canisters. Did n't I first see you when I used to work there, too?" broke in the young mariner, interrupting her. "But, Stanislava, you have that money what you get from Governor Lane to pay your board. You must not pay your board and work so like a servant, too."

"They got big expenses, and they was my family," she answered, simply.

"By jinks! that was a swindle. I would keep that money, if it was me, or I would do what I please."

"How I can keep it? My uncle get it himself; I never get it in my hands."

"I would tell Governor Lane, then. Or I would tell Mrs. Varemberg; you say she's such a nice lady."

"It was my uncle and my aunt," reiterated the girl; alleging this in a

naive way, as if it were so convincing a reason that nothing could by any possibility be urged against it. "I wonder what he give me that money for, any way?" she added, presently.

"Oh, he got plenty." Alfsen was little enough troubled on this score, to which, indeed, he had never paid an instant's attention. "I had something very partiklar to say with you, Stanislava," he began anew, hesitatingly. "What I got to say is, I guess you must give me up, Stanislava."

"Give you up, Willie?" she cried, as with sudden horror.

"Yes; you must get married with some smart feller what can take care of you. I got no good luck any more, — no better luck that last trip as before. So I go down the lower lakes to look for some new kind o' job, and perhaps I stay there, and don't never come back. What's the use?"

"Willie, you must come back!" she exclaimed, in frightened protest. "I don't give you up, — you und'stand? I don't give you up."

"But if I'm no good no more?"

"I keep company with you, all the same," she persisted obstinately.

Reassured by this display of constancy, he next broached, in a sheepish way, another matter he had been turning over in his mind.

"We might get married — right away — by Pastor Freitag," he suggested, "and no one know nothing about it. Then if they was to treat you too bad I could stop it. I would try to take you away the soonest possible."

The girl seemed startled this time in a different way.

"I would n't be married by no Pastor Freitag," she responded, with a decided toss of the head, in spite of her recent avowal of affection. It was evident that she cherished a feminine ideal of something very much more elaborate in the way of a wedding than a clandestine ceremony by Pastor Freitag.

This was a little man, a minister of the Lutheran sect, who lived a bachelor existence — doing all his own cooking — in the basement of his chapel, on one of the minor side streets. He was very latitudinarian in his theology, and accommodating in all his views; offering, for instance, to marry a couple "either with or without a God." His chapel was, as it were, a local Gretna Green, and no small part of his scanty income was derived from expediting wedlock for persons disposed to be slightly informal in their arrangements.

But little further time was allowed for the discussion of Pastor Freitag or anything else. The pair, who had wandered, Jenny and Jessamy fashion, quite at their ease, and sometimes hand in hand, were suddenly confronted by a formidable apparition. It was no less than Ludwig Trapschuh. He had left his bridge, again, for one of his expeditions to see South Side aldermen, and the like, and found himself at the moment in precisely that part of the town. The sight struck consternation to their souls. His niece gave a faint, involuntary shriek, while Alfsen could only affect a dogged sort of smile.

"Didn't I tell you I won't let it?" cried Trapschuh, in a choking fury, addressing himself first to the young girl. Then, turning to Alfsen, he said, "So-o-o you walk yourself with my niece-of-law? If I catch it again, I guess I knock you over the heels by the head."

Before any violence could be done, however, Paul Barclay once more appeared upon the scene. Though he was but passing by, driving homeward, his presence no doubt acted as a restraining influence. It was evident to him that a drama of some kind was in progress: the young sailor had a defiant air, Stanislava was downcast and tearful, and Ludwig Trapschuh made the most typical of stern, low-comedy fathers. Barclay unavoidably gave it his attention through his recognizing the partici-

pants. As if this were only a signal for their breaking up, the little group, immediately after, dispersed. William Alfsen hurried down to the port, this time to cast off and put to sea without further artifice; Stanislava was dragged home by her irate guardian, and, arrived there, scolded roundly again, and all but beaten, by him and her aunt. The occurrence, however, sank deep into her recollection; Alfsen's advice had its effect, and she manifested for the first time, shortly after, a spark of something like the true American independence. When pressed hard, she threatened to go to David Lane, say to him that she was able and anxious to earn her own living, and have the stipend stopped.

"Don't do it, Stanislava," begged Trapschuh, in great alarm. "We got big expenses, and we could n't bring you up without that money. Remember I was a poor man, and I was your uncle."

"You must give me freedom, then; I must do what I like."

Her uncle was thus in some degree brought to book. She utilized her privilege by exchanging the rude, domestic drudgery in which she had been engaged for occupations more congenial to her taste. She appeared at the Stamped-Ware Works, to solicit once more the stenciling of patterns on light boxes and canisters, which she had formerly done, — a kind of work sometimes to be taken home with her, and sometimes done at the shop; and Barclay, to whom she addressed herself, was glad enough to accede to her request. He had a pleasant word more than once for this flower of the Polish settlement, partly as Mrs. Varemberg's *protégée*, and partly through the more pensive recollection, to which his mind sometimes wandered, of the association of their progenitors together in the same untimely fate.

The rigorous northern winter came on, and set its seal of ice on the naviga-

tion of the Great Lakes, not to be opened again till another spring. The last belated vessels came skurrying into port; some were embargoed at places where the sudden freezing up of the harbors found them. The storm-flag was flying almost constantly on its high perch, on the roof of the building of the Keewaydin Insurance Company. This square of vivid scarlet up in the gray sky indicated now snow-storms that blocked the railroads, now wind at forty miles an hour, and now blizzards of extreme cold that swept down into the streets, often driving all human life in-doors, and putting a stop to business transactions. The windows of the shops were sometimes as thickly covered by hoar frost as if by plates of zinc. The lake, impressive in every aspect, was frozen as far as the eye could see, and no one could say how much farther. What mysterious dramas were enacting in the long, dead winter out amid the winds and currents of that great deserted sea? Amid its roughened and broken ice could be seen here and there forbidding channels of lead-colored green or purple water. On the farther verge, as it vanished under the brooding sky, there seemed great breakers tossing, and icebergs moving in slow procession.

The South Side Belle did not return to port, even among the belated craft, but some time afterwards the boy Nick Kraska made his way homewards, and related that she had been lost off the rough upper Michigan shore. Alfsen was laid up in hospital over there with various injuries, including a broken arm. He had been injured in going back after Nicodem, — who was afraid to strike out alone, — through a heavy sea full of floating lumber; keeping thus the promise made to the mother to look after the boy's safety.

"The sloop was as rotten as an old pumpkin," said a critic of the occurrence, at the Johannisberger House. "She was loaded with a cargo of boards, and

these thrashed around, broke through her sides, and scuttled her by themselves the very minute a good thumping sea set in."

Later on, William Alfsen appeared, one day, in person, at the Stamped-Ware Works, pale and emaciated, his arm still in a sling, and accompanying Stanislava, whom he had met, on some errand connected with her work.

Foreman Akins pointed him out, and described the case to Barclay.

"There's a feller that used to be a smart hand to work," said he. "He never 'd orter left; he did n't know when he was well off."

"Why not give him his place back again?"

"That arm o' his would n't let him be no use now. Unless, may be, it was some light job in the packin'-room," he added.

In due time, however, Barclay stopped, on his way up town, to offer the son of the aged weather-vane maker some light work in the packing-room. The young man was rather disposed to resent it at first, as savoring of charity, but he was made to feel that his services were really in demand.

During the interview, old Alfsen took occasion, as usual, to air his views on the weather and other topics.

"I make predictment," said he, "that this is not a easy windter, but a strong, cold, and enduring one."

Lightning-rods were the favorite subject of his discourse. It appeared that he was fond of assembling the children of the neighborhood round him to hear his stories of the mysterious element with which he had had so much to do. He would tell of the shattering of the masts of vessels by lightning. Once, he said, a great wheel of St. Elmo's fire as large as a millstone had come rolling along the waves and pierced a ship in three places. Again, a ball of blue flame as large as a man's fist had leaped from an electrometer and killed its op-

erator, leaving a red mark on his forehead and his shoes burnt from his feet.

"Some will be believing rods to be no use, because bringing down more lightning as what they can carry off," he said, in his odd dialect, "but I beg to differ much with the believings of said persons."

"Your experience has taught you differently, then?" said Barclay, not unwilling to lead him on a little.

"*Sure*; only they must be good put up. How much power you think got one o' them clouds 'bout ten thousand acres big, eh? All rod joints must be tight and not rusty, and the ends must be branched out in the ground, with plenty charcoals around it, else everything get tore up."

"You have no doubt done some very important work in that line, yourself?"

"I was the best lightnin'-rods feller what you never see," returned the old man boastfully. "I did ought to put up all that big work on the city hall, too, when it was build, but I did n't get enough politikle influence."

"And it took political influence for that, even when you were so good a workman?"

"I bet you it take it; if you got no aldermans on your side, you get no job. When I was mad about it, they give me a small, little box to make, to put some papers in, in that statue; that job did n't amount to nothing at all. I bet you see her come down some day, and scatter them papers all round."

"You think the figure is not secure?"

"I make predictment what she come down. Yes, sir, plenty times already see I her shake in the wind."

"Oh, anything shakes in a high wind."

"Well, but I guess the lightning some time hit her, any way. Them other fellers what put up the rods on the big dome and along that golded statue of Justice don't know nothing about it," he

said, still cherishing his resentment of years before. "I was the best feller for fixing up the right kind o' rods, and if she don't got 'em, of course she must come down."

William Alfsen proved a faithful person in the minor duties assigned him, and an intelligent one as well, from whom Barclay gathered many useful opinions about the needs and views of the working class in which he was interesting himself. He made friends with him by degrees, and took him, more or less, as a companion and guide in what Mrs. Varemberg was pleased to call his ethnographic explorations among the different races and conditions of men.

They went together, one night, to a meeting of rabid socialists and unifiers of labor, held in the district somewhere near the factory. There was a speaker who had a strange way of perking out his chin, and appeared about to choke with each sentence, — a huge man, who made but mild suggestions. There was another, a diminutive man, in an overcoat with ragged edges, and wide pantaloons flapping over little feet like a woman's, who proposed, in a piping voice, the most sanguinary measures. Hoolan, from the factory, was present, among others, and made a speech. Remarking Barclay in the audience, he addressed to him personally some questions intended to be posers of a very crushing sort. It was much out of Barclay's line, but he rose, nevertheless, and answered these and some other of the dangerous fallacies he had heard. He displayed before them in a few well-chosen, forcible words some economic doctrines, of the simple elementary sort, but novel and original enough in an assembly like that, little given to considering more than one side of a question. There were groans and hisses, but Hoolan stood by him; on the whole, they gave him fair play, and he derived from this incident a reputation for oratory, as he had already for courage.

And yet again Barclay went with Alfsen to a Polish ball, of which the latter had apprised him. It was a celebration of the military company, and was held in a rude wooden building, in a grove of leafless trees, dignified with the name of a "park," near the southern city limits. It was on a clear winter's night. As they drew near the place, the moon shone down upon the Polish quarter, touching with a sparkle the bright tin domes of the church of St. Stanislaus, and gleaming white on the fields of driven snow all round about it, with much such an effect as might have been presented at the same moment by an actual village of the steppes.

Within, the Sobieski Guards moved about, resplendent in their uniforms of blue and red; and young women, with hands and wrists roughened by work, sat in rows on benches, while their hats and shawls depended from pegs behind them. Stanislava Zelinsky was there, very charming in white muslin, with blue ribbons in her hair. So jealously guarded was she by her uncle, assisted in his vigilance by the rowdy Barney, that William Alfsen could only look at her from afar with longing and disconsolate eyes. Ludwig Trapschuh, to tell the truth, cherished no peculiar prejudice against Alfsen; he would have felt the same way towards any other who threatened to take away from him his niece and source of revenue. But precautions as to others were needless, for she showed them no favor.

Barclay, however, was a visitor who was treated with august consideration by his pleasing young employee, among the rest, and he talked with her at considerable length. She could tell him something of the traditions of her country: the wolf-hunting in the Carpathians; the ancient serpent-worship in marshy Lithuania; the tarantass with a trotting and two galloping horses harnessed abreast; the *wodka*, or potato brandy; and a certain famous plum jam, made in great ket-

tles set in the ground, and stirred about with wooden shovels. Finally, she induced the musicians to play for his especial benefit the sweet and plaintive Kalina and some other national airs.

The dancing was marked by great zest and facility.

"Why, indeed, should it not be?" remarked Barclay, as he went back to join his companion. "Where, allowing for the rudeness of the company, should we expect to find more grace and spirit than here? Do we not owe them all the modern dances? What is Polka but the word that means 'a Polish woman'? The Mazurka was the native dance of the Mazours, the Cracovienne that of Cracow, and the Varsovienne that of Warsaw."

He paused, as he was leaving the place, to watch a waltz, in which the couples separated at a given signal, pointed mocking fingers at each other, clapped hands and stamped feet, then joined again and went on as before, all in harmonious rhythm. On the way home Alfsen deferentially confided to him his feelings about Stanislava, of which his listener had already heard something. "Some o' the girls gets married because they're tired o' workin', and often gets a harder time than what they had before," said he. "I don't want any o' that; I don't want any girl what marries me to be scrubbin' all the time at the wash-tub." He took so dark a view of his own prospects that no one was readier to admit the justice of the opposition of Trapschuh than himself.

"But your arm will soon be well again," returned his employer sympathetically; "then you can get your old place back, earn good wages, and things will go all right with you."

"Yes, but I don't know if I can make good mechanic any more," hesitatingly. "I'm better on some kind of a boat. Only when a man lose his boat — and I lose two — he don't easy get no good place on any other one. If I could

get on that revenue cutter, I like it," he added wistfully. "Them government jobs pay pretty good, and you're sure you get your pay."

"On the Florence Lane? What sort of a place would you want?"

"Well, may be to watch around her, while she's laid up for the winter; and, after that, to work on her most any way, — I could learn all. I would n't care much whether it was sailin' or takin' care o' the guns; I understand most all that kind o' business."

Barclay began to speculate whether there was any reason why he should not get a deserving fellow, with a taste for the work, a government appointment on a revenue cutter. He apparently found none, for he said, —

"I'll speak to Lieutenant Gregg about it."

But it so happened that peculiar circumstances arose to prevent his speaking to Lieutenant Gregg about it in person, and to lead him to turn the matter over to other hands, instead.

VIII.

A MEETING AT THE FOOT OF THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

Barclay had first his popular period, then something very like an unpopular period, in the social life of Keewaydin. Looked upon as a person of exceptional distinction, he was bidden to all the usual entertainments and many especially devised in his honor. Keewaydin, like most other American towns, did not frankly engage in pleasure for pleasure's sake; there was generally an apologetic air about it. Still, somebody coming or somebody going, a notable stranger in town, a charitable object to be furthered, furnished occasion for sufficient gayeties.

"The typical occasion, I should say," Mrs. Varemberg explained to him, "is

the visit of some young girl who was formerly school-mate, say, of a friend residing in the place. As soon as it is known that such a person has arrived, all the acquaintances of the family hasten to the house, and steps begin at once to be taken for her entertainment."

"This inter-visiting of school friends, now that railroad fares are cheap, and the remotest points are really but a few days apart, seems one of the great North American agencies for unifying civilization," said Barclay, as if philosophically. "The boarding-school ought to be set upon a lofty pedestal of honor, as a leading factor in the modification of types and the settlement of race problems. What is the frequent upshot of these visits? The young stranger, flattered and fêted, appears at her best. The young men are taken with the novelty; some one of them asks her to marry him, and she stays. She has been blown afar and taken root, just as the seeds of exotic plants are blown by the winds to spring up on coral islands."

"You are undoubtedly correct. But how beautifully poetical you are getting, in these late days!"

"Oh, I have to be rather poetical, as a relaxation from the factory. Besides, I am a bit of the drift from distant shores, myself."

"Then we must have you follow the usual career. Who is to be the happy agent of your taking root and flowering on our coral reef? Naturally Miss Telson, our greatest fortune, whose money will be useful to you in your philanthropic enterprises. A philanthropist, you know, can never have too much."

Barclay objected to Miss Telson. She was the daughter of the leading capitalist of the place, — for others, in the mean time, had surpassed David Lane. She was a particularly dull, uninteresting girl; it was said of her even now that she did not know how to spend her income.

"Miss Shadwell, then," said Mrs. Var-

enberg. This young woman, a granddaughter of Shadwell of the Navigation Company, and probably the second in the list of fortunes, was a little midget scarcely out of her teens, with a face that already resembled a withered apple. She had a rather terrific reputation; she was a law unto herself, and was in the habit of making very pert and mischievous remarks. A Miss Minford, who came third in the trio of heiresses, mistakenly endeavored to render herself attractive by an elegant fragility; she thought it charming to profess to be utterly unable to do about everything anybody would have liked to have her do.

"No," said Barclay decisively, "I should not take kindly to so much invalidism. I could not quite sink out of sight my ideal of blooming health."

"You do not like invalids, then?" said Mrs. Varenberg, with sadness in her voice.

"Not the amateur kind; all my sympathy and admiration are reserved for the real article," he returned, with cheerful promptness, endeavoring to atone for his stupid slip of the tongue.

"Ah, I see your desideratum is beauty, not money," she rattled on, when she had recovered from this shock, or hidden her feeling. She affected to survey the field next from this point of view.

She pretended many times thereafter, in a teasing way, to consider him a person who was sagely and maturely deliberating upon the choice of a wife from among the eligible candidates. She would affect to send him forth as a champion to the fray, to equip him with her best counsels, comfort him in his disappointments, and the like. She represented his heart as wavering in the direction now of this fascinating fair one, now of that. But when, after a considerable time, no results appeared from the campaign, she accused him of phlegmatic insensibility. She said he had a

heart made in compartments, like those of an ocean steamer; one or more of them might be broken with impunity, leaving the organ practically as good as ever.

"You will find a great deal of good blood in Keewaydin," said Mrs. Clinton, taking her part also in his social education. "Many young men of the best families of New York and New England came here, in the early times, to better their circumstances or benefit their health. My brother was one of them. You naturally belong to this congenial element, and I would advise you to confine your acquaintanceship as much as possible within it. Of course we know your father's name well, but your mother was a Ridgewood. The moment I heard your mother's name was Ridgewood, I knew all about you."

"We are very remarkable on the mother's side, also," said Mrs. Varemberg. "We are Bushwicks. The Bushwicks—let me see: they all married and had large families. Oh, yes, they were very extraordinary. There is a book about them; I am going to read it some time."

"Florence!" protested Mrs. Clinton severely.

"Well, we shall not let Mr. Barclay have *all* the glory."

"I hardly supposed such distinctions much obtained here," said Barclay.

"They do not," insisted Mrs. Varemberg. "There are really none except those of the pocket-book. Whoever has made his fortune is given a little time, it is true, to wash off the dust of the conflict, but he is not kept out of any of the rewards of it." Again the aunt protested.

"You two are such a pair of radicals and scoffers," said she, classing them together. But to be classed with Mrs. Varemberg in any category was subtly grateful to Barclay.

There proved to be quite distinctions enough, however, of one sort and an-

other. To supplement the rest, the sectional divisions of East and West Sides and the like were carried into social life; each assumed to be all but sufficient to itself, and representatives of the one went to the other only on the occasion of some notable funeral or wedding.

A "society paper" and "society columns" in the regular papers recorded the doings of a Shakespeare Club,—a highly accomplished one, devoted to private theatricals. Clubs for the cultivation of music of many varieties especially flourished. The inspiration seemed to come in the first place from the large German population, so gifted in this art; and it might have been remarked that it was through a common interest in music that the two races began to overcome their early estrangement, and to intermingle and marry. The leading troupes of performers of all kinds, on their travels, were wont to play a night or two at the Grand Opera House or the Academy of Music. Neither theatre was quite so grand as its name. Barclay went to some houses where were played "rhyming crambo" and like games, in a half-romping way, often pleasanter than the more set entertainments. There were many interiors fitted up with charming taste, and these had inmates who showed themselves nervously anxious to keep at the level of the latest acquirements in literature, art, and general culture. They lamented their small advantages as compared with the favored denizens of the metropolis, but they often have given the best of these latter, who are apt to be distracted from reading, study, and most that is useful by too great a whirl of affairs, in their complex life, a wholesome lesson, instead.

Barclay had the simplest, most unostentatious of manners, wherever he moved, and it was by no means his own fault if he became a centre of attraction. The young women were perhaps

a little overawed at first by his unusual eligibility, accomplishments, and good looks. Even the more reserved had their sweetest blandishments for him, while others threw themselves daringly at his head. All alike proved without avail; they found him impervious, and, after what was deemed a sufficient attempt, they drew off in despair.

Justine DeBow assumed, on the strength of their early acquaintance, a closer intimacy with him than most of the others, — an assumption which he, to a certain extent, conceded. “Are you never coming to see me?” she had asked him, more than once. He made short visits of ceremony and “party calls,” visiting large, handsome houses, where the young hostesses — for it was the young, for the most part, who conducted all these matters — came down to receive him. They sat with hands crossed in their laps, talked of Wachtel’s concert, Ristori, their European tours, and their trips to New York and to the Eastern seaboard in summer, liking to compare with his own. In time he dropped in at Justine DeBow’s, among the rest. She lived in a large wooden house, nearly square, painted in brownish tones. In the low fence, surrounding its door-yard, was a gate swinging both ways, which clicked complacently to itself for some time after one had passed through.

Barclay courteously asked after her mother, and received the reply that she would have come down, but her health was far from good, and she rarely saw visitors.

“What are your impressions of Kee-waydin *now*?” his young entertainer asked him, hastening to change the subject.

“I still find it highly interesting.”

“My idea of an interesting place would be something very different,” she returned, with an almost offended air. “It would be a long way off, for one thing, and it would furnish rather more

to keep one from dying of utter stagnation.”

“I have not stagnated yet, with all my Germans and miscellaneous foreigners to explore. I’ve been round the world a second time, as it were, since my arrival. But perhaps I am still too much in my first enthusiasm to advance any opinions of consequence.”

She looked at him in surprise. “We don’t see anything of the Germans,” she said. “Some of the young men go to the Germania Society, though, I believe, on Sunday nights, to see the beautiful Jewess, Rosa Blumenthal — I would, if I were they; I would do most anything to keep alive.”

In this mood she was not at all like the formal little person he had first met on the steamer.

“She is pretty, as we have agreed,” said Barclay, reporting the visit afterwards to Mrs. Varemberg, “but I have not often seen a greater budget of discontent in so small a compass.”

“Which means that she interests you. I recollect an unusual character or situation was always sure to do it.”

“Ah, well, my interests are so vast and varied nowadays that some of them will have to be neglected.”

The verdict that Barclay was indifferent, and even incorrigible, in the sentimental way, was first rendered at St. Bartholomew’s Guild, a charitable association of select young ladies of the place, and was confirmed at the Saturday Morning Club, a society, after the Boston model, devoted to their intellectual improvement.

“Oh, he is fastidiously polite, and all that; no one could be more so. He looks at you in an appreciative way, and gives the most careful attention to all you say,” pronounced a fair speaker, more frank than the rest, at the Guild, removing a score of pins from her mouth, to be the more untrammelled in the expression of her opinion. “But what does it all amount to? You feel, some-

how, always kept at a distance. He is thoroughly cold; it is probably constitutional."

"I could never *conceive* of his falling in love," said another; "he is the kind of man to whom it would be impossible."

It was measurably certain that he had not fallen in love with any of them, and yet Justine DeBow held her peace. Neither was this authoritative judgment pronounced till forbearance had, as it were, ceased to be a virtue. Ample time had been allowed for revision of judgment, and the decision, coming from such a source, might be considered final.

Paul Barclay also ran the gauntlet, with like imperturbability, of a "married set," which had lately introduced, as something of a novelty in Keewaydin, certain "fast" practices of enjoying life, derived from New York and foreign models, and carried into effect, as is often apt to be the case with imitations, in even exaggerated form. Barclay had seen the world, and was considered amply eligible for this set, which was inclined to look upon him as a marked acquisition, and made him gracious overtures. It was noted for dashing little suppers with plenty of champagne; the calling of one another, by the members, by their first names; and the dancing of attendance upon the wives of others by gallant cavaliers, while the husbands showed the most agreeable complaisance in the world. A certain Mrs. Rycraft, a siren of the buxom sort, by no means without good looks, took the lead in the overtures to Barclay. Perhaps in order to be beforehand with the others, she carried them to notable lengths. She talked in a pensive way of the unsatisfactoriness of life, and confided to him that, gay as she seemed, she was often oppressed by moods of melancholy. He found her woes but a curious parody of the real and poignant ones of Mrs. Varemberg.

She permitted herself a good deal of

sympathy, she said, for men who are sometimes spoken of as bad men; they were often very much maligned, and they had many redeeming traits. She thought men ought not to marry; if she were a man, she would never think of it.

"But perhaps you make too little allowance for the human nature and the weakness of the masculine heart," said Barclay, affecting to humor her.

"Oh, he should fall in *love*. I would not put any countermand upon that," she rejoined, as in a kind of consternation.

"Nothing is easier — as I have heard — than to fall in love a little with each successive pretty woman; but in falling in love, as some philosopher says, the first thing to do is to foresee the end. Perhaps it is not always so easy to get out of it. Have you any recipe to cover that?"

"Oh, don't ask *me* for recipes. You must find the right person, and then you will not *want* to get out." And she left it a transparent mystery who the right one was.

Not long after this, he received a very agitated-looking note, signed only with an initial. It was couched somewhat in these terms: —

"Such a strange, unaccountable feeling has taken possession of me. It is so pleasant to think of your being here — How dare I write this? — I will not send it — yes, I *will*. But you must forget that it was ever written. Never speak of it, never think of it, I *adjure* you."

Paul Barclay extricated himself from this entanglement with all the discretion possible, though perhaps no amount of discretion is ever sufficient, in such cases, to avoid making an enemy, — who has but the greater power for harm, the more consideration that is used.

After a varied collection of such small experiences, he inclined to withdraw himself altogether from the social

arena. But for the frigid atmosphere created by her father, he would have gone more and more often to Mrs. Var-emberg's. Even as it was, his visits began to attract comment. Why had those two so much to say to each other? Did they hold themselves aloof in assumed superiority? the gossips asked. And this Barclay, had he none of the natural impulses of his youth, that he showed no eyes and ears for the conceded beauties of the place? There were some, in truth, to win an anchorite, but they failed to attract him.

As to all this, even the young man was often sorely puzzled at his own state of mind. A warm and impulsive blood really ran in his veins; few had a quicker eye than he for any beauty of face or form, a readier appreciation of all the attractions that go to make up the surpassing feminine charm. But, in some strange way, all virtue seemed to have gone out of him now. It pleased him to associate only with this weak and crippled existence; all other women had grown hardly more than tolerable to him.

"Am I not," he would ask himself, in trying to account for it, "the widower of buried hopes, and is not my past of such a sort that I have no right to the ordinary present, and the future is no longer open to me?" And, "Why should I not use what is left to me as I choose?" he added.

A chivalrous ideal of remaining always at her side, without hope of change or reward, began to frame itself vaguely in his mind. Why might he not make a career of such disinterested friendship? He would let no word or act of his trouble her peace of mind; the most perfect prudence should guard her against any aspersion by evil tongues; he would only wait, wait indefinitely, and offer such poor solace as his presence might afford.

"Do *you* never go to see any people? Do you take no part in these fes-

tivities at all?" he was moved to ask her, after a time.

"I? How can I? How should I act if I did? If I were gay, the malicious would say I did not appreciate the gravity of my situation; if I were sad, that I was posing for their sympathy, — or, worse yet, some of the kind-hearted would give it to me, and *that* I could not endure."

"Not even that of your Radbrooks, of whose life you have given me such attractive accounts? I have seen something of them myself, by the way, and think you are right. Only, after all, another person's happiness seems a tame affair, compared to what one pictures for himself."

"To such places I can go least of all; they bring the tears to my eyes. Shall I confess to you that it is one of my peculiarities to weep at the sight of happiness? I cannot bear it. I have often turned away from happy couples, out-of-doors, and taken a different street to avoid them. You will laugh at a person so weak and ridiculous, will you not?"

But Barclay was far indeed from any disposition to merriment. At this rare admission that her suffering was mental as well as physical, he had no little pains to disguise his own emotion, which brought a decided lump into his throat. Yet, as there seemed nothing of permanent avail to be done, it became his rôle to save her in some way from herself, to aid her to pass her days more cheerfully. He sometimes tried a raillery like her own. As she had called him Wat Tyler and Gracchus, he dubbed her the Exile, the Prisoner of the Lake, the Captive, and by many similar high-sounding titles.

"You must watch some spider, day by day, spinning its web in a corner of your cell; some little flower peeping up through a joint in the paving-stones, for your comfort, — like various of your illustrious prototypes," he said.

"As to the cobweb," she returned, "I hardly think our tidy Swedish housemaids will have left one, but the conservatory is the most likely place for the flowers. Let us go and look."

Perhaps the prismatic glitter of all these conservatories did more than any other feature to give the ordinary passer-by his idea of the magnificence of David Lane and the unclouded happiness that must necessarily prevail in so splendid an establishment. But the ordinary passer-by, unfortunately, is not an accurate judge of the realities of things from their appearance; he does not always know sufficient of the wants of him who appears to want the least, and how, after all the needs of the body are gratified, there may yet remain the even more imperious needs of the heart and mind.

Mrs. Varemberg, pretending to seek the proper flower, culled one here and there, and then formed them all into a bouquet for her companion. How charming, he thought, was the touch of her light, deliberate hand upon them; how privileged the object, inanimate or animate, that might receive the benison of her caress!

"All this is rather my father's taste than my own, — the room for orchids, particularly," said she. "A conservatory is not greatly to my liking."

"Nor to mine either, to tell the truth. This heaven of glass instead of the blue sky, this tepid, enervating atmosphere instead of the free air of nature, are but poor substitutes for the originals."

"The plants, in their artificial existence, so carefully screened from every draught and inequality, remind me too much of my own. They too have a cowed and disconsolate air."

"You must give me some of the bolder of them, when I begin my landscape-gardening, to see what they will do out-of-doors."

"Your landscape-gardening?"

"Yes; I have been waiting to break

it to you. Barclay's Island is going to be 'a bower of roses by Bendermeer's stream.' And the planing-mill 'sings round it all the day long,' he added. Oh, I assure you, you won't know it."

He outlined for her some of his proposed innovations: he meant to paint the buildings, let in the honest light of day at the windows unimpeded by the time-honored cobwebs and grime, put up an ornamental stone gateway at the entrance to the grounds, clear away all the rubbish, and replace the slag and cinders by grass-plats varied with some few flower-beds, — about all that could be done without tearing down the whole establishment.

"You will be the most original of manufacturers."

"Oh, no; they do these things in Mexico and Central America," he responded. "It is charming, the way they have of caressing their industrial establishments which are the source of their wealth, down there. A man is no more ashamed to live alongside his cotton-mill or foundry than if it were a model stock-farm with us. As you ride along, you come, all at once, upon some imposing, castellated affair, with its gardens, terraces, fountains, statues, and mediæval-looking chapel, and find it to be simply a sugar-refinery or ore-reducing works, with the proprietor's residence added."

"And you propose to introduce all this here?"

"Oh, we can't expect to equal the Central Americans all at once, but we shall probably work up to it by degrees."

"But — Paul, you know — and an island, and such a paradise," broke in his companion, as if struck by a sudden reflection, "it is quite idyllic. You ought to have some sort of a Virginia, also. You must find some beautiful maiden of the island, who will go about clad in coarse stuffs of Bengal, and Paul must bring her bird's-nests, and shelter her from the rain under a huge banana leaf."

"And we must tell the seasons only by their fruits and flowers, and the hours of the day only by the shadows passing over," added Barclay, readily entering into the spirit of it. "Will you not deign to be our Virginia, for the time being?"

He drew down over her head the leaf of a large plantain they chanced to be in close proximity to at the moment, after the manner of the well-known picture.

David Lane had entered his conservatory, to walk briefly, as he was given to doing, among his orchids, that poised their curious shapes of butterfly and bird in the air like living things, and was a witness of this scene. It seemed to him to show a peculiarly intimate relationship between the pair. It was at last time for him to act, unless he would abandon all without a struggle. He scowled darkly by himself, but when they came up to him made a lame pretense of civility. When Barclay had gone, he took his daughter aside, and, without any reference to his real motive, spoke to her earnestly of her health, and strongly advised her to go at once on a visit to New York that had been before proposed. He himself would go with her. Her physicians had recommended it, for the benefit of the change, even if it should be only a short one. Her inertia was at last overcome. It is supposable, too, that the absence may, for certain reasons, have appealed to the better judgment of Mrs. Varemberg as desirable. Those two, accordingly, soon departed.

There came about, however, a friendly correspondence, of a desultory sort, during the separation. It was sometimes grave, sometimes gay. The little fiction of Paul and Virginia, originating as described, was further continued. Mrs. Varemberg had a ready gift in the humorous way with her pencil, and she drew in the corners of her notes little caricatures, to which Barclay — more

rudely — responded in kind as best he could. She showed the island, with its palms and plantains, always standing in the conventional conservatory tubs; Paul as a barefoot little urchin, with a very wise and knowing look, surrounded by his storks and turtles; old Fahrenstock as the faithful negro Domingo; and Virginia a most demure and innocent little maiden in a striped cotton gown. Barclay, on the other hand, in his sketches, endeavored to make her something of an arrant little coquette.

The thousand miles of distance intervening between them seemed to make the expression of certain sentiments easier; they sometimes wrote more freely than they had talked.

"I want to say to you," wrote Barclay, "that your friendship, your intelligent sympathy with my plans, have been a great assistance and happiness to me. I do not know what I should have done without you. I think it has been more your kind encouragement than anything else that has made me go on."

In one letter he described to her a new plan for a pension fund for his workmen that he was endeavoring to put into practice. The fund was to be made up of a small sum reserved from the earnings of each week, supplemented by a beneficent provision arranged by the management. Then, when a man had completed his labors, he would have something to take care of him in his old age. "But these are mere fag ends and side issues," he complained. "Why am I not thoughtful? Why do I not make the grand discovery that will produce for all a robust and plentiful happiness? You will think so poorly of a person who can do no better than this. You will cross him off your books in disgust."

"Were your achievements greater than those of Wilberforce, or Adam Smith, or Peter Cooper, — I don't know but I am making up a rather mixed catalogue," — she replied, "I shall al-

ways like the man better than the philanthropist. It seems to me already a great discovery that you have found out how a master can add to the comfort of individuals under him — But perhaps these are only the simple ideas of the poor, untutored mind of —

“VIRGINIA.”

She wrote him once from New York of meeting his sisters at a reception.

“They opened on me with quite a fire of questions about you,” she said. “Is it possible that you have told me more of your affairs than you have them? I am, naturally, much flattered at the suggestion. I was prepared to preserve your confidence as much as possible, but we were dragged apart by the crowd, — and meantime, if I meet them again, what am I to tell them?”

“Do not tell them anything, too ingenuous Virginia,” he wrote back in alarm. “The fact is, they are of rather an interfering turn. I will tell them, myself, as much as is for their good, when I get around to it.”

He sent once a rude sketch as of Virginia, in this new life, surrounded by admirers, who vied for the honor of holding their respective banana leaves above her head, while Paul sulked on the island, with his own trailing idly beside him, and the tortoises and flamingoes looking on in sympathy at his dejection.

David Lane, in this absence, would have had her be gay, amused, as different as possible from her usual self. It would have pleased him to see her accept the small attentions of new admirers. As to his own objection to her divorce, to tell the truth, it would have been by no means insuperable, could he have been sure that, after her release, she would marry any other than Paul Barclay. His wish was but poorly gratified. She was offered dinners, flowers, opera boxes, by old friends and new. “But what humor am I in for all this?” she asked. She could not adapt herself to distrac-

tions. Her depression was increased, too, by some fresh news concerning her husband from an authentic quarter. Under the immediate influence of this, she poured herself out to Barclay with a poignant sadness (and yet with an effort at self-repression) that wrung his heart with compassion for her sufferings.

“I am glad I am not with you, to heap the burden of my sorrows on you, in my selfish way, even more heavily,” her words ran. “Oh, I was made for happiness, and cannot reconcile myself to life without it. I must have been wrong from the first; why have I not tried to be good instead of to be happy?” Thus she accused herself, — she whom he thought the best of human beings in every thought and impulse. “I suppose such as I are needed as an example to the others of the evils of ill-assorted marriage, just as the helots of Sparta were made drunk and shown to the patrician youth, as a warning against intemperance.”

She had heard that Varemberg had gone — sometimes under assumed names, sometimes retaining his own — to Algiers, South Africa, Tonquin, and finally the Pacific Islands, and carried with him everywhere his reckless and abandoned courses. She seemed afflicted at length with something almost like nostalgia; it was evident that her sojourn was doing her no good, and David Lane, having no excuse for detaining her away indefinitely, brought her home.

Barclay was privileged to see her almost immediately on her return. Three days later he saw her again, under peculiar circumstances. A break had occurred in the machinery at the factory, and while this was being repaired he was not in active demand, and set out, one morning, to gratify a curiosity he had long felt to penetrate to the interior of the city hall, opposite, climb to the dome, — a favorite point of view with strangers, — and visit the Golden Justice at close quarters. The myste-

rious green weather-doors of the city hall were continually on the swing. They admitted a motley group of officials, attorneys, hangers-on about all the departments, teachers to see the superintendent of schools, citizens to pay or protest against their taxes, aldermen with their characteristic air of importance, and, once a month, the county supervisors, who left their rusty-looking wagons, with rusty buffalo-robcs thrown over the seats, at the curb-stones, all day long; and this movement was in progress to-day as usual.

There had been a day and night of successive rain, hail, thaw, renewed freezing, and then a light snow-fall. It was one of those occasions when Nature has produced from her simplest materials effects of dazzling splendor that surpass the fable of Aladdin's cave, or any bowers of enchantment whatever. The trees, encased in a canopy of ice to their most infinitesimal twigs, were woven together in exquisite tracerics, as of crystal, pearl, and silver. A sky of pure, deep blue stretched overhead its canopy, in rich harmony with the rest. A brief truce had been struck with the rigors of winter, and the atmosphere was of an almost balmy mildness.

Within the square, on the diagonal path crossing it, Barclay suddenly met with Mrs. Varemberg. She, too, had been drawn forth by the fascination of the morning, and was taking a short walk for exercise. Barclay involuntarily noted her elegantly simple raiment of dark cloth, fitted close to her figure, and a small bonnet of like material, a pompon at the side of which supplied the only touch of bright color. She was cut out sharply against the carpet of snow behind her. The air and exercise, with perhaps also the excitement of the unexpected meeting, gave her cheek an unwonted color, her spirits an unusual animation. An extraordinary change was already manifest, in the short interval since her return. It im-

pressed Barclay somewhat as when the light is suddenly kindled in one of those oriental lanterns that, without illumination, are dull and opaque. The fountain in the centre of the square, standing by, frozen in the natural shapes of its running water, assisted at their conference, like some afrite out of a fairy tale. Broken icicles, fallen from the trees, crackled under the small heels of the approaching friend. Barclay asked her gallantly, referring to these, —

“Are you the princess who scattered from her lips a shower of the most valuable brilliants, as often as she spoke and wherever she moved?”

“Can you doubt it? I have been talking to myself as I came along,” she rejoined, laughing. “But these are only a poor affair: had I known the prince, in person, would be abroad this morning, there should have been some far more worthy of him.”

“The prince was about to explore the city hall and mount to the dome, — a point of view much recommended to novices in the sights of Keewaydin, I hear. Will you not go up, too, and chatter a little there, for the benefit of your subjects, and to keep the Golden Justice in countenance? It must be long since you have seen each other.”

“I feel quite capable of it on such a glorious morning, but I — think it would hardly do. Besides, I was on my way to my father's office.”

“Then perhaps the prince may go, too, as far as your father's office.”

“No,” she objected hesitatingly. “I fear it would be rather conspicuous, our walking together in the public streets. To speak frankly, — it is naturally not at all an agreeable subject to talk about, — some unpleasant comments have been made. I heard them even before I went away. They come principally, I believe, from a Mrs. Rycraft, the pleasure of whose acquaintance I do not possess.”

Barclay raged inwardly at this evidence of the lurking malice of Mrs. Ry-

craft. "But life is too short," he exclaimed, "to let our conduct be regulated by nonentities and busybodies. They have no rewards, worth the having, to bestow, even if we conform; not one of them would step out of his way a hair's breadth for one's real pleasure or benefit. It is simply that if we do not conform, their energy is actively devoted to trying to make us uncomfortable.

"Even a sentiment founded on so unreasonable a basis, I suppose, ought to be more or less deferred to," his hearer replied. "'A man ought to know how to defy opinion, a woman to submit to it.' It is the old problem, mooted in Delphine, you know."

"Bah!" ejaculated Barclay, at first; but he soon endeavored to check the expression of his discontent, for in his heart he knew she was right.

Mrs. Varemberg — though this too was perhaps rather conspicuous — let him stroll with her to the posts at the corner where the path took its exit upon the public streets.

"How lovely it all is!" she broke off in a rhapsody. "It is as if Nature had powdered her hair, in the Pompadour fashion, — you see I must use feminine comparisons, — and put on all her laces and diamonds."

"And you, too, — it makes you look so well, so strong and blooming, one entirely forgets" —

"I will not be told I look well," she interrupted saucily; "that implies that at some former time I have not looked so well, and no self-respecting princess who drops jewels from her lips can be expected to admit that."

"At any rate, I shall always find it difficult hereafter to believe that there is anything really serious in your illness."

"It is only coming home," she said more seriously. "It is only a little temporary rally. Even my exile here somehow seems now preferable to anything else; the captive hugs her chains.

Traveling tired me; I seemed to get all of its discomforts and none of its pleasures. You must know I have had flattering doctors tell me I might even get well, if I were at peace with myself, at rest within. But that is a very practical recipe, is it not? They might as well recommend me to get the moon."

"And you wear your life out in this cruel way for what? It makes me think of the millions spent to maintain the great standing armies in peace, especially if they never come to a conflict." But he discreetly checked with this his far-off reference to a form of relief he had once before proposed to her.

"I am reliably informed," said Mrs. Varemberg, as they parted, "that you have been a misanthrope and recluse during my absence. You do not go near the people who have been polite to you. This will never do; I shall be held partly responsible for it. We must put a stop to it."

"The reproach shall be no longer deserved; a proper consideration for the feelings of Mrs. Rycraft alone demands it," responded Barclay. With that his charming companion went on, smiling at his sarcasm, which she did not look upon as severe, while he disappeared within the echoing, marble-paved corridors of the city hall.

Its two principal corridors crossed each other at right angles, and their junction was a rotunda, open to the dome above, from which it was somewhat too obscurely lighted. Over the first door encountered in the rotunda, to the right, was to be read the sign, "Mayor's Office." Through open doors down the long halls were seen the officials nonchalantly at work, or idle. The controller came out, in his shirt-sleeves, with a budget of vouchers, and entered the office of the county clerk, — for the county, also, had its share in the costly building. A knot of contractors were gathered about the door of the Board of Public Works, discussing a disagreeable

circumstance, and Barclay heard, in passing, some part of their discourse. It seemed that Keewaydin was a city that had enacted a prohibition against the increase of its municipal indebtedness beyond a certain per cent. of its total property valuation, and it had been suddenly discovered that this limit was already reached. A paralyzing doubt had been set afloat by the press, whether further expenditure of any kind would be lawful till another year's taxes were in.

Ives Wilson now came out of the city attorney's office, and gave Barclay his hand, in his bustling way, as he cheerfully accosted the waiting group.

"There'll be no letting of contracts to-day, boys," said he. "You may as well go home, and make yourselves comfortable. I have it from the mayor and the city attorney; they'll tell you themselves presently. There's no money in the treasury, and there is n't going to be any, so you'll have to get your healths without it." He seemed to have a familiar acquaintance with all these men, Irish, German, or American, as the case might be, and to be as much at home in this stratum of society as any other.

"But we heard that Lane, or Jim DeBow, or some o' them rich fellers, would put up the money till the next taxes was in," said the German contractor, Klauserman, eagerly.

"So they have. David Lane offered to do it, but Jim DeBow got in ahead of him. But that is to be used for necessary expenses; without it we might have had to turn off the gas and water, discharge the police, and shut up the public schools. There's no telling whether he'll ever get his money back, either."

"It's yeer paper, so it was, that sprung it on us, and made all the hullabaloo!" cried one Donlan, emphatically. "If yez had left it alone, nobody would have known the limit was up."

"Of course it was," assented the

journalist gleefully. "When you want the news, come to the Index. The rest of them will give you your ancient history and dead languages. The Index deals in facts of the present day."

"Stop my paper, ye devil!" said Donlan, a contractor of leading importance.

"We could n't think of it, John. We would n't let you do yourself a damage you'd never recover from."

The circle, though indignant, remained perhaps but the more imbued with the mysterious reverence with which the common mind invests the newspaper profession. Ives Wilson and his Index — which were, besides, clearly in the right of it in the present case — were by no means to be judged by common rules.

Barclay had sent to the janitor for the key, but now learned that it was already in use. It had been taken by some other visitor or visitors, who had preceded him to the dome. He set out, therefore, on his climb up the broad, principal iron staircase. He reached first the story of the handsome council chamber, the county court, where one Moses Levy was on trial for the firing of his store, to get the insurance money; and the circuit court of coördinate jurisdiction, where a recess was being taken to procure the attendance of a witness. He had to ascend next a narrower, more winding staircase, of iron also. He passed through a great attic, where the ribs and braces of the construction plainly showed, and, opening, finally, a small door, stepped out into a sudden glare of light, and to a narrow balcony and promenade extending around the dome.

When he had recovered his eyesight and taken his bearings a little, he was disappointed to find himself still so far remote from the Golden Justice. He had not been able to estimate its height while climbing, and this level, to which the general public were restricted, was at a long remove even from the lowest

part of her pedestal. He looked down at the view, and again upward to catch some clearer glimpse of the details of the figure. Passing slowly round the promenade in this way, he came upon a figure leaning on the railing, with that musing air of a superior intelligence that a figure in a balcony always tends to assume, and recognized, with a start, David Lane.

But the elder man was far more startled than he, and wore almost a detected, guilty air. Barclay had never seen him quite thus before. His presence here was extraordinary; a person of his sort would by no means be expected to bring up hither the weight of his age and infirmities, and at such a season of the year, for his own pleasure. Yet strange as it was, the wonderment of Barclay was not so extreme as to give it its impressiveness; it was the trouble in his own guilty conscience.

They two were alone on the dome, with but small probability of being interrupted by any others. David Lane aimed to recover his usual composure, but, even when he had done so, to re-assume his ordinary churlishness was out of the question.

"I had some business with the mayor on this financial imbroglio, and when that was over the notion took me, for once in a way, to come up here, for — for the benefit of the exercise. I am not beyond the need of a bit of exercise yet," he explained.

It was thus he endeavored to disguise the promptings of an uneasy mind that sometimes drew him to the place, as the murderer is drawn to revisit the scene of his crime. He had been, too, if Barclay did but know it, to a very much higher level than this at which they now stood; he had climbed by a steep and recondite way, with many a gasp and breathing spell, to see that the lower fastenings of the Golden Justice seemed, at least, still secure.

"The financial difficulty you speak

of has interested me very much," said Barclay affably, puzzled by, yet trying to ignore, the apparent confusion of the other. "I have come to realize, I think for the first time, that there may be over-sanguine, improvident, bankrupt cities, as well as people."

"Yes, there are many of them in the West, and I believe they are not unknown in the East. There is a notable instance in this vicinity of a town so mortgaged to railroads (that have never been built, by the way) that it has for years been subject to be sold out under the hammer, only no legal body could be found to serve the papers on. As soon as there is any move of the sort the city council disbands, or holds its meetings in hiding."

"And was it some flagrant piece of corruption that caused Keewaydin to adopt its present provision?"

"No, it was mainly a piece of prudent forethought, derived from the experience of others. I do not think Keewaydin has ever been a very corrupt place. The many rival elements keep too strict a watch on each other for that. We have our talk of 'rings' and 'bosses,' it is true, but I sometimes fancy our papers only borrow the terms from others, and even use them with a certain pride, to give us a more metropolitan air."

They were now looking down on the city, and they exchanged some few comments about it. Its masses looked smaller than usual, reduced to their lowest terms, as it were, by being cut out against the interspaces of snow. The telegraph wires connected all parts of it together, like the exposed nerves of some living organism. From the white streets the faint jingle of sleigh-bells came up to them; on the afternoon of such a day all the world would be on runners. Barclay could contemplate his own lodgings in the square below; at a distance could be discerned the chimneys of his factory, and elsewhere David Lane's

house. The mysterious lake spread its expanse afar, with here and there some bank of mist or low-lying cloud upon it, out of which came an occasional twinkle of the ice, as if a celestial lance had shivered in the midst of it.

"And you," said David Lane, — "what brings you up so high, if one may ask?"

"This view, which alone repays one, but still more, to speak frankly, the Golden Justice. She had allured me from a distance, and I had just been saying to myself, when I met you, how disappointed I was not to find myself nearer; I had hoped to come out at her very foot."

Oh, fatality! to see the Golden Justice? Alas, that he should be met with here on such an errand!

"This is as high as one can get," said David Lane coldly. "A special permit is needed to go further, and even that is of no avail. It is a painful climb, and there is no egress but by a trap-door, nor any means of approaching the statue, after that, unless one should use a scaling ladder."

In secret, no one knew better than he whereof he spoke.

"And why has the Golden Justice allured you?" he went on to ask.

"I have an eye for the decorative, and she appealed to me as a pleasing object, shining so golden yellow against her field of deep blue; but when I heard that the features were those of Mrs. Varemberg I found my interest at last fully accounted for."

Barclay was not averse to bringing on an explanation of the anomalous condition of affairs, since the time and circumstances were favorable for it. David Lane seemed to incline in the same direction.

"Mrs. Varemberg still much occupies your thoughts, then?" he asked, gravely attentive.

"You know how much she once occupied me. Well, all that is past and

gone; destiny was opposed to it, and, with time, my views have changed. Since she honors me with her friendship, I trust there is nothing in what has passed to make me withhold from her the tribute of my most respectful esteem, admiration, and sympathy, and my desire to be of service to her in any or all the troubles with which she may meet."

Barclay dwelt with emphasis on the high-minded, disinterested character of his regard, hoping to vindicate himself from suspicions that he sometimes thought might be at the bottom of the opposition of David Lane. Possibly the latter knew him better than, at this time, he knew himself.

"Yes, the features are those of my daughter Florence," said the ex-governor. "We did not know, and were not wholly pleased with the resemblance at first; it was the artist's eccentric way of paying us a compliment." He answered soberly, but not resentfully. He was in fact in a sort of daze, and made no offer to continue the conversation. An awkward pause ensued.

Barclay looked up again at the huge bulk of the figure, from the drapery of which broad reflected rays glinted down into their eyes.

"It seems she was utilized somewhat like a corner-stone," said he, in the most cursory way. "I have been told that some documents were sealed up in her."

Lane was as if thunderstruck. He fell to trembling, with an agitation such as even he had rarely known, and to hide it he altered his position, moving a little further along by the railing.

"It is a curious instance; I don't know that I ever heard of one before," pursued Barclay, in the same easy tone. "It seems reserved for Keewaydin to do original things, in a number of ways. The whole matter of deposits in corner-stones sometimes impresses one curiously. We leave dispatch-boxes along the roadside, as it were, to be opened by those

who come after us, to give them news of us and our times. It is a little odd, however, considering all the corner-stones that are dedicated, how rarely you hear of one being opened. Is it because it is too soon yet for our buildings to have begun to tumble down, flimsy as so many of them are? Or is there really no interest in the contents, these being so very trite when reached?"

"No doubt it is due to the comparative unimportance of the matters generally on deposit," replied David Lane, in a voice scarcely audible, struggling manfully to retain the mastery of himself.

"It would be more considerate, though, if one generation would arrange little surprises for the next. What was it, for instance, you put into the Golden Justice?"

Oh, fatality! fatality! Was it not enough that this young man, of all others in the world, should have found them out in Europe, and become a suitor for his daughter's hand? Was it not enough that avoidance of this should have precipitated such lamentable unhappiness? No, he must follow them here, establish himself in the place, even interest himself in the statue, mount to the dome, and be met with to-day under its very ægis. Nor this alone; for now at last, with an innocence that but made it the more startling, he must put the finger of speculation on the very box and its contents, on the confession itself. To what but one fatal result could all this concentration of events, all these successive approaches, this remorseless narrowing of the circle, be tending? The utmost efforts had availed to hinder no single step of its progress.

"It was a very long time ago," replied David Lane. "At this distance of time it is not easy to remember,—reports, statistics, the newspapers, I suppose; they could hardly have been anything of great moment."

"Alfsen, an old weather-prophet in

my vicinity, told me about the box, the other day, and predicted that the Golden Justice would come down, and I should see the deposit scattered about my feet. I shall naturally be on the lookout for it with interest."

"He predicts that the Golden Justice will fall?" repeated the elder man in horror. He involuntarily cast another glance up at the mammoth figure towering above them. She was certainly secure enough at present.

"Oh, a piece of garrulous nonsense. He keeps up some old grudge for not having been allowed to do all the work he wanted to on the city hall. Even prophecy, it appears, cannot free itself from the bias of personal injury."

David Lane made something like a half circuit of the short promenade, then turned back upon his track, with a very altered bearing: as well as one so much troubled in mind and so reserved by recent habit could do so, he assumed towards the young man an open and friendly demeanor.

"I am glad to have met you here," he began. "This situation, apart by ourselves, and free from danger of interruption, gives me, almost for the first time, an opportunity of welcoming you to the place. I seem to have seen far too little of you since your arrival. I trust it is not too late to express the real interest I feel in you and your affairs, and to ask if there is any way in which I can be of service."

"I confess I had sometimes thought your feelings towards me were quite of an opposite sort," returned Barclay, much surprised.

"Oh, no; why should you think so? Why should it be so? You are a young man, and I an old one. I have often many cares and troubles, and perhaps, sometimes, an unfortunate manner."

Had Barclay desired to justify his opinion, he would have cited the rejection of his suit together with a long course of marked coldness. But of what

avail? And what warrant had he, after all, for questioning a father's disposition of his daughter's hand, in the supposed interest of her happiness, even at the expense of a certain subterfuge? To re-open the subject, furthermore, he feared might arouse distrust anew, and defeat the greater freedom of action that seemed promised him.

"Will you tell me about your enterprise and your present prospects?" asked David Lane.

Barclay, thus encouraged, proceeded to give a brief, orderly account of the whole, from the first. This statement added to Lane's sense as of an inevitable fatality pursuing him. It impressed him as an investment such as might have commended itself to the judgment of any shrewd cool-headed man of business. It was no mere pretext for remaining, and the circumstances were such that, given Barclay's peculiar requirements, it would have been almost reprehensible not to have entered into it.

They descended the stairs together. Lane offered Barclay his hand, at parting, with a cordiality in which, however, was an indescribable shrinking.

He wished him to come and dine, but it happened that day that Barclay could not. Thereafter, for a considerable time, it was not alone Mrs. Varemberg's invitations and friendly offices he accepted, but her father's as well. The two men were seen amicably together on the street and on 'Change, and the wise business head of David Lane even offered counsels that brought profit to the Stamped-Ware Works.

And what did it all mean? Why, simply this: that when the hapless Montezuma knew that the invading Spaniards, the Children of the Sun, destined to be the destroyers of himself and his people, had landed on his coasts, he sent costly presents, to endeavor to turn them aside from their march to his capital. So David Lane haplessly aimed to propitiate the messenger by means of whom Destiny seemed stretching forth a long arm for his destruction. It was not that he was more reconciled to his fate than before, or saw clearly, as yet, the means of its accomplishment; but in the mood in which he found himself for the time being, further struggle, further resistance, seemed useless.

William Henry Bishop.

THE INDIAN QUESTION IN ARIZONA.

IN the last five years, the raiding parties of the Apaches in Southern Arizona have been so active and constant in their work of murder and pillage that there has been no security for either life or property outside of the few towns. In that time more than a thousand citizens have been murdered, with all the accompanying barbarities of savage warfare, and an immense amount of property has been stolen or destroyed. Meanwhile, all industries in this region — trade, grazing, mining, and agriculture — have suffered partial or total pa-

ralysis. The government seems powerless to protect its citizens or to maintain its peace and dignity against these outlaws.

The press has been loud in its comments on the subject, but these do not usually go beyond the statement of the murders and depredations which have been committed, with an occasional aspersion on the efficiency of the regular army. They do not attempt to trace the causes of the evil, or to suggest a remedy for it, further than to express the simple opinion that the army should catch and

kill the Indians who may chance at the time to be on the war-path.

The parties engaged in this bloody tragedy, which is being perpetually enacted, may be divided into four general classes: the Indian, the Frontiersman, the Army, and the Government.

THE INDIAN.

The Indian is no exception to the general law of cause and effect. That he is a murderer and a bandit can surprise no one who will reflect on what has been his treatment for the last twenty years.

In 1871, in order to open certain parts of Arizona to civilized occupation, about eight thousand Indians were placed on the San Carlos reservation, a region a hundred miles square. The agency is situated on the Gila River, in a low, hot, dirty, unhealthful spot. Some of the tribes now forced to dwell there were mountain Indians. In their native haunts, they enjoyed one of the most delightful climates in the world. At San Carlos they endure one of the most abominable. There they suffer from long and extreme heat, bad water, fever and ague, and ophthalmia. They must appear at the agency on the weekly ration day. If they stay away, they get no rations. In going through the camps of the Chiracalmas and Warm Springs, I have been struck by the misery of their condition. It is these mountain Indians who have caused the most serious trouble. So far as I know, no successful effort has ever been made to instruct or assist them in agriculture. The government feeds them, and the agents have not, as a rule, considered it the policy of their craft to make the Indian self-supporting. The game in that locality is nearly exhausted, so his occupation as a hunter is gone. There he exists, in a hot, sandy camp, on the banks of a low, sickly stream, without amusement, without hope, with no incentive to any good or useful labor.

But he has one agreeable relaxation from his wretched imprisonment on the reservation, that of raiding the surrounding ranches. These raids are to him the most delightful diversion conceivable. The pleasure of killing and plundering, with the very slight risk of capture and punishment, renders this the ideal pastime in the Indian's estimation.

Let us imagine a few young "bucks," utterly tired of their dreary camp life on the Gila. They talk over their position, and organize a raiding party. They easily supply themselves with arms and ammunition, which most frontier tradersmen will sell them in any quantity. They tell their chief that they are going out; or, if he chance to disapprove of such expeditions, they say that they are going on a hunt to the northern part of the reservation, about Camp Apache and Mount Ord. Then, having determined the first ranch to be attacked, they quietly leave their camp, and move by easy marches on the doomed family. They reach the place. One or two creep forward and carefully reconnoitre. All the party assume their positions in the rocks or grass, and patiently wait until they can take the family at the greatest disadvantage. For, though devoted to the sport of killing others, the Apaches are very much opposed to taking the slightest chances against their own lives. The looked-for opportunity arrives, and they spring from their concealment. They kill every human being about the place, unless they can manage, with perfect safety to themselves, to capture some of the ranchmen alive, in which case they will have the opportunity of enjoying an Indian's favorite amusement, — that of watching a white man die by slow degrees under the most inhuman tortures which savage ingenuity can invent. This entertainment completed, they help themselves to whatever pleases their fancy in the house, and then set it on fire. Finally, they

collect all the horses, and, mounting the best, drive the others before them.

The ball is now open. They will move with great rapidity, and will promptly agree on the destruction of another ranch, a hundred miles or more distant. Away they go, now galloping, now trotting, and subsiding into a walk only when the trail is very steep and rough. During this rapid march, they show great skill in keeping the loose horses ahead of them on the trail. An Indian can ride a tired horse from ten to twenty miles farther than can a white man. When a horse is entirely exhausted, his rider calmly dismounts, and proceeds to kill him, usually by stabbing him many times with a long knife. It is very seldom that he will waste a precious cartridge on such an occasion, but under no circumstance will he leave a living horse behind him.

Now, if the party be in the humor for a meal, they build a small fire, cut slices from the dead horse, cook them a little, and eat their fill. Thus, in the stolen horse is combined both the means of transportation and the commissary. In this, the Indian possesses a vast advantage over his soldier pursuer, who must ride one horse through an entire campaign, and whose rations and spare ammunition must be carried with him on pack-mules. In this way the raiding party can easily cover a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, while a company of cavalry, with its indispensable pack-train, can with difficulty accomplish more than thirty, in that rough, roadless country.

With the second ranch, the programme of the first is repeated. The Indians murder the inhabitants, plunder and burn the house, and drive off the horses.

After this, the party may be seized with a desire to witness the effect of their escapade on the neighboring military posts. If so, they climb to some commanding elevation on Mount Gra-

ham, or about Helen's Dome. From this vantage-ground, they can survey the surrounding country for a long distance, and their practiced eyes can easily detect, by the clouds of dust in the valleys, the approach of a column of troops twenty or thirty miles away. If they can see several of these columns on the march, they enjoy all the delights of a successful practical joker; for they are confident of their own safety, and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have put into the field several hundred troops.

If their appetite for murder and plunder is still unsatisfied, they may go into Old Mexico, and continue their tactics of rapid transit, ambuscade, and pillage. But it is probable that they will now be content with the results of the expedition. They will break up the loose organization of the party, and traveling singly, by night, individually make good their retreat to the camp on the Gila.

The return of an Indian from such an expedition is a proud day in his life. He is a hero, he is a rich man. He has several good horses, and money, clothes, arms, and ammunition. He enjoys the approval of the old men of his tribe, the envy of the young ones who stayed in camp, and the boundless admiration of all the squaws. On the next ration day, he presents himself at the agency, and calmly resumes the enjoyment of the bounties of the government. If he has been missed, — which is not probable, — and is asked to give an account of himself, he says that he has been hunting on the reservation, or that he has been looking for some ponies which had strayed away from his camp. Every Indian in his tribe would sooner die than utter a syllable to throw a ray of light on the case.

Here you have the picture of the Apache, his home life and his amusements. He is born a warrior and a robber. Before the white man became his

neighbor and his prey, he exercised his bloody proclivities on the surrounding Indian tribes. There is no law to punish him, even could his crimes find him out, for he is a citizen or subject of a nation with whom our government has entertained treaty relations; and the acknowledgment of the treaty-making power has always been held to be the most complete admission of the autonomy of a people. He is supposed to live under the restraints of tribal law. But what is tribal law? The Apache code will occupy but a few lines. Here it is:—

Theft committed in the tribe is punished promptly and often severely.

Murder in the tribe is a personal affair, to be settled by the payment of an indemnity or by retaliation.

All crimes successfully committed against the persons and property of individuals outside of the tribe are commendable achievements. The Chiricahua, for instance, who kills and robs a white man, or an Indian of another tribe, is looked upon by his people very much as we regard a hunter who kills a deer, eats his flesh, and takes his skin,—merely as a successful sportsman.

There, among the people of Arizona, dwelling about their ranches, their farms, and their mines, our government quarters, feeds, and looses this outlaw, who is swift as the eagle, cruel as the hungry wolf, and who,

“Fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
Knows but the law of his moods.”

THE FRONTIERSMAN.

The frontiersman who settles in Arizona or New Mexico belongs to one of two classes. Either he is a poor man, who goes West to conquer a home from the vast and unoccupied public domain; or he is a rich man, taking his capital to new fields, where it will be more remunerative than in the already crowded industries of the East. In either case, if he succeeds in creating tax-paying property from what was formerly an unpro-

ductive waste, he is a public servant and benefactor. He has accepted the invitation of the government to make his home on the public domain. He has complied with all the forms of law. He is putting forth his labor, his enterprise, his capital, to increase the national wealth, and the government is under the most sacred obligation to exhaust all its wisdom and power to insure him perfect security for life and property. That the richest and most numerous civilized nation under the sun is unable to afford its citizens absolute protection from the murderous incursions of a few hundred savages is a proposition too absurd to deserve a moment's consideration.

When the frontiersman, year after year, sees his neighbors, his friends, his relations, fall an easy prey to the unrestrained Apaches, and when he sees no laws enacted, no adequate means devised, to protect them, he has a right to consider that the government has utterly failed in its obligations to him. Not only has it failed to protect him, but it has actually placed his enemy in a city of refuge, in easy striking distance of his home and family, and is further responsible for a system which enables that enemy to prey upon him with almost complete immunity from punishment.

In May, 1882, I followed the trail of an Apache war-party from near San Carlos to San Simon, New Mexico, and counted forty-two men, women, and children murdered in mere savage caprice, and, when time and opportunity permitted, murdered with accompanying barbarities which curdle the blood and sicken the heart.

It is clearly the imperative and immediate duty of Congress to devise some effectual means of protecting the frontier citizens and restraining the Indians. In default of an Indian code vigorously enforced, the Apache in his present condition must be exterminated. Let every man judge for himself which horn of

the dilemma is humanity, and which is barbarism.

THE ARMY.

The army represents the strong arm of the government for controlling the Indian and protecting the frontiersman. How inadequate are the means to the end is conclusively shown by the fact that, on the war-path, the relative speed of the Indian and the soldier is three to one. This is no aspersion on the efficiency of our cavalry. They are ready and willing to do all that brave men can do, but the task imposed upon them is simply impossible. I do not believe that there is a body of cavalry in the world that can keep in sight of a raiding party of Apaches, after they have plundered a few ranches, and provided themselves with several spare horses to the man.

The treatment of the army by the government in Indian affairs is both discouraging and unjust. Let us assume for the moment that the various Indian tribes are really nations, possessing treaty power,—the power to declare war and to make peace. One of these nations makes war on the United States. Both powers put their forces into the field. The Indians utterly disregard all the laws of civilized warfare. There is no such thing as an exchange of prisoners. If a wounded soldier falls into their hands, he is invariably put to death, after being subjected to the most cruel and savage tortures which it is possible to invent,—and the originality and ingenuity of the Indian in this respect is vast and varied. In short, they fight under the black flag.

Now, one of the most firmly established rules of international law is that known as the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation. This principle, applied to the treatment of prisoners, demands that they be treated with like consideration by both contending parties. If your enemy murders his prisoners, as a simple act of self-defense you are bound to retaliate by putting to death an equal

number of your prisoners. To fail to do this is not only encouraging him in his atrocities, but it is an injustice to the men whom you send to fight him.

The Indian invariably makes a rigorous application of this law in his wars with other tribes, and he fully appreciates the great advantage which he possesses over an enemy who persistently declines to apply it to his own protection. I have talked with several Apaches on the subject, and they have expressed surprise, not unmixed with contempt, at our policy of non-retaliation.

Now let us look at the position of the soldier in his relations with the hostile Indian.

Every officer of the army, before he receives his commission, is supposed to be instructed in international law and the laws of war. He makes the acquaintance of the *lex talionis*, and reads General Orders No. 100 of 1863, being the rules for the government of the armies of the United States in the field, compiled by Francis Lieber, LL. D., a manual still in force with us, and which is considered so able a treatise on the subject that it has been translated and adopted by nearly every civilized nation. Note the following extracts from General Orders No. 100:—

Article 27. "The law of war can no more wholly dispense with retaliation than can the law of nations, of which it is a branch. Yet civilized nations regard retaliation as the sternest feature of war. A reckless enemy often leaves his opponent no other means of securing himself against the repetition of barbarous outrage."

Article 59. . . . "All prisoners of war are liable to the infliction of retaliatory measures."

Article 62. "All troops of the enemy, known or discovered to give no quarter in general or to any portion of the army, receive none."

After learning his lesson from books, the young officer passes his examination,

receives his appointment, and is assigned to a regiment in the West. Let us suppose that, in the course of time, he is ordered to take part in an expedition against hostile Indians. In following the trail of the war-party, he sees burned ranches, and the mutilated corpses of men, women, and children. During the campaign there is a brush with the enemy. The advance guard comes upon them strongly posted among the rocks. A skirmish line is deployed, and their position attacked. During the encounter several soldiers are wounded, and that part of the line, being hotly pressed, gives way before reinforcements can come up. The Indians rush down and carry off the wounded men. Meanwhile, the whole command has come up and been deployed for action. The Indians beat a hasty retreat, and night stops the pursuit.

The next day the young lieutenant comes upon the remains of the captured men. They have been staked out upon their backs, and hundreds of small pieces of wood, sharpened at one end, have been stuck into their flesh. The bits of wood have then been lighted and allowed to burn until they have extinguished themselves in the victims' blood. The charred bodies are buried, and the command moves on.

At last, after hundreds of miles of marching, some of the Indians are captured. They are brought into camp, and turned over to the commanding officer.

Now, thinks the young officer, if ever there was an occasion that justified the prompt application of the *lex talionis*, and Articles 27, 59, and 62 of General Orders No. 100, it is here. In breathless interest he approaches the commanding officer, who sends for the officer of the day, who comes up and salutes. The commander says, "Sir, you will take charge of these prisoners, and place over them a strong guard in the centre of the camp. First, you will

take every precaution to prevent their escape; second, you will see that none of the guides, scouts, or frontiersmen with the command approach within a hundred paces of them, for some of these men have had friends and relations killed by these very Indians, and I fear that the sight of the murderers of their people may so inflame their grief and resentment that they will attempt to kill them while in my keeping. This I am determined to prevent. You will notify the command that any person offering violence to the prisoners will be promptly and severely punished. That is all, sir."

The young officer is immensely surprised at these instructions. He had expected to bear the order for the execution of the prisoners. He had even gone so far as to make surmises on the probability of his having command of the firing party. But when he hears careful directions given for their safe preservation, his astonishment is so great that he even ventures to interrogate his commanding officer on the subject. "Sir," he says, "will not these prisoners be either hanged or shot, in retaliation for the atrocities which they have committed on citizens and prisoners?"

The commanding officer turns and regards in silence his interrogator for some seconds, while his surprise at the question and the earnest manner of him who puts it gives way to an appreciation of the fact that this is the youngest lieutenant in the regiment, that it is his first campaign, that he is fresh from theories, books, and orders, that he knows little of the practical methods of handling the Indian question on the frontier, and that he does not yet appreciate the difference that often exists between the national statutes and the national practice. Then he says, gravely and kindly, "Young man, I would rather go through a dozen Indian fights than kill one of those prisoners."

"But, sir," says the lieutenant, "of what force, then, are the *lex talionis*, and Articles" —

"I know all that," interrupts the commanding officer. "They are in the books; but the sentiment of the East will not stand it. If I should retaliate on these prisoners, I should expect to be ignominiously relieved from my command, and perhaps never get another. I should in all probability be either court-martialed, or investigated by a committee of Congress. The Eastern press would denounce me as an assassin and a monster of cruelty. I am now a major, after twenty-five years of hard service in the late war and on the frontier. In a short time I expect my promotion as lieutenant-colonel. But if I followed your very just and natural suggestion I should be so reviled by the press that my confirmation by the Senate would probably be contested and defeated, and my career would be blasted in the profession to which I have devoted my life. An officer must regard the dominant prejudices of the day as well as the laws of war and General Orders. We serve in the people's army, and we must be careful of their feelings. I might tell you more than one incident in the lives of officers whom I have known, who have acted in the manner indicated by the International Code and the Orders you quote with just such a result, — an interrupted career, popular indignation, obloquy."

After vouchsafing this explanation the older officer turns away, leaving the lieutenant to reflect on the intricacies of the profession of arms and the complicated nature of the Indian problem, both of which he had considered as very simple, and entirely mastered by himself, when he joined his regiment six months ago.

The main body of the hostiles soon dissolves into small parties, which, scattering in the mountains, leave behind such slight trails that pursuit is imprac-

ticable. The command of soldiers then breaks up, and the various companies return to their garrisons. Our young officer watches with interest the fate of the prisoners. They are sent to the nearest post, where they are kept under guard, each receiving the daily ration of a soldier. Finally, they are formally turned over to their agent. Just what he does with them is a mystery. Probably he administers a severe lecture. Possibly he grants them pardon and absolution. At all events, they are soon at liberty on the reservation, enjoying the pleasures of camp life and government rations, and receiving the same treatment as the Indians who have spent the summer peacefully at home.

Perhaps some readers will say that this is merely a romance. But every incident in my hypothetical case has been repeatedly true in the lives of many officers now in the service. Indeed, most of it is my own experience in the campaign against the Bannocks, in 1878.

The experience of the civilized world shows conclusively that in extreme cases capital punishment is a just, necessary, and eventually a humane expedient. It acts as a protection to the good, and as a restraint upon the bad members of society. On the same principle, any reflecting person will appreciate how terribly our system of dealing with our wild Indians is in need of an act of Congress, or an order from the President or Secretary of War, reviving and enforcing the law of retaliation in Indian wars. Such an order would have a civilizing and humanizing effect upon the Indian himself, for it would deprive him of a great temptation to indulge his savage proclivities for torturing and murdering his prisoners, — the knowledge that he can do so with impunity. It is also nothing more than an act of simple justice and humanity towards our army, in its struggles with a barbarous foe, to allow it to protect itself against

his nameless atrocities by taking advantage of this natural and fundamental law.

THE GOVERNMENT.

In reflecting on that lawless and bloody chaos known as our Indian policy, now existing over a large portion of our frontier, the unprejudiced observer will be struck with the fact that the government and the nation owe themselves, the Indian, and humanity a solemn debt, — a debt until now almost entirely unpaid. If public sentiment has now brought sufficient pressure to bear to cause the government to really desire to abandon its long-continued practice of applying ineffectual means to solve a great problem, then it must promptly and vigorously do two things :

First, enact an Indian code, establish Indian courts, and enforce their judgments by a machinery of law especially adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Second, give the Indians land in severalty, and encourage them to become self-supporting, independent farmers. If, after allowing them a fair trial, they will not work, then punish them under the Indian code as vagrants, having no visible means of support.

The condition as regards laws and morals on the San Carlos reservation I can best illustrate by two incidents.

The Apaches make from fermented corn a liquor called by them *tizwin*. By a judicious use of this, after from one to two days' fasting, they can get very drunk. *Tizwin* is to them what whiskey is to the white man. One Sunday in August of 1882, a report was brought into Fort Apache that there was a *tizwin* party and fight in progress among some Indians in camp across the river from the fort. The commanding officer, fearing that some of the Indian scouts belonging to the post, and hence temporarily under his jurisdiction, might be involved, ordered that the combatants should be brought to him. The guard

found lying around a blanket, strewn with cards and red and white beans, one Indian alive and unhurt, another dead, with a ball through his heart, and two more rapidly bleeding to death from several deep cuts which they had mutually dealt each other. These were the remains of an Apache *tizwin* and card party.

The living man was brought to the commanding officer, who asked him if he had killed a man in the camp across the river. The Indian answered that he had. The commanding officer then asked if he did not know that he had committed a great crime, and that he was a bad Indian, to which he laughingly replied, "No, no. I not a bad Indian. I play cards with boy. He lose. He lose more. He no money — he no pay — he no good. So I kill him. That's all right."

The commanding officer, perceiving that the Indian was too drunk to be safely left at liberty, ordered him to be confined in the guard-house. The next morning, after he was perfectly sober, he was released, and ordered to leave the post. The commanding officer had no right to keep him in the guard-house after he ceased to be a dangerous person by reason of his intoxication. Had he been sent to the agent at San Carlos, still there would have been no law under which to proceed against him. Or had the agent delivered him over to his chief, to be punished according to tribal law, the chief would have considered a murder over cards as a purely personal matter, and have taken no notice of it. So much for tribal government among the Apaches.

Again, I know an Indian named Chappo, who deliberately killed his own father, and received as the price of this most unnatural crime ten cartridges. Both the Indian and the crime are well known in Arizona. But there is no law to reach such cases. Perhaps Chappo's chief considered the laborer worthy of

his hire. And so the matter ended in Apache ethics.

When we know the recklessness with which Indians kill each other, can we wonder at the levity with which they sometimes kill white men?

I quote the facts concerning the major crime of murder. The same deplorable state of affairs exists in regard to lesser crimes and misdemeanors. In view of this, no humane and just man can deny the immediate necessity of putting them under the restraint and protection of a code of laws. This code should be administered by a judge appointed by the President, for they are not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the jury system.

The next step is to do away with the ration system, and make the Indian self-supporting. The practice of issuing rations, though seemingly charitable and humane, is in the end demoralizing and degrading to the last degree. To be self-supporting under the conditions of our civilization, he must be a farmer. To be a farmer, he must have land; and to feel any security in the permanence of his condition, or any hearty interest in his work, the land must belong to him. To this it may be objected that he is not sufficiently advanced to have land in severalty. This is true. But if we wait for him to advance by nature's slow process from the condition of the huntsman to that of the husbandman, he will be exterminated long before he is ready for his land.

In looking to the ultimate settlement of the Indian question, it is practically useless to set aside a reservation for a tribe. Such acts are merely temporary. We know, and the Indian knows, that the government has been, and probably will continue to be, powerless to insure any tribe in the peaceful possession of a reservation after white settlers have once determined to take it for farms. But if the titles were in severalty, instead of tribal, as now, and could not

be conveyed within the period of ninety-nine years, it is possible that each Indian might then be able to hold enough land on which to earn his living.

Look at the history of the Delawares, at peace with us since Braddock's defeat, in 1755, many of them our allies in the Revolution. Yet they have been pushed across the country from Pittsburgh to the Indian Territory, and in their retreat have had five separate reservations "solemnly secured to them forever."

Many of the Indians at San Carlos are anxious to become independent by farming. But to raise anything on their land, irrigating ditches are necessary; and to construct an irrigating ditch requires much labor and some slight knowledge of engineering. An officer, who once acted as agent for a short time, told me a pathetic story of a tribe — I think the Chiracalmas — who have furnished so many murders of late. They went to work, under a medicine man as engineer, to make a ditch to irrigate some land upon which to raise corn and vegetables. They worked hard for several weeks, but when their work was done the water did not flow into the head of their ditch by three feet. Their engineer's calculations were at fault, and their labor was lost. It is probable that their disappointment at the failure of their laudable endeavor resulted in several raids on neighboring ranches. If the government gives these Indians land, and encourages farming, it should also construct the irrigating ditches for them. The saving in rations would in a short time more than pay for the ditches.

So much for the peaceable Indian with his laws and his lands.

Now for a method of dealing with the bad Indians.

The code which I contemplate would punish major crimes — murder, rape, arson — with death, and lesser offenses with fine and imprisonment. Leaving

the limits of the reservation would for a long time have to be regarded as a serious misdemeanor. The public safety in the West imperatively demands this restriction, at least in regard to the Apaches. To make the system practicable, it would be well to introduce a feature of the French law. In France, in all prosecutions for offenses except those punishable with death or imprisonment for life, it is not necessary that the offender be present at his trial. He is indicted and notified that on a certain day he will be tried for a certain offense. If he sees fit to flee the country, the trial proceeds without him. The witnesses are called and testify, the case is thoroughly investigated, and finally the sentence is duly pronounced and recorded. This may strike the American mind very unfavorably; yet if France, one of the foremost civilized nations, adopts this method of procedure in her courts, we may certainly afford to use it, at least for a time, in enforcing the laws with our criminal Indians. The judge must have ample powers to employ posses to enforce the sentences of his court; otherwise, the law will promptly fall into contempt. There is nothing which seems more despicable to the Indian than weakness or failure in any endeavor.

The law thus equipped is ready to deal with offending Apaches. When an Indian has been tried and convicted, if he is not present to receive his sentence, the judge should have authority to send in pursuit of him several posses from tribes other than that of the criminal. In cases where the sentence is death, they will be authorized to deliver the culprit dead or alive at the agency. In other cases, he must be brought in

alive, and no undue severity used in his arrest. It will be left to the discretion of the judge to determine in what extreme cases to employ the expedient of trial in the absence of the prisoner. The posse, consisting of five or six Indians, who capture the absconding criminal should be paid one thousand dollars. This would be about a just remuneration. Some statistician has worked out the problem, and asserts that every Indian killed on the war-path, with our present methods, costs the government \$100,000, not counting the lives of citizens and soldiers constantly lost. If these figures are correct, here is a murderer brought to justice, society avenged, and the law vindicated at a saving to the government of \$99,000.

It may be claimed that this is an autocratic measure. In some respects it is, when regarded by the Anglo-Saxon mind, resting its ideas of legal procedure and personal privilege on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. But it must be remembered that our wild Indians are to-day distant at least a thousand years from even the threshold of these great ideas of civil organization and personal liberty. It is the height of folly to attempt to apply our riper institutions to his crude morality. If we give him a code, we must shape it to fit his requirements.

This solution of the problem makes the Indian a person before the law, which at present he is not, any more than is the buffalo or the wolf. It gives him a code to protect and restrain him. It gives him land and a home, and makes it possible for him to become the independent, self-supporting, productive, and useful rear-guard of our civilization.

Robert K. Evans.

ON THE BENEFITS OF SUPERSTITION.

"WE in England," says Mr. Kinglake, "are scarcely sufficiently conscious of the great debt we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious; so that really a simple cornet in the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief in ghosts, or witchcraft, or any other supernatural topic, than the Lord High Chancellor or the leader of the House of Commons." This delicate sarcasm, delivered with all the author's habitual serenity of mind, is quoted by Mr. Ruskin in his *Art of England*; assentingly, indeed, but with a half-concealed dismay that any one could find it in his heart to be funny upon such a distressing subject. When he, Mr. Ruskin, hurls his satiric shafts against the spirit of modern skepticism, the points are touched with caustic, and betray a keen impatience darkening quickly into wrath. Is it not bad enough that we ride in steam-cars instead of post-chaises, live amid brick houses instead of green fields, and pass by some of the "most accomplished pictures in the world" to stare gaping at the last new machine, with its network of slow-revolving, wicked-looking wheels? If in addition to these too prominent faults, we are going to frown down the old appealing superstitions, and threaten them, like naughty children, with the corrective discipline of scientific research, he very properly turns his back upon us forever, and distinctly says he has no further message for our ears.

Let us rather, then, approach the subject with the invaluable humility of Don Bernal Dias del Castillo, that gallant soldier who followed the fortunes of Cortés into Mexico, and afterwards

penned the *Historia Verdadera*, an ingenuous narrative of their discoveries, their hardships, and their many battles. In one of these, it seems, the blessed Saint Iago appeared in the thickest of the fray, mounted on a snow-white charger, leading his beloved Spaniards to victory. Now the *conquistador* freely admits that he himself did not behold the saint: on the contrary, what he *did* see in that particular spot was a cavalier named Francisco de Morla, riding on a chestnut horse. But does he, on that account, puff himself up with pride, and declare that his more fortunate comrades were mistaken? By no means! He is as firmly convinced of the presence of the vision as if it had been apparent to his eyes, and with admirable modesty lays all the blame upon his own unworthiness. "Sinner that I am!" he exclaims devoutly, "why should I have been permitted to behold the blessed apostle?" In the same spirit honest Peter Walker strained his sight in vain for a glimpse of the ghostly armies that crossed the Clyde in the summer of 1686, and, seeing nothing, was content to believe in them, all the same, on the testimony of his neighbors.

Sir Walter Scott, who appears to have wasted a good deal of time in trying to persuade himself that he put no faith in spirits, confesses quite humbly, in his old age, that "the tendency to belief in supernatural agencies seems connected with and deduced from the invaluable conviction of the certainty of a future state." And beyond a doubt this tendency was throughout his life the source of many pleasurable emotions. So much so, in fact, that, according to Mr. Pater's theory of happiness, the loss of these emotions, bred in him from childhood, would have been very inadequately repaid by a gain in scientific knowl-

edge. If it be the true wisdom to direct our finest efforts towards multiplying our sensations, and so expanding the brief interval we call life, then the old unquestioning credulity was a more powerful motor in human happiness than any sentiment that fills its ground to-day. In the first place, it was closely associated with certain types of beauty, and beauty is one of the tonics now most earnestly recommended to our sick souls. "Les fions d'aut fais" were charming to the very tips of their dewy, trembling wings; the elfin people, who danced in the forest glades under the white moonbeams, danced their way without any difficulty right into the hearts of men; the swan-maiden, who ventured shyly in the fisher's path, was easily transformed into a loving wife; even the mara, most suspicious and terrible of ghostly visitors, has often laid aside her darker instincts, and developed into a cheerful spouse, with only a tinge of mystery to make her more attractive in her husband's eyes. Melusina combing her golden hair by the bubbling fountain of Lusignan, Undine playing in the rain-drenched forest, the nixie dancing at the village feast with her handsome Flemish lad, and the mermaid reluctantly leaving her watery home to wed the youth who captured her magic seal-skin, all belong to the sisterhood of beauty, and their images did good service in raising the vulgar mind from its enforced contemplation of the sordid troubles, the droning vexations, of life.

Next, the happy believers in the supernatural owed to their simplicity delicious throbs of fear, — not craven cowardice, but that more refined and complex feeling, which is of all sensations the most enthralling, the most elusive, and the most impossible to define. Fear, like other treacherous gifts, must be handled with discrimination: a thought too much, and we are brutalized and degraded; but within certain limits it enhances all the pleasures of life. When

Captain Forsyth stood behind the tree, that sultry summer morning, and saw the tigress step softly through the long jungle grass, and the affrighted monkeys swing chattering overhead, there must have come upon him that sensation of awe which alone makes courage possible.¹ He knew that his life hung trembling in the balance, that all depended upon the first shot he fired. He respected, as a sane man would, the mighty strength of his antagonist, her graceful limbs instinct with power, her cruel eyes blinking in the yellow dawn. And born of the fear which stirred but could not conquer him came the keen transport of the hunter, who feels that one such supremely heroic moment is worth a year of ordinary life. Without that dread, not only would the joy be lessened, and the glad rebound from danger to a sense of safety lost forever, but the disciplined and manly courage of the English soldier would degenerate into a mere brutish audacity, hardly above the level of the beast he slays.

In children this delicate emotion of fear, growing out of their dependent condition, gives dignity and meaning to their courage when they are brave, and a delicious zest to their youthful delinquencies. Gray, in his chilly and melancholy manhood, years after he has resigned himself to never again being "either dirty or amused" as long as he lives, goes back like a flash to the unlawful delight of a schoolboy's stolen freedom: —

"Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

And who that has ever watched a party of children, listening with bright eyes and parted lips to some weird, uncanny legend, — like that group of little girls, for instance, in Mr. Charles Gregory's picture *Tales and Wonders*, — can doubt for a moment the "fearful joy" that ter-

¹ The Highlands of Central India. By Captain James Forsyth.

ror lends them? Nowadays, it is true, their youthful ears are but too well guarded from such indiscretions until they are old enough to scoff at all fantastic folly, and the age at which they learn to scoff is one of the most astonishing things about our modern progress. They have ceased to read fairy stories, because they no longer believe in fairies; they find Hans Andersen silly, and the Arabian Nights stupid; and the very babies, "skeptics in long-coats," scorn you openly if you venture to hint at Santa Claus. "What did Kriss Kringle bring you this Christmas?" I rashly asked a tiny mite of a girl; and her answer was as emphatic as Betsey Prig's, when, with folded arms and a contemptuous mien, she let fall the ever memorable words, "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

Yet the supernatural, provided it be not too horrible, is legitimate food for a child's mind, nourishes its imagination, inspires a healthy awe, and is death to that precocious pedantry which is the least pleasing trait that children are wont to manifest. While few are willing to go as far as Mr. Ruskin, who, having himself been brought up on fairy legends, confesses that his "first impulse would be to insist upon every story we tell to a child being untrue, and every scene we paint for it impossible," yet a fair proportion of the untrue and the impossible should enter into its education, and it should be left to the enjoyment of them as long as may be. Those of us who have been happy enough to believe that salamanders basked in the fire and mermaids swam in the deeps, that were-wolves roamed in the forests and witches rode in the storm, are richer by all these unfading pictures and unforgotten memories than our more scrupulously reared neighbors. And what if we could give such things the semblance of reality once more, — could set foot in spirit within the enchanted forest of Broceliande, and enjoy the tempestuous gusts of fear that shook the

heart-strings of the Breton peasant, as the great trees drew their mysterious shadows above his head? On either side lurk shadowy forms of elf and fairy, half hidden by the swelling trunks; the wind whispers in the heavy boughs, and he hears their low, malicious laughter; the dry leaves rustle beneath his feet, — he knows their stealthy steps are close behind; a broken twig falls on his shoulder, and he starts trembling, for unseen hands have touched him. Around his neck hang a silver medal of Our Lady and a bit of ash wood given him by a wise woman, whom many believe a witch; thus is he doubly guarded from the powers of evil. Beyond the forest lies the open path, where wife and children stand waiting by the cottage door. He is a brave man to wander in the gloaming, and if he reaches home there will be much to tell of all that he has seen and felt. Should he be devoured by wolves, however, — and there is always this prosaic danger to be apprehended, — then his comrades will relate how he left them and went alone into the haunted woods, and his sorrowing widow will know that the fairies have carried him away, or turned him into stone. And the wise woman, reproached, perhaps, for the impotence of her charms, will say how with her own aged eyes she has three times seen Kourigan, Death's elder brother, flitting before the doomed man, and knew that his fate was sealed. So while fresh tales of mystery cluster round his name, and his children breathe them in trembling whispers by the fire-side, their mother will wait hopefully for the spell to be broken, and the lost given back to her arms; until Pierrot, the charcoal-burner, persuades her that a stone remains a stone until the Judgment Day, and that in the mean time his own hut by the kiln is empty, and he needs a wife.

But superstition, it is claimed, begets cruelty, and cruelty is a vice now most rigorously frowned down by polite so-

ciety. Daring spirits like Mr. Besant may still urge its claims upon our reluctant consideration, Mr. Andrew Lang may pronounce it an essential element of humor, or a purely speculative genius like Mr. Pater may venture to show how adroitly it can be used as a help to religious sentiment; but every age has pet vices of its own, and, being singularly intolerant of those it has discarded, is not inclined to listen to any arguments in their favor. Superstition burned old women for witches, dotards for warlocks, and idiots for were-wolves; but in its gentler aspect it often threw a veil of charity over both man and beast. The Greek rustic, who found a water-newt wriggling in his gourd, tossed the little creature back into the stream, remembering that it was the unfortunate Ascalaphus, whom the wrath of Demeter had consigned to this loathsome doom. The mediæval housewife, when startled by a gaunt wolf gazing through her kitchen window, bethought her that this might be her lost husband, roaming helpless and bewitched, and so gave the starving creature food.

"O was it war-wolf in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee?"

The West Indian negress still bestows chicken-soup instead of scalding water on the invading army of black ants, believing that if kindly treated they will show their gratitude in the only way that ants can manifest it,—by taking their departure.

Granted that in these acts of gentleness there are traces of fear and self-consideration; but who shall say that all our good deeds are not built up on some such trestle-work of foibles? "*La vertu n'iroit pas si loin, si la vanité ne lui tenoit pas compagnie.*" And what universal politeness has been fostered by the terror that superstition breeds, what delicate euphemisms containing the very soul of courtesy! Consider the

Greeks, who christened the dread furies "Eumenides," or "gracious ones;" the Scotch, who warily spoke of the devil as the "good man," lest his sharp ears should catch a more unflattering title; the Dyak, who respectfully mentions the small-pox as "the chief;" the East Indian, who calls the tiger "lord" or "grandfather;" and the Laplander, who gracefully alludes to the white bear as "the fur-clad one," and then realize what perfection of breeding was involved in what we are wont to call ignorant credulity.

Again, in the stress of modern life, how little room is left for that most comfortable vanity which whispers in our ears that failures are not faults! Now we are taught from infancy that we must rise or fall upon our own merits; that vigilance wins success, and incapacity means ruin. But before the world had grown so pitilessly logical there was no lack of excuses for the defeated, and of unflattering comments for the strong. Did some shrewd Cornish miner open a rich vein of ore, then it was apparent to his fellow-toilers that the knackers had been at work, leading him on by their mysterious tapping to this more fruitful field. But let him proceed warily, for the knacker, like its German brother, the kobold, is but a capricious sprite, and some day may beguile him into a mysterious passage or long-forgotten chamber in the mine, whence he shall never more return. His bones will whiten in their prison, while his spirit, wandering restlessly among the subterranean corridors, will be heard on Christmas Eve, hammering wearily away till the gray dawn brightens in the east. Or did some prosperous farmer save his crop while his neighbors' corn was blighted, and raise upon his small estate more than their broader acres could be forced to yield, there was no opportunity afforded him for pride or self-congratulation. Only the witch's art could bring about

such strange results, and the same sorceries that had aided him had, doubtless, been the ruin of his friends. He was a lucky man if their indignation went no further than muttered phrases and averted heads. Does not Pliny tell us the story of Caius Furius Cresinus, whose heavy crops awoke such mingled anger and suspicion in his neighbors' hearts that he was accused in the courts of conjuring their grain and fruit into his own scanty ground? If a woman aspired to be neater than her gossips, or to spin more wool than they were able to display, it was only because the pixies labored for her at night; turning her wheel briskly in the moonlight, splitting the wood, and drawing the water, while she drowsed idly in her bed.

"And every night the pixies good
Drive round the wheel with sound subdued,
And leave—in this they never fail—
A silver penny in the pail."

Even to the clergy this engaging theory brought its consolations. When the Reverend Lucas Jacobson Debes, pastor of Thorshaven in 1670, found that his congregation was growing slim, he was not forced, in bitterness of spirit, to ask himself were his sermons dull, but promptly laid all the blame upon the *biergen-trold*, the spectres of the mountains, whom he angrily accused, in a lengthy homily, of disturbing his flock, and even pushing their discourtesy so far as to carry them off bodily before his discourse was completed.

Indeed, it is to the clergy that we are indebted for much interesting information concerning the habits of goblins, witches, and gnomes. The Reverend Robert Kirke, of Aberfoyle, Perthshire, divided his literary labors impartially between a translation of the Psalms into Gaelic verse and an elaborate treatise on the "Subterranean and for the most part Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Faunes, and Fairies, or the like," which was printed, with the author's name attached, in

1691. Here, unsullied by any taint of skepticism, we have an array of curious facts that would suggest the closest intimacy between the rector and the "Invisible People," who at any rate concealed nothing from *his* eyes. He tells us gravely that they marry, have children, die, and are buried, very much like ordinary mortals; that they are inveterate thieves, stealing everything, from the milk in the dairy to the baby lying on its mother's breast; that they can fire their elfin arrow-heads so adroitly that the weapon penetrates to the heart without breaking the skin, and he himself has seen animals wounded in this manner; that iron in any shape or form is a terror to them, not for the same reason that Solomon disliked it, but on account of the proximity of the great iron mines to the place of eternal punishment; and—strangest of all—that they can read and write, and have extensive libraries, where light and toyish books alternate with ponderous volumes on abstruse mystical subjects. Only the Bible may not be found among them.

How Mr. Kirke acquired all these particulars—whether, like John Dietrich, he lived in the Elfin Mound and grew wise on elfin wisdom, or whether he adopted a less laborious and secluded method—does not transpire. But one thing is certain: he was destined to pay a heavy price for his unhallowed knowledge. The fairies, justly irritated at such an open revelation of their secrets, revenged themselves signally by carrying off the offender, and imprisoning him beneath the dun-shi, or goblin hill, where he has since had ample opportunity to pursue his investigations. It is true, his parishioners supposed he had died of apoplexy, and under that impression buried him in Aberfoyle churchyard; but his successor, the Rev. Dr. Grahame, informs us of the wide-spread belief concerning his true fate. An effort was even made to rescue him from his captivity, but it failed through the

neglect of a kinsman, Grahame of Duchray; and Robert Kirke, like Thomas of Ercildoune and the three miners of the Kuttentberg, still "drees his weird" in the enchanted halls of elfland.

When the unfortunate witches of Warbois were condemned to death, on the testimony of the Throgmorton children, Sir Samuel Cromwell, as lord of the manor, received forty pounds out of their estate; which sum he turned into a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, for the endowment of an annual lecture on witchcraft, to be preached by a doctor or bachelor of divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge. Thus he provided for his tenants a good sound church doctrine on this interesting subject, and we may rest assured that the sermons were far from quieting their fears, or lulling them into a skeptical indifference. Indeed, more imposing names than Sir Samuel Cromwell's appear in the lists to do battle for cherished superstitions. Did not the devout and conscientious Baxter firmly believe in the powers of witches, especially after "hearing their sad confessions;" and was not the gentle and learned Addison more than half disposed to believe in them, too? Does not Bacon avow that a "well-regulated" astrology might become the medium of many beneficial truths; and did not the scholarly Dominican, Stephen of Lusignan, expand the legend of Melusina into so noble a history, that the great houses of Luxembourg, Rohan, and Sassenaye altered their pedigrees, so as to claim descent from that illustrious nymph? Even the Emperor Henry VII. was as proud of his fishy ancestress as was Godfrey de Bouillon of his mysterious grandsire, Helias, the Knight of the Swan, better known to us as the Lohengrin of Wagner's opera; while among more modest annals appear the families of Fantome and Dobie, each bearing a goblin on their crest, in witness of their claim to some shadowy supernatural kinship.

There is often a marked contrast between the same superstition as developed in different countries, and in the same elfin folk, who please or terrify us according to the gay or serious bent of their mortal interpreters. While the Keltic ourisk is bright and friendly, with a tinge of malice and a strong propensity to blunder, the English brownie is a more clever and audacious sprite, the Scottish bogle a sombre and dangerous acquaintance, and the Dutch Hudikin an ungainly counterpart of Puck, with hardly a redeeming quality, save a lumbering fashion of telling the truth when it is least expected. It was Hudikin who foretold the murder of James I. of Scotland; though why he should have left the dikes of Holland for the bleak Highland hills it is hard to say, more especially as there were murders enough at home to keep him as busy as Cassandra. So, too, when the English witches rode up the chimney and through the storm-gusts to their unhallowed meetings, they apparently confined their attention to the business in hand, having perhaps enough to occupy them in managing their broomstick steeds. But when the Scottish hags cried, "Horse and hattock in the devil's name!" and rushed fiercely through the tempestuous night, the unlucky traveler crossed himself and trembled, lest in very wantonness they aim their magic arrows at his heart. Isobel Gowdie confessed at her trial to having fired in this manner at the Laird of the Park, as he rode through a ford; but the influence of the running water turned her dart aside, and she was soundly cuffed by Bessie Hay, another witch, for her awkwardness in choosing such an unpropitious moment.¹ In one respect alone this evil sisterhood were all in harmony. By charms and spells they revenged themselves terribly on their enemies, and inflicted malicious injuries on their

¹ Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott.

friends. It was as easy for them to sink a ship in mid-ocean as to dry the milk in a cow's udder, or to make a strong man pine away while his waxen image was consumed inch by inch on the witch's smouldering hearth.

This instinctive belief in evil spells is the essence, not of witchcraft only, but of every form of superstition, from the days of Thessalian magic to the brutish rites of the Louisiana Voodoo. It has brought to the scaffold women of gentle blood, like Janet Douglas, Lady Glamis, and to the stake visionary enthusiasts like Jeanne Darc. It confronts us from every page of history, it stares at us from the columns of the daily press. It has provided an outlet for fear, hope, love, and hatred, and a weapon for every passion that stirs the soul of man. It is equally at home in all parts of the world, and has entered freely into the religion, the traditions, and the folk-lore of all nations. Actæon flying as a stag from the pursuit of his own hounds; Circe's swinish captives groveling at their troughs; Björn turned into a bear through the malice of his stepmother, and hunted to death by his father, King Hring; the Swans of Lir floating mournfully on the icy waters of the Moyle; the *loup-garou* lurking in the forests of Brittany, and the *oborot* coursing over the Russian steppes; Merlin sleeping in the gloomy depths of Broceliande, and Raknar buried fifty fathoms below the coast of Helluland, are all alike the victims

"Of woven paces and of waving hands,"
whether the spell be cast by an outraged divinity, or by the cruel hand of a malignant foe.

In 1857, Mr. Newton discovered at Cnidos fragments of a buried and ruined chapel, sacred to Demeter and Persephone. In it were three marble figures of great beauty, some small votive images of baked earth, several bronze lamps, and a number of thin leaden rolls, pierced with holes for the con-

venience of hanging them around the chapel walls. On these rolls were inscribed the diræ, or spells, devoting some enemy to the infernal gods, and the motive for the suppliant's ill-will was given with great *naïveté* and earnestness. One woman binds another who has lured away her lover; a second, the enemy who has accused her of poisoning her husband; a third, the thief who has stolen her bracelet; a fourth, the man who has robbed her of a favorite drinking-horn; a fifth, the acquaintance who has failed to return a borrowed garment; and so on through a long list of grievances.¹ It is evident this form of prayer was quite a common occurrence, and, as combining a religious rite with a comfortable sense of retaliation, must have been exceptionally soothing to the worshiper's mind. Persephone was appeased and their own wrongs avenged by this simple act of devotion; but were it given to us now to inscribe, and by inscribing doom, all those who have borrowed and failed to return our books, we fear the halls of Tartarus would quickly overflow.

The saddest thing about these faded superstitions is that the very men who have studied them most accurately are often least susceptible to their charms. In their eagerness to trace back every myth to a common origin, and to prove, with or without reason, that they one and all arose from the observation of natural phenomena, too many writers either overlook entirely the beauty and meaning of the tale, or treat it with a contemptuous indifference very hard to understand. Mr. Baring-Gould, a most honorable exception to this evil rule, takes occasion now and then to deal some telling blows at the extravagant theorists who persist in maintaining that every tradition bears its significance on its surface, and who, following up their preconceived opinions, cruelly overtax

¹ The Myth of Demeter and Persephone. By Walter Pater.

the credulity of their readers. He himself has shown conclusively that many Aryan myths are but allegorical representations of natural forces; but in these cases the connection is always distinctly traced and easily understood. It is not hard for any of us to perceive the likeness between the worm Schamir, the hand of glory, and the lightning, when their peculiar properties are so much alike; or to behold in the Sleeping Beauty or Thorn-Rose the ice-bound earth slumbering through the long winter months, until the sun-god's kisses win her back to life and warmth. But when we are asked to believe that William Tell is the storm-cloud, with his arrow of lightning and his iris bow bent against the sun, which is resting like a coin or a golden apple on the edge of the horizon, we cannot but feel, with the author of *Curious Myths*, that a little too much is exacted from us. "I must protest," he says, "against the manner in which our German friends fasten rapaciously upon every atom of history, sacred and profane, and demonstrate all heroes to represent the sun; all villains to be the demons of night or winter; all sticks and spears and arrows to be the lightning; all cows and sheep and dragons and swans to be clouds."

But then it must be remembered that Mr. Baring-Gould is the most tolerant and catholic of writers, with hardly a hobby he can call his own. Sympathizing with the sad destruction of William Tell, he casts a lance in honor of Saint George against Reynolds and Gibbon, and manifests a lurking weakness for mermaids, divining-rods, and the Wandering Jew. He is to be congratulated on his early training, for he assures us he believed, on the testimony of his Devonshire nurse, that all Cornishmen had tails, until a Cornish bookseller stoutly denied the imputation, and enlightened his infant mind. He has the rare and happy faculty of writing upon all mythical subjects with grace, sympa-

thy, and *vraisemblance*. Even when there can be no question of credulity either with himself or with his readers, he is yet content to write as though for the time he believes. Just as the author of *Obiter Dicta* advises us to lay aside our moral sense when we begin the memoirs of an attractive scamp, and to recall it carefully when we have finished, so Mr. Baring-Gould generously lays aside his enlightened skepticism when he undertakes to tell us about sirens and were-wolves, and remembers that he is of the nineteenth century only when his task is done.

This is precisely what Mr. John Fiske is unable or unwilling to accomplish. He cannot for a moment forget how much better he knows; and instead of an indulgent smile at the delightful follies of our ancestors, we detect here and there through his very valuable pages something unpleasantly like a sneer. "Where the modern calmly taps his forehead," explains Mr. Fiske, "and says, 'Arrested development!' the terrified ancient made the sign of the cross, and cried, 'Were-wolf!'"¹ Now a more disagreeable object than the "modern" tapping his forehead, like Dr. Blimber, and offering a sensible elucidation of every mystery, it would be hard to find. The ignorant peasant making his sign of the cross is not only more picturesque, but he is more companionable, — in books, at least, — and it is of far greater interest to try to realize how *he* felt when the specimen of "arrested development" stole past him in the shadow of the woods. There is, after all, a mysterious horror about the lame boy, — some impish changeling of evil parentage, foisted on hell, perhaps, as Nadir thrust his earth-born baby into heaven, — who every Midsummer Night and every Christmas Eve summoned the were-wolves to their secret meeting, whence they rushed ravenously over the German forests. The girdle of human

¹ *Myths and Mythmakers.*

skin, three finger-breadths wide, which wrought the transformation; the tell-tale hairs in the hollow of the hand which betrayed the wolfish nature; the fatality which doomed one of every seven sisters to this dreadful enchantment, and the trifling accidents which brought about the same undesirable result are so many handles by which we grasp the strange emotions that swayed the mediæval man. Jacque Roulet and Jean Grenier,¹ as mere maniacs and cannibals, fill every heart with disgust; but as were-wolves an awful mystery wraps them round, and the mind is distracted from pity for their victims to a fascinated consideration of their own tragic doom. A blood-thirsty idiot is an object that no one cares to think about; but a wolf-fiend, urged to deeds of violence by an impulse he cannot resist, is one of those ghastly creations that the folk-lore of every country has placed sharply and persistently before our startled eyes. Yet surely there is a touch of comedy in the story told by Van Hahn, of an unlucky freemason, who, having divulged the secrets of his order, was pursued across the Pyrenees by the master of his lodge in the form of a were-wolf, and escaped only by taking refuge in an empty cottage, and hiding under the bed.

"To us who are nourished from childhood," says Mr. Fiske again, "on the truths revealed by science, the sky is known to be merely an optical appearance, due to the partial absorption of the solar rays in passing through a thick stratum of atmospheric air; the clouds are known to be large masses of watery vapor, which descend in rain-drops when sufficiently condensed; and the lightning is known to be a flash of light accompanying an electric discharge." But the blue sky-sea of Aryan folk-lore, in which the cloud-flakes floated as stately swans, drew many an eye to the contemplation of its loveliness, and touched

many a heart with the sacred charm of beauty. On that mysterious sea strange vessels sailed from unknown shores, and once a mighty anchor was dropped by the sky mariners, and fell right into a little English graveyard, to the great amazement of the humble congregation just coming out from church. The sensation of freedom and space afforded by this conception of the heavens is a delicious contrast to the conceit of the Persian poet, —

"That inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die;"

or to the Semitic legend, which described the firmament as made of hammered plate, with little windows for rain, — a device so poor and barbaric that we wonder how any man could look up into the melting blue and admit so sordid a fancy into his soul.

"Scientific knowledge, even in the most modest men," confesses Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "has mingled with it something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind." Such an admission from so genial and kindly a source should suffice to put us all on the defensive. It is not agreeable to be bullied even upon those matters which are commonly classed as facts; but when we come to the misty region of dreams and myths and superstitions, let us remember, with Lamb, that "we do not know the laws of that country," and with him generously forbear to "set down our ancestors in the gross for fools." We have lost forever the fantasies that enriched them. Not for us are the pink and white lions that gamboled in the land of Prester John, nor his onyx floors, imparting courage to all who trod on them. Not for us the Terrestrial Paradise, with its "Welle of Youthe, whereat thei that drynken semen alle weys yongly, and lyven withouten sykeness;"² nor the Fortunate

¹ Book of Were-Wolves. By Baring-Gould.

² Travels of Sir John Mandeville.

Isles beyond the Western Sea, where
 spring was ever green, where youths
 and maidens danced hand in hand on
 the dewy grass, where the cows un-
 grudgingly gave milk enough to fill
 whole ponds instead of milking-pails,
 and where wizards and usurers could
 never hope to enter. The doors of
 these enchanted spots are closed upon
 us, and their key, like Excalibur, lies
 hidden where no hand can grasp it.

"The whole wide world is painted gray on
 gray,
 And Wonderland forever is gone past."

All we can do is to realize our loss
 with becoming modesty, and now and
 then cast back a wistful glance

"where underneath
 The shelter of the quaint kiosk, there sigh
 A troupe of Fancy's little China Dolls,
 Who dream and dream, with damask round their
 loins,
 And in their hands a golden tulip flower."

Agnes Repplier.

ENDYMION.

How slowly falls yon sickle from on high
 Through evening's silent sky,
 Flashing a splendor from its curvèd blade
 On the low-lying shade!

Now in and out the narrow cloud that bars
 Its pathway from the stars
 It slips, and with a golden glory shines,
 Nearing the mountain lines.

Nay, 't is no sickle which some unseen hand
 Lets fall upon the land;
 It is the jewel of a lady's crown,
 As she steps lightly down.

Night after night, down the aerial stair
 She stealeth unaware;
 Leaving the empire which she rules above,
 And all her state, for love.

Behold, her feet have touched the rocky steeps
 Where the young shepherd sleeps,
 And larger burns her jewel as she moves
 In search of him she loves.

And now it fades, and glimmers, and is gone.
 Happy Endymion!
 While here the world in sudden shadow lies,
 She bends above his eyes.

Samuel V. Cole.

SIX VISIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

I.

FROM MRS. MARGARET ETHERIDGE MAYNARD
(OF NEW YORK CITY) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL,
ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, February 22.

YOUR letter, my dear friend, has just arrived, and I *instantly* sit down to give you my frankest opinions of St. Augustine. In the first place, the climate is most disagreeable. I know they tell you it is n't, but it seems to be a principle of the Floridians not to tell the truth. The main industry of the State is deceiving strangers. You read in the newspapers of the weather we found last month. I thought we should perish. My room had a fireplace, and Rawdon's had a stove — which smoked. My dear, I had to sit wrapped up in furs, with my feet on the hot-water bag, feeling, for all the world, just like the Greely party. There was not a sign of steam, or furnace, or any other kind of warmth, except stoves and fireplaces, in the house, and the halls were like Greenland: I always had to put on my bonnet and cloak to go down to the parlor.

Well, their oranges are all frozen, and I think most of the trees are gone, too, though they pretend they are not. And you need not think you will get lovely tropical fruit, for you *won't*, — nothing but oranges, and they are either stale (picked before the frost) or half frozen. They are rank poison; but what do these greedy Augustines care that we are losing our health, eating their pestilential fruit? I expected to revel in delicious figs, dates, bananas, Japan plums, pineapples, alligator pears, guavas, and all the other things those romancers that write the Florida circulars pretend you are going to have in a "semi-tropical climate." I even had

visions of eating bread-fruit. One man said it grew in Florida, and I thought it might as well grow in St. Augustine as anywhere else. Well, my dear, there is nothing, nothing in this wicked world but *poor* oranges. Sometimes, it is true, for a *few* days, you can get some mean, green little Nassau bananas, and once *two* pineapples strayed over from the same place. I saw some cocoa-nuts in the pod (I suppose they call it a pod; if they don't, they ought to), and I asked the man if they were fresh. He said, "Well, yes 'm, *pretty* fresh. I got 'em 'bout two months ago. They ain't for eating, ezactly; strangers like to take 'em home to show." There's the list, unless you call peanuts fruit. And *I* think it perfectly ridiculous!

But to return to the climate: *all* January was *horrid*. After the cold we had weeks of rain and fog. There is a great deal of fog here, and a great deal of rain; and when it is n't rainy or foggy the wind blows a gale. I really never saw such a *tempestuous* place. It goes without saying that you can't walk. My dear Helen, don't delude yourself with any notion of walking *here*! Figure to yourself streets without a vestige of sidewalk, unless you choose to call a little ragged, humpy ruin of concrete, about a foot wide, a vestige. It certainly is n't anything else, and usually there is n't even that. They say it is a remnant of the old Spanish pavement. Probably, — or the Mound Builders! The whole town is built on sand mixed with sharp little shells, which cut into your shoes and nearly drive you frantic. This is ankle-deep everywhere. You don't walk in St. Augustine; you *wade*! And the dust is something dreadful. But you would n't want to walk, anyhow. The streets are so narrow that pedestrians have to retire into the shops

when two carriages pass each other. You always have to walk single file, so as to be ready to save your life by dodging into a doorway. Of course they drive the horses, and especially ride the horses, at the top of their speed, — these negroes would rather run over you than not! I suppose it does n't add *much* to the perils of the street to have no drainage, and to see orange skins, papers, and every other kind of rubbish flung into the streets for you to tread over; but it certainly is unpleasant.

As to drives: I think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to forbid driving horses through these sandy roads. I should want to discharge my coachman if he treated my horses so. And there is n't anything but sand and swamp. And, right here, I may as well free my mind about the drivers. They are liars from the cradle to the grave. I paid a colored man four dollars, the other day, to take me to Magnolia Grove. One of the things I went South to see was magnolias. We drove, and we drove, and we drove. It was hot and sandy and dusty, and I made him go slowly on account of the horses. Finally, we stopped. My dear, there was just *one* magnolia. The driver flicked the tip of his whip at the lone magnolia. "Dat's it," said he.

"Where's Magnolia Grove?" I asked.

"*Dat's it*," said he, — "yes 'm."

"But where are the rest of them?"

"Dey ain't no res'," he replied.

"But why do they call it Magnolia Grove, then?" I inquired.

"Kase of de magnolia," said he.

This same man told me that the old market in the plaza was the old slave-market, and that *his* mother was sold there; and it *never* was anything more romantic than a fish-market. And he told me that a scrubby old cemetery, where he took me for a dollar, was the Huguenot cemetery, when there never were any Huguenots buried in St. Augustine; there never were any Hugue-

nots in St. Augustine, anyhow. What's-his-name killed them all before they got here, and they weren't buried anywhere, poor things. I read all about it in the guide book, after I got home; that man was lying the whole while.

I have to squander my money on them still, because I can't walk in the sand; I'm giddy, though I am not young, and I can't walk on the sea-wall; there is nothing but sand and sea-wall in Augustine. You ask about features of interest: *there's* a feature for you, — an awful structure, hardly three feet wide, without an inch of railing between you and eternity, or, at least, ruining your clothes. One side is the bay, and the other side the sand of Augustine, five feet below. "Oh, that's not much of a fall," your nephew says; but I have n't the figure for falling, and I leave the sea-wall to young Salisbury and my niece. By the way, he *is* a delightful fellow, and, *entre nous*, I fancy Emmy thinks so, too.

You want to know about excursions. Well, the least objectionable is to North Beach. You can get over in a sail-boat, if you are n't seasick, and don't value your life; or you can take a dreadful little steamer (by climbing a ladder and walking a plank), and then probably have to wait an hour on the sand in the sun for it when you go back. There is n't anything to see but a beach. Then there is Matanzas, where you sail forever, and are likely to have the wind desert you, and be obliged to spend the night nowhere in particular.

And there is a simply *fiendish* excursion to Anastasia Island. You go over in the steamer, — at least I did, — and when you get over you see a tramway built on piles, with a ditch on either side, and *no* room to fall out of the car, just merely a few planks for the horse to go over. The rails are of wood and all worn out; and there is a decrepit, ramshackle old platform on wheels, with a canopy, which they call a car; and

one poor little white invalid horse to drag it. *Of course* they load that car until it creaks and sways in the most *awful* manner, and then a brutal boy whips the poor horse along that dreadfully unsafe road. All this sickening peril is to get to the light-house. Then, if you like, you can jump into the bayonet bush, and scramble over to the beach. When you get back to the shore you generally have to wait an hour; but you will have plenty to do, fighting sandflies. Then, if the tide is out, you will have to escape to the steamer in small boats half filled with water. Ours had no oarlocks, and the man stood up and paddled with an oar, and did n't know how. Actually, I wonder that excursion did n't shatter my nerves entirely. After we were all in the steamer, towing the boats along, that boat *swamped*, — swamped before our eyes. Think if we had all been in it!

As to places of interest: there are some ridiculous little city gates (with no wall), an ugly old cathedral, and the fort. The fort is well enough in its way, but don't you let them show you the dungeons; you nearly break your back crawling into the horrid black holes, and you can't sleep all night for thinking of the awful stories they tell you about cages and skeletons and the Spanish Inquisition, and no end of *horrors*! All lies, too, my dear; I read about them in the guide book.

In regard to hotels, — well, perhaps I am too particular. But I can tell you one thing, they *charge* enough to be good. Prices, generally, are *extortionate*. "Well, you see, ma'am," said an honest tradesman to me, "we have three prices: one for ourselves, the people of the town, that's very reasonable; one for the winter residents, that's not so *very* high; and then we make a special price for the rank strangers!" You will think they do, if you come. Last of all, you ask my advice about coming. Do you remember Punch's to the young

man about to marry? It is mine, too, — *Don't!* Your loving friend,

MARGARET E. MAYNARD.

P. S. I have just asked Rawdon *her* opinion; and she says that she can't find it in her conscience to recommend a town where they allow "wild beasts like them halligators" to be kept in yards, and to swim around loose in barrels in the shop windows. She happened to notice a big one tied to a post in a yard once, and ran for her life, all the way from King Street to the San Marco. Another time she saw a paragraph in a paper about Northerners never leaving without an alligator. Now she regularly looks under the bed for them every night. "Most like the 'otel's swarming with them this werry moment, mum," she says, "in band-boxes and bath-tubs!" Then she gathers her skirts tightly about her with one hand, and pokes with the umbrella handle in the other, and gives a little scream at every poke. I asked her *why* she screamed, and she said, "Oh, mum, hit's for the hawfulness of it! I can't 'old in!"

I fancy Rawdon will be as relieved as I to go, and we leave for Charleston next Monday. Come there instead.

M. E. M.

II.

FROM MISS EMILY ETHERIDGE LAWRENCE (OF CHICAGO, ILL.) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, February 22.

DEAR MRS. HILL, — I know auntie is writing you, and I am sure that she is saying something horrid about this dear, sweet, quaint, lovely old town. So I have treacherously borrowed *her* paper, and as you were so good as to ask me to write, too, I am going to do it now, and send my opinions along by the very same mail; I am hoping that you will open *my* letter first.

Truly, dear Mrs. Hill, Augustine is *lovely*! The climate is delicious, soft,

yet bracing. There is a good deal of fog; but the effects on the water are so exquisite that one does n't regret it, but quite the contrary. Mr. Salisbury is very good with his yacht, and takes us sailing so often that mamma and I are both in love with the bay. Every day, almost, we have a splendid sea breeze, and can make all the excursions by sail. I think there is no place like St. Augustine. I feel as though I were in Spain and England and America at the same time. It is *most* fascinating and romantic; and I feel as though I could never tire of these narrow, winding streets, with their funny little shops, where you can buy alligator-tooth jewelry, and shells, and photographs, and the dearest palmetto hats in the world. Mr. Salisbury accuses me of intending to open a shop, I am buying so many, and poor mamma sighs and wonders how I am ever going to carry them all home.

You speak of the walks and drives. There is no end of them. In the first place, there is the town itself. I send you some photographs. Are n't they perfect horrors? I took them myself. Mr. Salisbury "supplied the human interest," as he calls it, by putting himself in the foreground. It is quite his own fault that his hands look so gigantic, and that he seems to have three of them in one of the pictures. He *would* put them out and wave them while the picture was going on. He said that he was representing "one of Mr. Cook's personally conducted tours, — being conducted." Is n't he quite too absurd, sometimes? I wish the photographs were good, though, for the houses are *so* picturesque; built of this queer old coquina stone, all stained and blackened by lichens, with dormer windows and hanging balconies (why they *hang*, and don't break down, is a puzzle to me) and roofs that do a hundred fantastic things no other American roofs dare to do, — twist themselves into gables, project over balconies, step down and then project, or

hop up and make the roof for a side gallery. Now don't you pine to walk past such houses? Why, the very names of the streets are tempting. King, St. George, Hypolita, Kuna, Spanish, Treasury, Baya, St. Francis, Tolomato, — don't they make you think of Menendez and the Huguenots, and the Moors, and the English red-coats marching in, and Spanish signoritas in black lace veils, and the Seminole Indians, and the Inquisition, and guitars, serenading, and everything else nice and romantic? And is n't it interesting to think that we are walking on the very pavement that the Spaniards made? There are lovely drives all about; and as for excursions, they are countless, by land or sea. Now the wild flowers are coming, and I rave over them. Yesterday, mamma, Mr. Salisbury, and I went out on the Picolata road and picked *bushels* of jasmine. We left the carriage, and got so interested (finding thicker and thicker trees, — you know how that is) that mamma began to think we were devoured by an alligator, and was in an awful state of anxiety. Rawdon has managed to give mamma her notions about alligators as beasts of prey. Then, there are all the sails. North Beach has such a nice beach and the most fascinating shells. Matanzas is weirdly beautiful, with its ruined fort and its associations. And there is a *delightful* excursion to Anastasia Island. You will laugh when you see the droll little primitive horse-car and ridiculous shaggy white pony that will meet you and take you over *wooden* rails to the lighthouse. There was such a load of us, and of course aunt Margie lifted up her voice in behalf of the beast. "Boy," I heard her saying, "you must n't whip him. How would *you* like to be whipped when you were pulling a load too heavy for you?"

Dear aunt Margie, she quite hates the place. She has tried three hotels, and is now at a fourth. We are at the

first of the discarded ones, and find it luxurious; but when I told her so, she only shook her head sadly, and said, "My dear, you are young; you don't depend on your soup." She has her locked bath-tub and her Vienna coffee-pot and all her traps. Rawdon gets out the tea things every afternoon at four; auntie collects all the old tabbies she knows, and they drink tea and abuse the place. They snub me, and they are too old for me to snub them, and it is *enraging*. There is one horrid old frump who is always flinging my age at me. "What does *nineteen* know of the merits of a place?" she says, — meaning me. Well, I *could n't* know much less than *she* does! That is awfully ill-natured. I do beg your pardon, dear Mrs. Hill, and I will talk about something else, *quick!*

You ask about the places of interest. I am sure one can't help liking the seawall (such *good* walking and such a magnificent view), and there are some sweet little city gates (you see them on all the preserve cans), and the cathedral is a *joy*; but the best of all is the fort. Is n't it wonderful to think of all that those towers have seen, — how much triumph and what misery! They were built by poor Indians and captives, you know. I declare, when I reflect how cruel those wicked Spaniards were, I take solid comfort in thinking of De Gourgues, and of how Drake burned the fort and pillaged the town. I only wish he had burned up old Menendez in it. Just picture that cruel old thing wheedling the poor shipwrecked Frenchmen into surrendering, and then going off and drawing that cross in the sand, with his lance! And think of those poor, unsuspecting men, with their hands tied behind their back, coming ten at a time; and then just as soon as they reached this fatal mark, the Spaniards stabbing them dead! You will remember that when you walk along the Matanzas beach. Matanzas, "Place of Slaughter," — is n't it

rightly named? Did you know that Osceola was confined in the fort before they sent him to Charleston? Poor Osceola, I liked his not letting them kill women and children. And that was fine, too, about the council, when he dashed his knife through the treaty, crying, "The only treaty that I will make is with *this!*" But you will imagine that I am Tennyson's brook, that goes on forever. I *will* stop — no, I won't, until I tell you about prices. I think them *very* reasonable, when you consider how short the season is, and that there is nothing *but* the season to live on. Who can wonder that they make all they can out of us while they have a chance! Now please pardon this long effusion, and don't let it prevent your coming.

Always, dear Mrs. Hill, affectionately yours,
EMILY E. LAWRENCE.

P. S. There are good riding horses here, and *very* good tennis grounds. It is amusing to watch the game, even if one does n't play, so I mention it. Mr. Salisbury is the best player here.

E. E. L.

III.

FROM COL. SAMUEL TURNER, U. S. A., TO MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, February 23, 1886.

DEAR HELEN, — *Mea culpa! mea culpa!* I deceived you, but I did n't mean to. I am the man who advised you to go to St. Augustine. But it was n't *this* Augustine that I was talking about. I was here nineteen years ago. Then it was the quaintest, dreamiest, most pathetic old Spanish town. The Minorcans spoke Spanish, everybody was ruined by the war, nobody thought of being enterprising, and the pretty Minorcan girls, slim and dark-eyed and pensive-looking, were a pleasant sight for a young fellow. The old coquina houses stood all over the town, and each house had its garden and high wall around the orange-trees. The

plaza market *was* a market then; from four to six, every morning, you could buy the toughest Floridian beef and "razor-backs" (Floridian for pig, my ignorant friend; so called because their backs are thin and sharp as a razor), and as good fish as any man wants to eat. Then we came over from Picolata by stage. We crawled along for six miles, but we always came into town with a grand flourish, the four horses on a gallop and the horn going. We drew up opposite the post-office. The post-office was worth seeing then, I assure you. Formerly, when there was a governor, it was the "Governor's Palace," no less. There were arches in front, and a noble, high wall, with great pillars, all around the garden, and a row of pride of India trees before the wall.

Well, now, what have they done? Spoiled everything. My adorable Anglo-Spanish town is trampled under the inexorable march of improvement. They have built fine villas and pulled down the old houses. They have run up cheap wooden shops and houses plastered all over with shingles, like fish scales; all alike, showy, ugly, and scampily built. They have kicked the old relics out of the way. The proprietor of a boarding-house had the old coquina battery pulled down because it obstructed the view. The "oldest house," where the date-palm (so old that no one remembers any tradition of its planting) grew through the wall, is smartened up out of knowledge. The sculptured wall of the house, which cost so much that it ruined the Spanish treasurer, is gone, and the picket fence of a hotel has taken its place. They have even tried to pull down the city gates for the stone, but they did have the grace to stop *that*. They have stuck a big hotel up to stare the fort out of countenance, — and there I am. It is comfortable enough; I have no fault to find with the comfort, but I wish the vandals that built it were in Matanzas Bay. They

have half a dozen more hotels, over the town, and are building another one by the river, which is to be in Spanish style, with tropical courts and fountains and hanging gardens and the Lord knows what not. I hear rumors that they are going to try to get an appropriation from Congress, and make Augustine a port of entry. Like enough. They have got two railroads, and they are fighting for a canal with the Halifax River, so as to bring up tropical fruits from South Florida. "We are going to have right smart of a town," says the New South. They are. But the charm of "the ever faithful city" has withered under their enterprising hands, and is gone forever.

Why, the Minorcans themselves have been scorched by this flaming zeal for "improvement." They want to sell their places. Nineteen years ago, you could n't get a Minorcan to sell the home his father gave him, at any price. But now they don't even cling to the old tongue; the new generation can't talk Spanish. They have n't even spared the good old lies. They had to improve on *them*. I hardly recognized the venerable fiction of the cages found in the dungeon, when I read it in the guide books. I have n't the heart to go to the fort and hear Sergeant McGuire's successor hold forth.

Oh, well, perhaps it is because "I have been young, and now I am old;" and more than the old ruins made Augustine beautiful to me then. To-day,

"I walk once more a sea-beat shore,
A stranger, yet at home; . . .
A land of dreams I roam."

The prettiest sight to me, in Augustine, now, is the flock of young people, playing tennis in all the colors of the rainbow, or riding horseback. Young Salisbury is a fine fellow, and I see him nearly every day, riding, or walking, or sailing with a charmingly pretty young girl. I will wager *he* thinks St. Augustine delightful. But you and I, my

dear friend, — ah, there is the difference! Well, you might come and see for yourself; it is easy to get away again.

Always your devoted friend,

SAMUEL TURNER.

IV.

FROM MRS. CLARENCE ATTERBURY (WINTER RESIDENT OF ST. AUGUSTINE) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 22.*

DEAREST HELEN, — Certainly, by all means come to Augustine. I am sure that you won't regret it. And now I am going to answer all your questions in the most methodical manner, one by one. Climate? Charming! But there is nothing perfect on earth, and our poor Florida climate is no exception, though I think it is expected to be. We *do* have rainy days in January, — not many, but we have them; and last January it froze, but that was unprecedented. Generally, the weather is delightful, with just enough of a sea breeze to blow away every particle of malaria. Walks and drives? They are endless. I will show you all the old houses. They are volumes of history, tragedy, and melodrama bound in brick and mortar. Our streets are n't yet what we hope they will be, but the soil has one advantage: you will seldom, if ever, need to wear rubbers, and if you get the right kind of boots you won't mind the sand. There are delightful drives in every direction, and we have the gentlest horse, that will let us loiter along and almost see the flowers grow. How beautiful they are now, too! The woods are full of yellow jasmine, and hawthorn, and wild-plum blossoms; and on the pine barrens, the ground is beautiful with innumerable violets, blue and white, and dear little chaptalia, like daisies. The myrtles and oaks and magnolias keep their glossy green, and you won't miss the orange-trees, though *we* do. It was pitiful, but we ought to be thankful that it was no worse. The trees are not harmed, and in a month's time will

shake their white blooms in the face of the croakers.

Excursions? If you are fond of sailing, they are innumerable; and I do so hope you are, for we have a new yacht, — really, it is only a sail-boat, but we call it a yacht because that sounds grander; since our friends are all setting up yachts, why not we?

Hotels? Good enough for any one; but I sha'n't say a word about them, because you are coming straight to us. The idea of your thinking of a hotel, Helen Hill! It is evident that you don't understand the Southern character.

Prices? Very reasonable, indeed; especially when you consider the long distance everything has to be transported. Tourists *will* have Northern beef and Northern butter and Northern groceries, and yet they grumble because they don't get all these at the very lowest Northern prices. But tourists grumble, anyhow, I think. Apropos of grumblers, I paid a visit to Mrs. Maynard, as you asked. Now, *she* is typical. She is trying all the hotels, in rotation, with malice prepense, — just to pick flaws. She won't sail, she won't drive, she won't walk; she expects all the fruits of the tropic zone and all the flowers to be blooming at once, here in Augustine, in February. And, of course, she is disappointed with the poor ancient city. But I don't think *you* will be. At least give us a trial. Clare is well and the children and all send love and join with me in begging you to *come*.

Yours with much love,

LAURA.

V.

FROM DANIEL CARVER LAWRENCE (OF CHICAGO, ILL.) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 22, 1886.*

MY DEAR MRS. HILL, — Your favor of the 19th is at hand, and in reply I would say that, speaking generally, St. Augustine seems an interesting old town for a week's visit; after that, I should call it pretty slow, a town of no enter-

prise. Particularly, will answer your questions as they come.

I. The climate is fair to middling : better than Chicago in March, not so pleasant as Chicago in June. It rains considerable ; but they say that is splendid for the oranges. It blows most of the time ; but they say that is healthy. It is very changeable, hot and cold the same day ; but they call that a pleasant variety. I take it, they are a set of champion braggers in Florida, and lie as easily as they eat. I met a poor Englishman, yesterday, one of a colony who had swallowed their big stories, and come over to South Florida to find perpetual sunshine and flowers, and nothing to do but wink at their orange-trees. When they got to their particular bit of swamp, they found there was n't anything perpetual in Florida except alligators and swamp fever. The Englishman was pretty mad over the whole thing. I did n't much blame him, though he ought to have looked before he leaped. Fact of the matter is, the speculators have got hold of this State, and are booming it for all it is worth.

II. "Walks and drives and excursions." Walking is bad in St. Augustine ; no sidewalks, streets dusty, sandy, and to my mind in a disgraceful condition. If the inhabitants were n't so busy trying to cheat strangers out of their last red cent, they might be more enterprising. The only decent walking place is the sea-wall, and that Uncle Sam looks after ; if he did n't, it would be just as out of gear as everything else. So far as I can see, the Augustines are laying back on their oars, waiting to sell their marshes and sand lots at fabulous prices, and thinking all improvements worse than wasted, meanwhile. All the Floridians prefer to spend their money advertising in the Northern papers and on circulars, what a grand, glorious semi-tropical country they have, to putting any of it into the land. They have been dawdling over a canal for the

longest while, and will dawdle, I guess, until some confiding Northern capitalists come down and fix it. Drives are about as bad as the walking. Can't say anything about any excursions except the one to Anastasia Island. I am glad I went, for it was worth the trouble to see the shiftless horse-car railway they have there, — wooden rails, and the worst-looking old Noah's ark of a car you ever saw, drawn by a little white pony that looked so feeble you wanted to put him on the car and push him. The road is laid on piles, over the swamp, which is chock full of bayonet plants. And there is a notice stuck up, warning you that walking over that road is charged at the same price as riding. So when, for any reason, the car does n't run, they get their little fifteen cents just the same. There's Florida thrift for you ; they are bound to get your money, whether they give you anything for it, or not.

III. "Places of interest." Best of them is the fort. They say that cost so much that the Spanish king observed they must have built it of solid silver dollars. Shiftless about it, I guess. They say they had Indians and slaves and such fellows build it, and that sort of labor costs more than it comes to. I notice one thing about Florida, reading the history. All these colonies sent over here got their supplies from home. They never rolled up their sleeves and got their living out of the soil. Not they ; if the ships with supplies did n't come, they waltzed back home, or else they starved. And they have kept on doing that way, ever since. They get the bulk of their provisions from the North, now, — meat, groceries, canned vegetables, feed for their stock. Even most of the milk comes from the North, condensed, in cans, and about all the butter. Florida has always been a sort of colony. First Spanish, then English, now she is Yankee. About all the hotel-keepers and half the store-keepers are Yankees.

IV. "Hotels." Should n't like to express an opinion; only what is called a first-class hotel here, with exalted prices, would cut a very small figure up North.

V. "Prices." They are high. The natives make the Yankees pay well for the property they buy or rent, and they pass the prices on to strangers.

Lastly, you ask about my opinion of the advisability of your coming. I should n't presume to advise a lady. I don't like St. Augustine, but Mrs. Lawrence and Emmie will talk to you by the hour about what a charming place it is. I imagine Emmie likes the sailing and the riding horseback, but what the Madam finds to admire beats me; I suppose, however, she knows her own mind. Remember me to Hill. There is first-class fishing here. Tell him to bring his rod, if he comes. Hoping this long letter won't be quite useless to you, I am

Very truly yours,

D. C. LAWRENCE.

VI.

FROM BASIL SALISBURY (OF BOSTON, MASS.) TO
MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 25, 1886.*

DEAR AUNT HELEN, — I know it, you told me so; but it makes no difference. We are engaged. Please come and give

us your blessing. St. Augustine is charming, now. The climate is perfect; bright, sunny, hardly any wind, and we have n't had a real rainy day for an age. You will like the walks; and I want to show you my new boat. Then you are interested in antiquities, and you can gloat over them here in the Ancient City. The hotels do very well, all of them. Prices are moderate. Don't you want me to go up to Jacksonville to meet you, if uncle Rufus does n't come? You know Emily, so I sha'n't need to expatiate on that subject. Come and bless us, *do*.

Your affectionate nephew,

BASIL.

FROM MRS. RUFUS HILL TO JUDGE RUFUS HILL,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

ANDOVER, MASS., *February 28.*

DEAR RUFUS, — You know it was you who wanted me to write to all our friends in St. Augustine, and get a categorical opinion from each. Now will you please look over these letters, and see if you can make anything definite about St. Augustine out of them, for I can't! But is n't it nice about Basil and Emily Lawrence?

Your loving wife,

HELEN.

Octave Thanet.

TO THE MEMORY OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

A DEDICATION.

GREAT heart of many loves! while earth was thine,
Thou didst love Nature and her every mood:
Beneath thine eye the frail flower of the wood
Uplifted not in vain its fleeting sign,
And on thy hearth the mast-tree's blaze benign,
With all its sylvan lore, was understood!
Seems homely Nature's mother-face less good,
Spirit down-gazing from the Fields Divine?
Oh, let me bring these gathered leaves of mine,

Praising the common earth, the rural year,
And consecrate them to thy memory dear, —
Thought's pilgrim to thy mortal body's shrine,
Beneath soft sheddings of the mountain pine
And trailing mountain heath untouched with sere!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE TWO BROWNS.

I.

BROWN left his chair by the fire somewhat impatiently, and dropped his newspaper on the rug; he crossed the dining-room to the bay-window, and stood with his back to his wife, looking out at the weather. Women were such persistent geese! He had a vague idea that she might take some notice of the disagreeable sleet and wind, and relent a little about hinting that he had better be at his office. She had already asked him to renew her subscription to the church newspaper (he would have to leave the stage and walk a block and a half), and had said that he must look in at her brother Bob's counting-room some time during the day to ask for his wife's health. She had furthermore given him two letters to post, and had reminded him three times that he must not forget them.

"I believe I will not go to the office to-day," Brown announced presently, with considerable dignity and even sternness, as if he would not brook the idea of being contradicted in any shape. His wife said nothing to this, which was a great disappointment; and after growing more and more disturbed for a minute or two he turned and offered his explanations. Mrs. Brown was devoting herself to the baby, while the nursery-maid was busy up-stairs in the baby's luxurious quarters. Brown was usually neither too proud nor too much occupied to devote himself to his daughter, also,

but now he walked stiffly back to the big chair by the fire, and took no notice of the little hands that were put out to him. The baby's mother flushed suddenly with something like anger, very unusual in her gentle face.

"It is such an abominable day," said Brown. "I don't feel very energetic. There won't be a soul inside the office door, unless it's a book agent. I am going to make myself comfortable at home, and see something of you and — yes, you little pink!"

He had come so near to neglecting the baby that his better nature could submit no longer, and he caught the smiling child, and went prancing round the breakfast table until she shrieked with delight, and family harmony was restored. Mrs. Brown smiled, too, — they were a happy household; but she looked serious again directly, and returned to the charge.

"Ben, dear," she said, "I don't like to have you neglect your profession."

Brown stopped his capering, and the cups and plates gave a final jingle. "When you know perfectly well how it neglects me!" he responded solemnly, with a twinkling eye.

Even in the presence of the baby Mrs. Brown did not like to have such confessions made, and she looked up reproachfully. She kept up with great care the fiction of her husband's having already a fair law practice for a young man of his age, and a very promising outlook. Brown had no imagination;

he made no complaint; he knew plenty of fellows in the same box, and was not going to shoulder the whole shame of paying rent for a clientless office. He had begun to get tired of spending his days there altogether, even with the resource of taking all the time he liked for an elaborate and social luncheon. His wife had been growing a trifle anxious lately because it was so difficult to tempt his appetite at dinner-time, and Fales, the wit of the luncheon club, had said in his affected little drawling voice only the day before, "Shall have to cut this sort of thing, you know; getting too stout, and always hated eating my dinner in the middle of the day. Could do it with one client, but to-morrow I'm expecting another." Brown suddenly remembered this, and smiled, because he had a quick, amusing fear lest the bad weather might keep Fales's client at home. Then he gave a sigh, and gently deposited the baby in her mother's lap. "I will go, you hard-hearted monsters," he said, kissing them both, "but why I ever let myself be coaxed into studying law is the puzzle of my life. If I had something to do I would work like a beaver. I've got it in me, fast enough, but I hate this make-believe business. So would you."

"I do feel sorry about it; you know I do," answered Lucy, with great tenderness and sympathy. "I should be perfectly unhappy. But you have your studies, Ben, dear."

"I begin to hate those old yellow books," said Ben. "Now if my father had let me study engineering, as I wished, I should have been in the middle of things by this time."

"You never would have broken the chain?" asked Lucy, with unfeigned anxiety roused by such treason. She had been so proud of Brown's being the fourth lawyer of his line and of his precocious scholarship. He was only twenty-eight years and two months old at that moment, beside, and it was

much too soon to lose all hope about his future.

Brown went manfully out into the sleet a few minutes later, and his wife and the baby watched him from the window. He was a handsome, good-natured young man, and it was impossible not to be proud of him, or to feel sorry at his temporary discomfort as he slipped and plodded along the encumbered sidewalk. When he had paused for a moment at the corner to throw a last kiss to the baby and wave his hand, old Mr. Grandison, who stood at his own window opposite, nodded his head in sage approval. "Good fellow," he grumbled, with his chin plunged deep in his old-fashioned black silk stock. "Comes of a good family and is sharp after his business." The damp air blew in at the window, and the spectator of Brown's departure was obliged to turn away and seek his fireside again. He would have been perfectly thankful to change places with the young man, and go down town to do a stiff day's work, as he used twenty years ago.

Lucy Brown had turned aside from her window, also, and begun an eager morning's work. She had been dreadfully afraid that Ben would insist upon staying at home, and she felt hard-hearted in very truth. But when she had waked up that morning to find it snowing, she had resolved to have the books in the library thoroughly cleaned. Nobody would come in, and she would muster the household force, and of course attend to Ben's private desk and papers herself. She was still excited by her narrow escape from complete disappointment, but she hoped she had not seemed anything but kind and affectionate in urging her husband that day of all others to go to his office.

Mr. John Benedict Brown had an uneventful journey to his place of business. He liked the bad weather, on the whole, — he had so few things ordinarily

to match his youthful energy against, — and he met two or three companions in misery, if one had any right to call these briefless barristers by such a hard name. Each carried his green bag, but Brown's friend Fales unconsciously held his in such a way that the shape of a box of cigars was displayed unmistakably as its only contents. Fales's office was farther down the street, and Brown remembered his promise about the subscription just in time not to pass the office of the paper. He would have sent a note to the publisher, to do his errand, but Lucy was very strenuous upon his settling the matter in person. She had paid for a year in advance, and the bill had been rendered again. She was most dependent upon this particular publication, and seemed absurdly anxious to stand well in the publisher's estimation. There was only one other man in the office beside the clerk, when Brown entered. This other man stood with his back to the door, looking over a file of newspapers, and until the small matter was settled, in a general and impersonal fashion that would have wounded Mrs. Brown, he gave no sign of consciousness of Brown's presence.

Then he laid down the newspapers and approached our friend. "Snooks, old boy, how are you?" he inquired affectionately, and a little timidly too, as if not quite certain of his reception.

The very name of Snooks was sufficient: it had been Brown's nickname at the school where he had fitted for college. Anybody who called him Snooks had a right to favor after the space of at least a dozen years since those happy days when he had heard it often. This schoolmate had not followed the class to college, but he had been a good crony in his day, and a lad of some cleverness and an erratic habit of mind. Only a few days before, Fales, who had also been at the school, had asked our hero what had become of Checkley. Old Shekels they used to call him, for the inconse-

quent reason that he never had two cents in his pocket. He was kept at his studies by some kind and charitable friend, who forgot to an aggravating extent to supply the minor comforts of life. Checkley had developed an amazing gift for maintaining himself by an ingenious system of barter, like those savages who have not got so far in civilization as any sort of exchequer or strictly financial arrangements.

The old brotherliness of the past quickly filled Brown's heart. Checkley looked hungry, as usual, but he would take him to the office and make him a welcome companion that dull morning, and by and by they would have a bit of luncheon together. After all, the day promised well; he had feared a very special lack of entertainment.

"Come round to my office," said Brown, warmly. "I've nothing in the world to do this morning. Tell me what you have been about all this time. I'll send for Fales presently; he was asking for you a day or two ago. We're both in the law; lots of time to call our own, too," he added, with a cheerful honesty which his wife would have inwardly lamented and tried to explain.

Checkley was out that day protected by a melancholy fall overcoat and no umbrella, but he took Brown's umbrella, and carried it over both their heads with careful impartiality, as if it were his own. He looked as if he were growing old, which seemed premature in a man of thirty. Brown could not help a suspicion that Checkley had made himself up for some secret purpose. He always used to say that he meant to be a detective, and had been considered immensely clever in some boyish plays and pantomimes. However, another stolen glance made Brown feel certain that this appearance was Checkley as Himself, An Unsuccessful Man, and that the gray hairs which sprinkled his thin, straight, brownish hair were quite genuine. The thinness and lankness of his

boyhood had never fulfilled their promise of a robust frame, but appeared to have suffered from exposure and neglect, like an unfinished building which has had time to let its timbers get rain-blackened and look poor.

But the same spirit and shrewd determination twinkled from Checkley's eyes, and he kept step manfully with his well-clothed and well-fed acquaintance. This was a most fortunate meeting. Nothing had ever played better into his hands. Snooks Brown was always a good fellow, and luck was sure to turn.

"You are n't in the Parishioner's War-Cry office as a permanent thing, I imagine?" asked Brown, with friendly desire to keep up the conversation, just as they stepped into the elevator. "Odd that we should have happened to find each other there. I never was inside that place before."

"No," said Checkley. "Truth is, it looked quiet and secluded, and I put into harbor there to dry off a little and get my wits together. Temporary asylum. I was paying that clerk the compliment of looking over his newspapers, but I think he was just beginning to suspect that I held them upside down. I had a kind of revenge on him when you came in. It looked as if we had an appointment, you know, and you were always so thundering respectable."

Brown laughed with unaffected pleasure. He was not so far from boyhood as a stranger might imagine. There was something delightful about Checkley's turning up that wet February morning, and telling the most mortifying facts about himself with honest sincerity. He took the wet, thin overcoat and put it away with his own, and would have insisted upon his guest's occupying the best chair in the office, if he had not promptly taken it without any invitation. There was an open wood fire, and Checkley stretched out a pair of very shabby shoes to dry with an air of

comfort and satisfaction. He was a schemer, a dreamer, a curious plotter of insignificant things, but he never had been a toady or a beggar, and there was a golden thread of good humor and unselfishness through his unprofitable character.

Brown had taken up a not very ponderous mail that lay on his desk, — two or three bills, as many circulars, and an invitation to make further subscription to the Art Club. He gravely looked these over, and put them in an orderly heap at the further edge of the blotter. Old Shekels's shoes were beginning to steam at the toes, and his host noticed that they looked about the size of his own shoes. At any rate, there was an extra pair of arctics in the office closet that could be offered before they went out to luncheon. Brown felt a glow of kind-heartedness spread itself over him, as he resolved to dress Checkley in comfortable fashion before they parted again. "You look just as you did when we used to stay up after hours, and sit before the fire and tell stories," he said, jovially, to his guest. "I dare say you could spin as good a midnight yarn as ever."

"You rich fellows see the world from a different angle," responded Checkley, who grew more luxurious every moment. "Now it really makes no difference how long you have to wait for practice; it's sure to come, if only when you begin to settle up the family estates. There are half a dozen good round ones; and they never would like to choose any one else, all those good old aunties of yours. If you had been out of school when your father died, you would have gone on with at least a third of his business, and that was enough for you to handle. It is only a question of time, and you're rich any way. I don't like to see all your first-rate abilities rusting out, nevertheless. I always said there was more good stuff in you than in any of the fellows, — more hold on and push

too, if you had anything to push, and got your energy well roused. I should just like to see you in a Western railroad office, making things spin. Now a poor dog like me, thrown out neck and heels into the water to get to land as best I can by myself, — why, it's a good thing to meet a floating plank to rest a paw on now and then ;” and he turned to look Brown full in the eyes with a plaintive, doglike appeal, as if he unconsciously identified himself with his figure of speech.

“What have you been doing, old boy? Can't I lend you a hand, somehow?” asked the sympathetic host. He began to feel that the minus Shekels was driving at something definite, and he did not believe that he should make a fool of himself ; but this was the first time that one of his boyhood friends had turned up, looking as if the world had used him badly. There ought to be something done about it.

“Look here,” said Checkley, with an air of secrecy, and he held out a sheaf of papers, which were produced from his breast-pocket as if the hand knew its way to them. “I dare say,” the owner remarked proudly, “that you would n't believe that there is an enormous fortune in that small space?”

Brown tried to look interested, but his doubtfulness showed through.

“It is the surest thing alive,” continued Checkley. “Have you got ten thousand dollars you could put your hand on?”

The listener nodded slowly ; to tell the truth, he had a little more than that lying idle in the bank, because he really did not know how to reinvest it. The bulk of his property was in the hands of trustees to whom his father had consigned it, but this was some money that had been left him by an old relative, long ago, in his own right. He had a vague idea of putting it into a country place some day or other. He had a sentiment about keeping it by itself, and

he wanted a nice old-fashioned farm by and by. For the present he and his wife spent their summers with Lucy's mother, who would else have been alone in her great house at Newport. He could say neither yes nor no to such a question, or rather such a questioner, as this ; yet a curiosity took possession of him to hear more, and Checkley saw his advantage.

“Now, my boy,” he said, pulling his big chair close to Brown's side at the desk, “I helped work this out, and I twisted things round so that I have the right in my own hands. I simply have n't a cent, and I don't know where I can get it, unless you give it to me, to carry out the thing one step more. I need capital,” he ended, persuasively, and gave another doglike look at Brown.

The situation was growing commonplace. Brown felt for the first time a little bored, and began to wonder how he should get out of it. He also noticed that Old Shekels had singed those confounded old shoes of his. It was becoming doubtful if the arctic overshoes and the luncheon even would be considered a handsome conclusion to their renewed acquaintance.

“Now look here,” said Shekels, with a cheerful smile. “You are thinking how you can ever get rid of me, and that you have heard this sort of story before. I'll tell you the rest of it in fifteen minutes, and then you can say that your business claims your time, and I'll disappear like the juggler's rabbit in the hat.”

“In the shoes,” Brown mentally corrected him, and tried to look resigned, and even pleased ; but he played impatiently with his paper-knife. He felt provokingly young and helpless in Checkley's hands.

Brown's legal ancestry and the traditions of his education had not prevented the love of his profession from being largely an acquired taste. He was equal to being a good lawyer by and by, but

his head was naturally fitted for affairs ; and if there was one thing that he understood more easily than another, it was mechanical intricacies. Checkley did not use his whole fifteen minutes in making sure of this ally.

"I do see it. Do you take me for a blind man?" exclaimed the listener, springing to his feet, and marching across to the window, where he stood with his back to Checkley, just as he had looked out at the storm once before that day. "It is a great temptation, but I can't throw up my law prospects. My career is cut out for me already. But I'll give you a lift, Old Shekels, — hang me if I don't!"

Checkley grew calm as his friend became excited. "Nonsense," said he. "I don't want much of your time; it's your money I'm after. You can keep your law business going, — all the better for you. We are likely to have suits, but nobody can touch us. I don't ask you to decide now. Think it over, and think me over. I've no security to give you but my plan itself."

"Do you smoke?" said Brown amicably, and Checkley answered that he did.

As the story of this day cannot be suffered to grow any longer, the reader must be content to know that these former schoolmates passed a most agreeable morning, that they had a capital luncheon together, — early, lest Checkley might not have breakfasted well, — and that Checkley accepted the overshoes and all other favors with generous lack of protest or false shame.

II.

A year from the time when he met his old playfellow, Brown was inclined to repent his whole indulgence in affectionate civilities to a roving schemer. He assured himself that it had been an expensive lesson, but one that he probably

needed. A year later Brown was triumphant, and began to flatter himself that he knew a man and likewise a promising enterprise when he saw them. He was doing very well in his law business. The family reputation for clearness of legal vision and successful pleading was gaining new laurels, and young J. Benedict Brown was everywhere spoken of as the most promising man of his age at the New York bar. Detractors hinted that there were dozens of brighter men, but that nobody could help picking up some crumbs of business with such a father and grandfathers behind him. Mrs. Brown led the company of her husband's admirers, and already indulged in dreams of his appearance in the gloomy but noble garb of a chief justice. He was very busy in these days; long ago he had been obliged to take his breakfast at eight o'clock instead of half past nine, and he was rarely at home until after six o'clock at night, while it was not uncommon that their seven-o'clock dinner was considerably delayed. Lucy watched him with increasing anxiety, for fear that he would break himself down with overwork, but he never had seemed in such good health and spirits. The year before he had been so gloomy and despondent for a few weeks that she was always fearing a return, but at present there was no sign of any. To outward view the Benedict Browns were the most prosperous young people in the city. Fortune, position, everything that the social heart desired, seemed to be heaped upon them. A few croaking voices had begun to figure Brown's probable expenses, and to insinuate that he must be living a good way beyond his income. Brown did not look like a debtor, however; he had an older and more determined appearance, as if he had weighty affairs on his mind and a high principle of conduct in regard to them.

One morning early in March the hero of this tale hurried away from his break-

fast table, with a quick kiss on the top of his three-year-old daughter's curly warm little head. They had been breakfasting alone together in a delightfully social way, and before Brown put on his overcoat he ran up-stairs, two steps at a time, to give another kiss to his wife and a young son some three weeks of age. Mrs. Brown already spoke of the unconscious morsel of humanity with proud respect as Benedict, but Brown himself was provokingly fond of calling him Johnny. He appeared to have a secret satisfaction and deep sense of pride and amusement in denying his son the family name. Who knew whether this might not be the most illustrious of all the five Benedict Browns? At present he was a very important and welcome person indeed in his own family.

"I am in an uncommon hurry this morning," said the father, turning back for one word more as he went out. "I have a business meeting to go to at nine."

Lucy was one of those delightful women who rarely demand particular explanations and are contented with general assurances, and she kindly advised Brown not to get too tired, and to be sure to come home by half past five if he could; she missed him so much more now that she was not busy herself and had to spend the whole day up-stairs. She had a vague desire to know about her husband's business, — it seemed to interest him so much; but she did not like to expose her total ignorance of affairs, and had a theory, beside, that it was better for Ben to shake off his cares when he was at home.

As Ben went down-stairs again, he was attacked by a sense of guilt more uncomfortable than usual, and said to himself that he must really tell Lucy all about the Planter Company. There was no fear of any catastrophe, it was far beyond the realm of experiments, and she was sure to hear of it from somebody else, and to feel hurt at his

silence. The wonder was that he had hidden his head in the sand of his first name so long.

The office of J. Benedict Brown, counselor at law, was unvisited, except by its faithful clerk and copyist, until some three hours later in the day. When the young lawyer reached a certain point on Broadway, he turned quickly to the right and went down a side street, as if he were well accustomed to such a course, and knew the shortest cut toward a dingy brick building which bore a clamorous sort of sign, "The Farmer's Right-Hand Man: The Electrical Automatic Potato Planter. Brown and Checkley, Manufacturers." The doorway was blockaded with large packing-cases, and early as it still was for the business world there were several men in the counting-room, toward which Brown went at once. The workmen near by gave our friend a cheerful morning greeting, and Mr. Checkley, who sat behind his desk, rose soberly, and presented the new-comer to the counting-room audience as "Our head of the firm, gentlemen, Mr. John B. Brown; and now we will proceed to business at once." Brown established himself at another desk, well stocked with papers, and began to hunt for something in a lower drawer, the key of which he had taken from his own pocket. This was evidently not an occasional thing, this business interview; he took on even to the most indifferent observer's eye an air of relationship to the place.

"The only thing that seems to be imperative this morning, Mr. Brown," said Checkley placidly, in a voice directed to the other listeners, "is a decision on our part in regard to the increase of our circular, almanac, and agent departments. We came to no conclusion yesterday. You have the figures before you on that sheet of blue paper. I think the least increase that we can manage is to quadruple the number of

circulars and almanacs over that of last year."

Checkley was in the habit of trying to give casual strangers as large an idea as possible of the magnitude of the Planter Company's business, so Brown listened respectfully, and waited for further information.

"These gentlemen," continued Mr. Checkley, "are ready with an offer to make an extensive additional contract for the wood-work of the machines, and we will listen to them. In our liability to meet extraordinary orders at short notice, we are of course obliged to defend ourselves against any possible inability of theirs to furnish supplies. We find that the business grows with such rapidity that it is most difficult to make provision against surprise. You can easily understand" (addressing the small audience) "that an article like ours is valuable to every man who cultivates over three acres of land. Indispensable, I may say, since it saves the hiring of labor, saves time, and saves strength. Such an article is one no farmer will be without when he once sees it work."

Checkley was unusually fluent of speech this morning, and the interview went on prosperously. Somehow, the familiar place and familiar arguments struck Brown with a fresh vividness and air of reality. His thoughts wandered away to his law business for a few minutes, and then he found himself again listening to another account of the electrical automatic potato planter which Checkley was giving to a new-comer, a Western man, who was evidently a large dealer in agricultural supplies. There was a row of clerks behind a screen, and their pens were scratching diligently. Brown could see the high stacks of almanacs through the dusty glass walls that fenced the counting-room, — bright red almanacs, which combined a good selection of family reading with meteorological statistics and the praises of the

potato planter judiciously arranged on every page. It looked as if there were almanacs enough already for every man, woman, and child in America, but Checkley knew what he was about. Brown had thought that almanacs were a step too low; he was conscious of a shameful wish now and then that he had embarked on any sort of business rather than a patent potato planter. The pride of the J. Benedict Browns, judges and famous pleaders at the bar, had revolted more than once in the beginning against such a sordid enterprise. But as for John B. Brown, the enterprising manufacturer and distributor of an article that no farmer could do without felt an increasing pride in his success. He had merely made use of a little capital that was lying idle, and his own superfluous and unemployed energy. He believed that his legal affairs had been helped rather than hindered by this side issue of his, and he and Checkley had fought some amazing fights with the world in the course of their short but successful alliance. Brown lazily opened a directory near at hand, and looked among the B's. It was a new copy, and he nearly laughed aloud at the discovery that he figured twice on the page: Brown, J. Benedict, lawyer, Broadway; h. 38th St., and Brown, John B., B. & Checkley, machinists, 9th Ave; h. Jersey City. Here was a general masquerade! Checkley lived in Jersey City, and one of the clerks must have given wrong information, or else the directory agent had confused what was told him. Nobody knew where he lived, very likely. They called him The Boss, in the establishment, because he dressed well and had a less brotherly and companionable manner than Checkley. It was surprising, the way a man could hide himself in such a huge city as this. Yes, he must certainly tell Lucy that very night. They would have a capital laugh over it, and he could tease her about making Johnny a

partner instead of the fifth at the bar. Lucy was very fond of a joke, and she had no idea how rich they were going to be if affairs went on at this pace. Brown had felt very dishonest for a long time whenever he saw their advertisements in the papers, and had been nearly ready to confess and be forgiven once the summer before, when he and Lucy took a little journey together up the Connecticut River, and Lucy had writhed in contemptuous agony over Checkley's desecration of natural scenery. "Use Brown and Checkley's Electrical Automatic Potato Planter, and Save Ten Years of Life," was displayed on rocks and fences everywhere. Checkley himself had used his short summer holiday in leading a gang of letterers into the rural districts, and this was the result. Could a man of ordinary courage confess at such a moment that the name of Brown was in reality her own property, and that she was unconsciously responsible for such vandalism?

Checkley was rushing things this morning; he eagerly assured his guest that they had made the planter pay her own bills after the first six months, and had advertised only as fast as they gained the means. It was the first application of electricity to farming. "Brown and I had little capital to start with, but we knew we had hold of a sure thing. I am not sure that there is anything that corresponds to it in the world of inventions," Checkley continued proudly. "I have been an inventor all my life. Here you have a light-wheeled vehicle that one horse can drag all day and an intelligent child can control. You only need to plough and harrow and manure your ground: then the planter is driven to and fro; it stops itself at proper distances, a revolving harrow loosens the ground within a space twelve inches in diameter, this harrow is drawn up, the shovel throws the earth out at one side, the hopper lets fall sufficient seed, a second shovel arrangement covers it in, and

a weight falls twice and banks it down, the horse steps on between the furrows. My dear sir, in the time I have consumed in telling you, four hills of potatoes are planted as well as if you had done each one separately with your own hoe; the average time is only three fifths of a minute. A horse soon learns the trick, for the brake is self-acting and stops him in the proper place. The only thing that troubled us in the beginning was the complaint of patrons that the horses gave trouble, and the hills went zigzagging all over the field. This new improvement makes a field as regular as a checker-board. With the brake that stops the planter instantly, the horse learns to anticipate, and makes his four steps forward and stops of his own accord. It is less fatiguing for the horse than a plough or harrow, and a treadmill is barbarous beside it. Then think of the heat of planting time and the waste of human energy! We are now perfecting a re-hoer and digger, but our present enterprise is more than we can handle with ease. You have, no doubt, read our testimonials. Hear this: a ten-acre field planted in half a day, with some help from a neighbor, — read for yourself, sir!

"You need to be very careful of the gauges and setting your brakes properly," Checkley confided honestly. "Electricity is a terrible force; there has been one bad accident through such carelessness. The shovel arrangement was not set as it should be, and the machine went on digging straight down, and would have carried the horse with it, if the harness had n't been so old that he freed himself, and scrambled out of the pit. My dear sir, this will show you the power of that machine: it went down forty feet, right through gravel, rotten rock, and everything, until it struck a solid ledge, and that checked it at last. The whole neighborhood collected, and they got alarmed, — thought she might be boring for a volcano or something; and they

rolled a big bowlder out of a pasture near by, and let it drop right down on the planter; but that only damaged the wood-work and partly disabled the running-work, for she kept tossing up splinters for a day or two. The man had n't a word to say, for it was a springy field, and the planter had struck water somewhere and made him a first-rate well. He had been intending to dig one thereabouts for a good while."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the wide-eyed listener. Brown heard this flow of Checkley's eloquence, and was amused at the response. It seemed that the listener, a worthy, well-to-do Connecticut farmer, had an idea of introducing the automatic potato planter to his neighborhood, and was trying to obtain one on trial at reduced price, with a promise of wide influence in its behalf and cordial recommendation. Checkley believed in favoring the farmers, and the affair was presently concluded. Brown was amazed to hear his companion say that he, Brown, had been thinking that he should like to pay a visit to that neighborhood at county-fair time, and speak to the folks on agricultural topics. Checkley liked his jokes, and Brown smiled, but he turned a little cold, and wondered if they were not going a trifle too fast. There might not be enough of him for two Browns, at this rate! But it was something to find himself a busy, prosperous man instead of an idle, overgrown boy, and among the new firms of its class none stood better than Brown and Checkley.

There was little time left for serious business conference, but Checkley had great executive ability, and so had Mr. John B. Brown, of Jersey City, for that matter. Checkley was thin yet and not very well dressed, but he had a buoyant, confident air. "How well he knows human nature, and what a good fellow he is!" thought Brown as they parted. "Snooks is more of a man than the dandy I met in that newspaper office,"

reflected Checkley. "I never have lost a cent for him, either, but hang me if we have n't had some narrow escapes. I got him in pretty deep once, when he had the worst doubts of me he ever had. Snooks looked solemn, but he never flung at me, or did anything but shoulder half the blame and the worry, like a man."

In the neighborhood of the company's office Brown met several business acquaintances, who gave him a friendly good-morning. He had gathered a whole new circle of associates, in his character of senior partner of Brown and Checkley. He had indulged in bad lunches with these friends, and already figured largely in the agricultural-implement world; he would have been deeply gratified if he had heard somebody say, as he went by, "That's Brown, of the Planter Company. Those fellows are sweeping everything before them this spring. They've got hold of as big a thing as the McCormick reaper."

It was ten or fifteen minutes' walk between the two offices, and when J. Benedict Brown, Esq., seated himself at his desk he was still thinking about his other business, which he usually insisted upon putting out of his mind. He never had looked at it so entirely from the outside. He was at heart a most conservative person. He was more fettered than he knew by his family pride and traditions, and he had become persuaded of his ability to follow the law in a way that he never used to expect. He felt it in him to make his influence recognized at the bar, and to handle heavy pieces of business. Now that Checkley was so well established he could slip out, and hold only a silent partnership, if he pleased. Yet an opposing judgment in his own mind at the moment prevented him from cordially accepting such an idea. There were some things, and he knew it, that Checkley could not have planned nor have carried without him, and the concern

might easily fall to pieces even now. There was his own boy, however, who must inherit as fair a name from him as he had from his father. There had never yet been a dishonored man of his name. Checkley had counted upon the value of the family reputation at first; he insisted that they were throwing away a great advantage by not adding the prefix of J. Benedict to the plain Brown and Checkley. J. Benedict Brown was a name of historical renown. Checkley did not begin to understand yet that John B. Brown was as utterly unknown to the friends of the J. Benedict Browns as if he and his potato planter had never existed. He simply knew that Snooks was old-maidishly eager to keep his two occupations apart, and that only from half past eight to ten and from three o'clock until dinner-time he was the steady shaft-horse of Brown and Checkley.

Brown sat in the Broadway office, busy at his work, having finished his reflections without coming to any new decisions. He was working up a law case that he took great pride in. All his inherited cleverness and a new love for such a puzzle delighted him; he never had felt a keener sense of his own power, and the planter was utterly forgotten.

Some one entered the office, and gave a chair one aggressive pull across the polished wood floor. It sounded as if the caster had left a damaging scratch, and Brown looked round with not a little annoyance. He felt a strange suspicion that one of his Planter Company associates had at last hunted him down. There was an inner room for purposes of private consultation, and Brown signified, after a proper interval, that the stranger might go there. It was a darkish place, where he had once tried to have his own desk; but it was much too gloomy, especially in the days when there was nothing to do. Except when he was at court, or at his other busi-

ness, he was very faithful to his post, and the stranger need not have been so unreasonably glad to find him at his office.

"I see that you're your father's own son," the client began, in an asthmatic voice. He looked like a cross old fellow, and Brown had an instant sense of relief because the first words had not been suggestive of the other place of business. "I knew your father and grandfather before you," said Mr. Grandison, "and I've been out of lawyers' hands these thirty years, more or less; but I've got some fight left, and when I got my blood up yesterday about some infringements, I thought over whom I could trust to defend me, and I decided that I would come round and look you over, to see if I could trust you with such a piece of work. I don't know whether you're not too young now, but it'll be a feather for you if you can handle it. I'm ready to pay what the work's worth, — I'll tell you that to begin with."

The word "infringements" had an unpleasant sound, but Brown waited patiently. He had some knowledge of this man, for whom his father had gained a famous case. Grandison was an inventor. On the whole, he could recall the case perfectly; he had tried to make himself familiar with it, for future use; but there was no possibility of those questions being reopened.

"My factories go on like clock-work, and have these twenty years," said the old man. Brown began to feel a personal dislike. "I thought I had disposed of all opponents and rivals long ago. Jenks and Rowley are our regular lawyers, but now they're getting old, and they don't own me, any way. You see there are a couple of jackasses, over on Ninth Avenue, who have started up an electrical potato planter, — a capital good thing it is, too, — that runs so close to that cog-wheel arrangement in the steam harrow we make that

I'm going to stop them short, if I can ; or, if I can't do that, I'll buy 'em out, if it costs a million to do it. You can't afford to let such a business as mine scatter itself, and I mean to hold it together as long as I am here to do it."

Brown felt a dampness gather on his forehead ; then his manhood arose triumphant, and his courage declared itself equal to this emergency. He was not caught stealing, neither had he done anything dishonorable. There was no real incongruity in a Benedict Brown's being interested in a potato planter ; it had all been a fair, above-board business. He was ready to stand up for it.

"I've been living in Thirty-Eighth Street," said the client, "and I have often watched you come and go. I like to see a lad diligent and right after his business, as you are, and ready to go down town an hour or two earlier in the morning than the fashion is. I've had my eye on you for a year or two. I started in life a poor boy, and never had the backing up that was ready for you ; but I keep the run of my affairs, I can tell you. I don't get down town every day, by any means, but a thing like this that I want to consult you about fires me all up."

"Will you give me an idea of the case, Mr. Grandison?" asked Brown politely. He was afraid he might be taking an unfair advantage, but the words were out, and the old manufacturer, with much detail, laid the grievance before him.

"They're smart young men," he ended. "I don't know their match. I hear they had a small capital, and laid it out mostly in advertising. One of them got hold of a half-worked-out notion and completed it, and bought out the owner's right ; and there was a small manufactory over in Jersey that had been swamped, and they got that for a song, too ; and the minute the machine was on the market it went like wild-fire. In spite of constant extensions, they

have been able to meet their obligations right along. I don't want to harm 'em if they'll treat me fairly. I'll give 'em a handsome sum down to sell out quietly, or I'll fight 'em all to pieces."

"Perhaps they can stand a fight, and can prove that their machine is no infringement on anybody's," suggested the lawyer, with a good deal of spirit.

Mr. Grandison gave him a shrewd glance. "This Brown is no relation to you, I hope?" he said, doubtfully ; but Brown flushed quickly, and made a little joke about the name's not being at all uncommon. The client thought he was not pleased at being associated with a firm of machinists, and was sorry he had spoken. The boy felt older than he looked, no doubt.

When the interview was ended, Brown, who had been very inexpressive of his opinions all the way through, assured his visitor that there were some reasons why he would not give any answer then about undertaking the case, and would ask his leave to defer a direct reply until the next day. "I shall be very glad to stop as I go up town in the afternoon," said our friend. The elder man thanked him, and said he should count it a great favor, if the weather were no better than at present, and went limping away. Poor old soul ! it was late for him to be taking pleasure in quarrels with his fellow-men.

Checkley was going over to the works that afternoon, and there was no hope of seeing him until the next morning, so Brown gave all his mind that he possibly could to being J. Benedict, the rising lawyer. He had some perplexing business upon which he tried hard to fix his attention, but the affairs of John B. Brown and the potato planter kept rising before him in an uneasy, ghostlike way that was most disagreeable. He had put more of his thoughts into those side interests than he had been aware. The two years had gone by like a dream, but they had left a good many

permanent evidences of their presence. There was one of the teamsters, who had broken his leg early in the winter, and whom Brown had visited in the hospital, besides looking after the patient's family. He had built up his own business reputation, and had grown ambitious about the success of the firm. He had determined at first to say nothing, even to his wife, until he knew whether he had made a fool of himself or not, but he was perfectly aware now that he had not made a fool of himself. He was evolving plans for giving all their workmen some share in the business, and was increasingly glad that he had a chance to work out some experiments in the puzzling social questions of the day. He was ready now to be something of a statesman. He was willing to believe that he had got hold of the right thread of the snarled skein that linked labor with capital. His wife knew that he had some business interests apart from his law reports and his practice, and none of his friends would be surprised that he had been speculating a little. Fales would have got at the whole story, and told it, too; but he had gone abroad months before, and relinquished his profession altogether, for the time being. Perhaps the time had come to choose between the two Browns; it would be hard to play both characters, if the cares of either should double, for instance, and he was, perhaps, fated to be J. Benedict, after all. This was a melancholy thought, and the old wish returned that his other enterprise had concerned anything but an automatic potato planter. It might give him a nickname, and he never would be able to live the silly story down. Checkley was sure to project something new, and yet he was truly proud of the firm of Brown and Checkley, and would not see it cheated.

Next day, Checkley happened to be alone in the office, and his partner beckoned him out into an empty corner of

their place of business, where they were well removed from the clerks and their scratching pens. Checkley laughed and shouted, and was at first unable to give any answer. "Wants you to bring a suit of infringement against yourself, does he?" he gasped at length. "Go ahead, my boy; nobody 'll know the difference. It will advertise us enormously. I have told you a dozen times that nothing would do us so much good as a rousing lawsuit. Now don't put on your best J. Benedict manners, but listen to me. I'm not going to work myself to death. We have laid by something handsome already; if the old fellow will add to it, I am perfectly willing to sell out, if you are, just to make his last days happy. I've got my head full of new electric notions, and I want to go to France and experiment. You tell him the whole story; he will be glad to get hold of the planter, and I shall be glad to let it go. I meant to go roving this summer. I'll let it all drop. We have had a run of luck, and luck is apt to turn. We're young yet, you know, J. Benedict Brown, so I put this business into your hands. You're lawyer for the firm."

Brown turned away mournfully; he was convinced more entirely than ever before of the erratic nature of his partner: yesterday with his whole soul bent on furthering the success of the planter; to-day ready to throw it by, and to wander away and spend all the money he had earned. Brown mentally resolved that it really was not safe to risk his good name any longer in such keeping, and that he should insist upon being made trustee of a share of his partner's funds, so that Checkley might never come to the ground again.

Checkley called him back in great excitement, when he was leaving the office, a little later. "Look here," said he. "I was going to put this picture into our next almanac as your portrait. I was in the patent-medicine business

once, and this was old Dr. Parkins, who made the Spring Bitters. I was going to start him again as John B. Brown, the Pennsylvania farmer and inventor."

"I think it would have been beneath our dignity," responded Brown, severely. "What became of your patent-medicine business? I never heard of that."

"Because it fell through," said Old Shekels, cheerfully. "This was the only thing that never did. You're spoiling a first-class business man for a doubt-

ful lawyer." But Brown laughed, and straightened himself proudly as he went toward Broadway and his other office, which bore the shining brass door-plate with his honored name of J. Benedict Brown.

That evening he confessed all to his wife. It was a great shock, but she bore it bravely. She knew little about business, but she believed with all her heart in respecting the traditions of one's family. Though, after all, one Brown had kindly made money for the other.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XXXIX.

ON Saturday afternoons Paul Muniment was able to leave his work at four o'clock, and on one of these occasions, some time after his visit to Madeira Crescent, he came into Rosy's room at about five, carefully dressed and brushed, and ruddy with the freshness of an abundant washing. He stood at the foot of her sofa, with a conscious smile, knowing how she chaffed him when his necktie was new; and after a moment, during which she ceased singing to herself, as she twisted the strands of her long black hair together and let her eyes travel over his whole person, inspecting every detail, she said to him, "My dear Mr. Muniment, you are going to see the Princess."

"Well, have you anything to say against it?" Mr. Muniment asked.

"Not a word; you know I like princesses. But you have."

"Well, my girl, I'll not speak it to you," the young man rejoined. "There's something to be said against everything, if you'll give yourself trouble enough."

"I should be very sorry if ever anything was said against you."

"The man's a sneak who is only and always praised," Muniment remarked. "If you did n't hope to be finely abused, where would be the encouragement?"

"Ay, but not with reason," said Rosy, who always brightened to an argument.

"The better the reason, the greater the incentive to expose one's self. However, you won't hear it, if people do heave bricks at me."

"I won't hear it? Pray, don't I hear everything? I should like any one to keep anything from *me*!" And Miss Muniment gave a toss of her recumbent head.

"There's a good deal I keep from you, my dear," said Paul, rather dryly.

"You mean there are things I don't want, I don't take any trouble, to know. Indeed and indeed there are: things that I would n't know for the world — that no amount of persuasion would induce me, not if you was to go down on your knees. But if I did — if I did, I promise you that just as I lie here

I should have them all in my pocket. Now there are others," the young woman went on — "there are others that you will just be so good as to tell me. When the Princess asked you to come and see her you refused, and you wanted to know what good it would do. I hoped you would go, then; I should have liked you to go, because I wanted to know how she lived, and whether she had things handsome, or only in the poor way she said. But I did n't push you, because I could n't have told you what good it *would* do you: that was only the good it would have done me. At present I have heard everything from Lady Aurora, and I know that it's all quite decent and tidy (though not really like a princess, a bit), and that she knows how to turn everything about and put it best end foremost, just as I do, like, though I ought n't to say it, no doubt. Well, you have been, and more than once, and I have had nothing to do with it; of which I am very glad now, for reasons that you perfectly know — you're too honest a man to pretend you don't. Therefore, when I see you going again, I just inquire of you, as you inquired of her, What good *does* it do you?"

"I like it — I like it, my dear," said Paul, with his fresh, unembarrassed smile.

"I dare say you do. So should I, in your place. But it's the first time I have heard you express the idea that we ought to do everything we like."

"Why not, when it does n't hurt any one else?"

"Oh, Mr. Muniment, Mr. Muniment!" Rosy exclaimed, with exaggerated solemnity, holding up a straight, attenuated forefinger at him. Then she added, "No, she does n't do you good, that beautiful, brilliant woman."

"Give her time, my dear — give her time," said Paul, looking at his watch.

"Of course you are impatient, but you *must* hear me. I have no doubt

she'll wait for you; you won't lose your turn. Please, what would you do if any one was to break down altogether?"

"My bonny lassie," the young man rejoined, "if *you* only keep going, I don't care who fails."

"Oh, I shall keep going, if it's only to look after my friends and get justice for them," said Miss Muniment — "the delicate, sensitive creatures who require support and protection. Have you really forgotten that we have such a one as that?"

The young man walked to the window, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the fading light. "Why does she go herself, then, if she does n't like her?"

Rose Muniment hesitated a moment. "Well, I'm glad I'm not a man!" she broke out. "I think a woman on her back is cleverer than a man on his two legs. And you such a wonderful one, too!"

"You are all too clever for me, my dear. If she goes — and twenty times a week, too — why should n't I go, once in ever so long? Especially as I like her, and Lady Aurora does n't."

"Lady Aurora does n't? Do you think she'd be guilty of hypocrisy? Lady Aurora delights in her; she won't let me say that she herself is fit to dust the Princess's shoes. I need n't tell *you* how she goes down before them she likes. And I don't believe you care a button; you have got something in your head, some wicked game or other, that you think she can hatch for you."

At this Paul Muniment turned round and looked at his sister a moment, smiling still and whistling just audibly. "Why should n't I care? Ain't I soft, ain't I susceptible?"

"I never thought I should hear you ask that, after what I have seen these four years. For four years she has come, and it's all for you, as well it might be, and you never showing any

more sense of what she'd be willing to do for you than if you had been that woolen cat on the hearth rug!"

"What would you like me to do? Would you like me to hang round her neck and hold her hand, the same as you do?" Muniment asked.

"Yes, it would do me good, I can tell you. It's better than what I see — the poor lady getting clouded over, like a mirror that wants rubbing."

"You know a good deal, Rosy, but you don't know everything," Muniment remarked in a moment, with a face that gave no sign of seeing a reason in what she said. "Your mind is too poetical. There's nothing that I should care for that her ladyship would be willing to do for me."

"She would marry you at a day's notice — she'd do that."

"I should n't care for that. Besides, if I was to ask her, she would never come into the place again. And I should n't care for that, for you."

"Never mind me; I'll take the risk!" cried Rosy, gayly.

"But what's to be gained, if I can have her, for you, without any risk?"

"You won't have her for me, or for any one, when she's dead of a broken heart."

"Dead of a broken tea-cup!" said the young man. "And, pray, what should we live on, when you had got us set up? — the three of us, without counting the kids."

He evidently was arguing from pure good-nature, and not in the least from curiosity; but his sister replied as eagerly as if he would be floored by her answer: "Has n't she got two hundred a year of her own? Don't I know every penny of her affairs?"

Paul Muniment gave no sign of any mental criticism he may have made on Rosy's conception of the delicate course, or of a superior policy; perhaps, indeed, for it is perfectly possible, her inquiry did not strike him as having a

mixture of motives. He only rejoined, with a little pleasant, patient sigh, "I don't want the dear old girl's money."

His sister, in spite of her eagerness, waited twenty seconds; then she flashed at him, "Pray, do you like the Princess's better?"

"If I did, there would be more of it," he answered, quietly.

"How can she marry you? Has n't she got a husband?" Rosy cried.

"Lord, how you give me away!" laughed her brother. "Daughters of earls, wives of princes — I have only to pick."

"I don't speak of the Princess, so long as there's a prince. But if you have n't seen that Lady Aurora is a beautiful, wonderful exception, and quite unlike any one else in all the wide world — well, all I can say is that *I* have."

"I thought it was your opinion," Paul objected, "that the swells should remain swells, and the high ones keep their place."

"And, pray, would she lose hers if she were to marry you?"

"Her place at Inglefield, certainly," said Paul, as patiently as if his sister could never tire him with any insistence or any minuteness.

"Has n't she lost that already? Does she ever go there?"

"Surely you appear to think so, from the way you always question her about it," replied Paul.

"Well, they think her so mad already that they can't think her any madder," his sister continued. "They have given her up, and if she were to marry you" —

"If she were to marry me, they would n't touch her with a ten-foot pole," Paul broke in.

Rosy flinched a moment; then she said, serenely, "Oh, I don't care for that!"

"You ought to, to be consistent, though, possibly, she should n't, admitting that she would n't. You have more imagination than logic — which, of

course, for a woman, is quite right. That's what makes you say that her ladyship is in affliction because I go to a place that she herself goes to without the least compulsion."

"She goes to keep you off," said Rosy, with decision.

"To keep me off?"

"To interpose, with the Princess; to be nice to her and conciliate her, so that she may not take you."

"Did she tell you any such rigmarole as that?" Paul inquired, this time staring a little.

"Do I need to be told things, to know them? I am not a fine, strong, superior male; therefore I can discover them for myself," answered Rosy, with a dauntless little laugh and a light in her eyes which might indeed have made it appear that she was capable of wizardry.

"You make her out at once too passionate and too calculating," the young man rejoined. "She has no personal feelings, she wants nothing for herself. She only wants one thing in the world — to make the poor a little less poor."

"Precisely; and she regards you, a helpless, blundering bachelor, as one of them."

"She knows I am not helpless so long as you are about the place, and that my blunders don't matter so long as you correct them."

"She wants to assist me to assist you, then!" the girl exclaimed, with the levity with which her earnestness was always interfused; it was a spirit that seemed, at moments, in argument, to mock at her own contention. "Besides, is n't that the very thing you want to bring about?" she went on. "Is n't that what you are plotting and working and waiting for? She wants to throw herself into it — to work with you."

"My dear girl, she does n't understand a pennyworth of what I think. She could n't if she would."

"And no more do I, I suppose you mean."

"No more do you; but with you it's different. If you would, you could. However, it matters little who understands and who does n't, for there's mighty little of it. I'm not doing much, you know."

Rosy lay there looking up at him. "It must be pretty thick, when you talk that way. However, I don't care what happens, for I know I shall be looked after."

"Nothing will happen — nothing will happen," Paul remarked, simply.

The girl's rejoinder to this was to say in a moment, "You have a different tone since you have taken up the Princess."

She spoke with a certain severity, but he broke out, as if he had not heard her, "I like your idea of the female aristocracy quarreling over a dirty brute like me."

"I don't know how dirty you are, but I know you smell of soap," said Rosy, with serenity. "They won't quarrel; that's not the way they do it. Yes, you are taking a different tone, for some purpose that I can't discover just yet."

"What do you mean by that? When did I ever take a tone?" her brother asked.

"Why, then, do you speak as if you were not remarkable, immensely remarkable — more remarkable than anything any one, male or female, good or bad, of the aristocracy or of the vulgar sort, can ever do for you?"

"What on earth have I ever done to show it?" Paul demanded.

"Oh, I don't know your secrets, and that's one of them. But we're out of the common beyond any one, you and I, and, between ourselves, with the door fastened, we might as well admit it."

"I admit it for you, with all my heart," said the young man, laughing.

"Well, then, if I admit it for you, that's all that's required."

The brother and sister considered each other a while in silence, as if each were tasting, agreeably, the distinction the other conferred; then Muniment said, "If I'm such an awfully superior chap, why should n't I behave in keeping?"

"Oh, you do, you do!"

"All the same, you don't like it."

"It is n't so much what you do; it's what *she* does."

"How do you mean, what she does?"

"She makes Lady Aurora suffer."

"Oh, I can't go into that," said Paul.

"A man feels like a muff, talking about the women that 'suffer' for him."

"Well, if they do it, I think *you* might bear it!" Rosy exclaimed. "That's what a man is. When it comes to being sorry, oh, that's too ridiculous!"

"There are plenty of things in the world I'm sorry for," Paul rejoined, smiling. "One of them is that you should keep me gossiping here when I want to go out."

"Oh, I don't care if I worry her a little. Does she do it on purpose?" Rosy continued.

"You ladies must settle all that together," Muniment answered, rubbing his hat with the cuff of his coat. It was a new one, the bravest he had ever possessed, and in a moment he put it on his head, as if to reinforce his reminder to his sister that it was time she should release him.

"Well, you do look genteel," she remarked, complacently, gazing up at him. "No wonder she has lost her head! I mean the Princess," she explained. "You never went to any such expense for her ladyship."

"My dear, the Princess is worth it — she's worth it," said the young man, speaking seriously now, and reflectively.

"Will she help you very much?" Rosy demanded, with a strange, sudden transition to eagerness.

"Well," said Paul, "that's rather what I look for."

She threw herself forward on her sofa, with a movement that was rare with her, and shaking her clasped hands she exclaimed, "Then go off, go off quickly!"

He came round and kissed her, as if he were not more struck than usual with her freakish inconsequence. "It's not bad to have a little person at home who wants a fellow to succeed."

"Oh, I know they will look after me," she said, sinking back upon her pillow with an air of agreeable security.

He was aware that whenever she said "they," without further elucidation, she meant the populace surging up in his rear, and he rejoined, always hilarious, "I don't think we'll leave it much to 'them.'"

"No, it's not much you'll leave to them, I'll be bound."

He gave a louder laugh at this, and said, "You're the deepest of the lot, Miss Muniment."

Her eyes kindled at his praise, and as she rested them on her brother's she murmured, "Well, I pity the poor Princess, too, you know."

"Well, now, I'm not conceited, but I don't," Paul returned, passing in front of the little mirror on the mantel-shelf.

"Yes, you'll succeed, and so shall I — but *she* won't," Rosy went on.

Muniment stopped a moment, with his hand on the latch of the door, and said, gravely, almost sententiously, "She is not only beautiful, as beautiful as a picture, but she is uncommon sharp, and she has taking ways, beyond anything that ever was known."

"I know her ways," his sister replied. Then, as he left the room, she called after him, "But I don't care for anything, so long as you become prime minister of England!"

Three quarters of an hour after this Muniment knocked at the door in Madeira Crescent, and was immediately ushered into the parlor, where the Princess, in her bonnet and mantle, sat alone.

She made no movement as he came in; she only looked up at him with a smile.

"You are braver than I gave you credit for," she said, in her rich voice.

"I shall learn to be brave, if I associate a while longer with you. But I shall never cease to be shy," Muniment added, standing there, and looking tall in the middle of the small room. He cast his eyes about him for a place to sit down, but the Princess gave him no help to choose; she only watched him, in silence, from her own place, with her hands quietly folded in her lap. At last, when, without remonstrance from her, he had selected the most uncomfortable chair in the room, she replied —

"That's only another name for desperate courage. I put on my bonnet, on the chance, but I did n't expect you."

"Well, here I am — that's the great thing," Muniment said, good-humoredly.

"Yes, no doubt it's a very great thing. But it will be a still greater thing when you are there."

"I am afraid you hope too much," the young man observed. "Where is it? I don't think you told me."

The Princess drew a small folded letter from her pocket, and, without saying anything, held it out to him. He got up to take it from her, opened it, and, as he read it, remained standing in front of her. Then he went straight to the fire and thrust the paper into it. At this movement she rose quickly, as if to save the document, but the expression of his face, as he turned round to her, made her stop. The smile that came into her own was a little forced. "What are you afraid of?" she asked. "I take it the house is known. If we go, I suppose we may admit that we go."

Muniment's face showed that he had been annoyed, but he answered, quietly enough, "No writing — no writing."

"You are terribly careful," said the Princess.

"Careful of you — yes."

She sank down upon her sofa again, asking her companion to ring for tea; they would do much better to have some before going out. When the order had been given, she remarked, "I see I shall have much less keen emotion than when I acted by myself."

"Is that what you go in for — keen emotion?"

"Surely, Mr. Muniment. Don't you?"

"God forbid! I hope to have as little of it as possible."

"Of course one does n't want any vague rodomontado; one wants to do something. But it would be hard if one could n't have a little pleasure by the way."

"My pleasure is in quietness," said Paul Muniment, smiling.

"So is mine. But it depends on how you understand it. Quietness, I mean, in the midst of a tumult."

"You have rare ideas about tumults. They are not good in themselves."

The Princess considered this a moment; then she remarked, "I wonder if you are too prudent. I should n't like that. If it is made an accusation against you that you have been — where we are going — shall you deny it?"

"With that prospect, it would be simpler not to go at all, would n't it?" Muniment inquired.

"Which prospect do you mean? That of being found out, or that of having to lie?"

"I suppose that if you lie you are not found out," Muniment replied, humorously.

"You won't take me seriously," said the Princess. She spoke without irritation, without resentment, with a kind of resigned sadness. But there was a certain fineness of reproach in the tone in which she added, "I don't believe you want to go at all."

"Why else should I have come, especially if I don't take you seriously?"

"That has never been a reason for a

man not going to see a woman," said the Princess. "It's usually a reason in favor of it."

Muniment turned his smiling eyes over the room, looking from one article of furniture to another: this was a way he had when he was engaged in a discussion, and it suggested not so much that he was reflecting on what his interlocutor said as that his thoughts were pursuing a cheerfully independent course. Presently he observed, "I don't know that I quite understand what you mean by that question of taking a woman seriously."

"Ah, you are very perfect," murmured the Princess. "Don't you consider that the changes you look for will be also for our benefit?"

"I don't think they will alter your position."

"If I did n't hope for that, I would n't do anything," said the Princess.

"Oh, I have no doubt you'll do a great deal."

The young man's companion was silent for some minutes, during which he also was content to say nothing. "I wonder you can find it in your conscience to work with me," she observed at last.

"It is n't in my conscience I find it," said Muniment, laughing.

The maid-servant brought in the tea, and while the Princess was making a place for it on a little table beside her she exclaimed, "Well, I don't care, for I think I have you in my power!"

"You have every one in your power," returned Muniment.

"Every one is no one," the Princess replied, rather dryly; and a moment later she said to him, "That extraordinary little sister of yours — surely you take her seriously?"

"I'm wonderful fond of her, if that's what you mean. But I don't think her position will ever be altered."

"Are you alluding to her position in bed? If you consider that she will

never recover her health," the Princess said, "I am very sorry to hear it."

"Oh, her health will do. I mean that she will continue to be, like all the most amiable women, just a kind of ornament to life."

The Princess had already perceived that he pronounced amiable "emiable;" but she had accepted this peculiarity of her visitor in the spirit of imaginative transfiguration in which she had accepted several others. "To your life, of course. She can hardly be said to be an ornament to her own."

"Her life and mine are all one."

"She is certainly magnificent," said the Princess. While he was drinking his tea, she remarked to him that for a revolutionist he was certainly most extraordinary; and he inquired, in answer, whether it were not rather in keeping for revolutionists to be extraordinary. He drank three cups, declaring that his hostess's decoction was rare; it was better, even, than Lady Aurora's. This led him to observe, as he put down his third cup, looking round the room again, lovingly, almost covetously, "You've got everything so handy, I don't see what interest you can have."

"How do you mean, what interest?"

"In getting in so uncommon deep."

On the instant the Princess's expression flashed into pure passion. "Do you consider that I am in — really far?"

"Up to your neck, ma'am."

"And do you think that *il y va* of my neck — I mean that it's in danger?" she translated, eagerly.

"Oh, I understand your French. Well, I'll look after you," Muniment observed.

"Remember, then, definitely, that I expect not to lie."

"Not even for me?" Then Muniment added, in the same familiar tone, which was not rough nor wanting in respect, but only homely and direct, suggestive of growing acquaintance, "If I

was your husband, I would come and take you away."

"Please don't speak of my husband," said the Princess, gravely. "You have no qualification for doing so; you know nothing whatever about him."

"I know what Hyacinth has told me."

"Oh, Hyacinth!" the Princess murmured, impatiently. There was another silence of some minutes, not disconnected, apparently, from this reference to the little bookbinder; but when Muniment spoke, after the interval, it was not to carry on the allusion.

"Of course you think me very plain, very rude."

"Certainly, you have not such a nice address as Hyacinth," the Princess rejoined, not desiring, on her side, to evade the topic. "But that is given to very few," she added; "and I don't know that pretty manners are exactly what we are working for."

"Ay, it won't be very endearing when we cut down a few allowances," said Muniment. "But I want to please you; I want to be as much as possible like Hyacinth," he went on.

"That is not the way to please me. I don't forgive him; he's very silly."

"Ah, don't say that; he's a little brick!" Muniment exclaimed.

"He's a dear fellow, with extraordinary qualities, but so deplorably conventional."

"Yes, talking about taking things seriously — *he* takes them seriously," remarked Muniment.

"Has he ever told you his life?" asked the Princess.

"He has n't required to tell me. I've seen a good bit of it."

"Yes, but I mean before you knew him."

Muniment reflected a moment. "His birth, and his poor mother? I think it was Rosy told me about that."

"And, pray, how did *she* know?"

"Ah, when you come to the way

Rosy knows!" said Muniment, laughing. "She does n't like people in that predicament. She thinks we ought all to be finely born."

"Then they agree, for so does poor Hyacinth." The Princess hesitated an instant; then she said, as if with a quick effort, "I want to ask you something. Have you had a visit from Mr. Vetch?"

"The old gentleman who fiddles? No, he has never done me that honor."

"It was because I prevented him, then. I told him to leave it to me."

"To leave what, now?" Muniment looked at her in placid perplexity.

"He is in great distress about Hyacinth — about the danger he runs. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," Muniment replied, slowly. "But what does *he* know about it? I thought it was supposed to be a deadly secret."

"So it is. He does n't know anything; he only suspects."

"How do you know, then?"

The Princess hesitated again. "Oh, I'm like Rosy — I find out. Mr. Vetch, as I suppose you are aware, has known Hyacinth all his life; he takes a most affectionate interest in him. He believes there is something hanging over him, and he wants it to be turned off, to be stopped." The Princess paused, at this, but her visitor made no response, and she went on: "He was going to see you, to beg you to do something, to interfere; he seemed to think that your power, in such a matter, would be very great; but, as I tell you, I requested him, as a particular favor to me, to let you alone."

"What favor would it be to you?" Muniment asked.

"It would give me the satisfaction of feeling that you were not worried."

Muniment appeared struck with the curious inadequacy of this explanation, considering what was at stake; he broke into a laugh, and remarked, "That was considerate of you, beyond everything."

"It was not meant as consideration for you; it was a piece of calculation." The Princess, having made this announcement, gathered up her gloves and turned away, walking to the chimney-piece, where she stood a moment arranging her bonnet-ribbons in the mirror with which it was decorated. Muniment watched her with evident curiosity; in spite both of his inaccessibility to nervous agitation and of the skeptical theories he entertained about her, he was not proof against her general faculty of creating a feeling of suspense, a tension of interest, on the part of those who associated with her. He followed her movements, but, plainly, he did not follow her calculations, so that he could only listen more attentively when she inquired suddenly, "Do you know why I asked you to come and see me? Do you know why I went to see your sister? It was all a plan," said the Princess.

"We hoped it was just an ordinary humane, social impulse," the young man returned.

"It was humane, it was even social, but it was not ordinary. I wanted to save Hyacinth."

"To save him?"

"I wanted to be able to talk with you just as I am talking now."

"That was a fine idea!" Muniment exclaimed, ingenuously.

"I have an exceeding, a quite inexpressible, regard for him. I have no patience with some of his opinions, and that is why I permitted myself to say just now that he is silly. But, after all, the opinions of our friends are not what we love them for, and therefore I don't see why they should be what we hate them for. Hyacinth Robinson's nature is singularly generous and his intelligence very fine, though there *are* some things that he muddles up. You just now expressed strongly your own regard for him; therefore we ought to be perfectly agreed. Agreed, I mean, about getting him out of his scrape."

Muniment had the air of a man who felt that he must consider a little before he assented to these successive propositions; it being a limitation of his intellect that he could not respond without understanding. After a moment he answered, referring to the Princess's last remark, in which the others appeared to culminate, and at the same time shaking his head a little and smiling, "His scrape is not important."

"You thought it was when you got him into it."

"I thought it would give him pleasure," said Muniment.

"That's not a reason for letting people do what is not good for them."

"I was not thinking so much about what would be good for him as about what would be bad for some others. He can do as he likes."

"That's easy to say. They must be persuaded not to call upon him."

"Persuade them, then, dear madam."

"How can I persuade them? If I could, I would not have approached you. I have no influence, and even if I had my motives would be suspected. You are the one to interpose."

"Shall I tell them he funks it?" Muniment asked.

"He does not—he does not!" exclaimed the Princess.

"On what ground, then, shall I put it?"

"Tell them he has changed his opinions."

"Would not that be rather like denouncing him as a traitor, and doing it hypocritically?"

"Tell them, then, it's simply my wish."

"That won't do *you* much good," Muniment said, with his simple laugh.

"Will it put me in danger? That's exactly what I want."

"Yes; but as I understand you, you want to suffer *for* the people, not by them. You are very fond of Robinson

— that's perfectly natural," the young man went on. "But you ought to remember that, in the line you have chosen, our affections, our natural ties, our timidities, our shrinkings"— His voice had become low and grave, and he paused a little, while the Princess's deep and lovely eyes, attaching themselves to his face, showed that, in an instant, she was affected by this unwonted adjuration. He spoke now as if he were taking her seriously. "All those things are as nothing, and must never weigh a feather beside our service."

The Princess began to draw on her gloves. "You're a most extraordinary man."

"That's what Rosy tells me."

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Do Hyacinth's job? Because it's better to do my own."

"And, pray, what is your own?"

"I don't know," said Paul Muniment, with perfect serenity and good-nature. "I expect to be instructed."

"Have you taken an oath, like Hyacinth?"

"Ah, madam, the oaths I take I don't tell," said the young man, gravely.

"Oh, you . . . !" the Princess murmured, with an ambiguous cadence. She appeared to dismiss the question, but to suggest, at the same time, that he was very abnormal. This imputation was further conveyed by the next words she uttered: "And can you see a dear friend whirled away like that?"

At this, for the first time, Paul Muniment exhibited a certain irritation. "You had better leave my dear friend to me."

The Princess, with her eyes still fixed upon him, gave a long, soft sigh. "Well, then, shall we go?"

Muniment took up his hat again, but he made no movement toward the door. "If you did me the honor to seek my acquaintance, to ask me to come and see you, only in order to say what you have just said about Hyacinth, perhaps we

need n't carry out the form of going to the place you proposed. Was n't this only your pretext?"

"I believe you *are* afraid!" the Princess exclaimed; but in spite of her exclamation the pair presently went out of the house. They quitted the door together, after having stood on the step for a moment, looking up and down, apparently for a cab. So far as the darkness, which was now complete, permitted the prospect to be scanned, there was no such vehicle within hail. They turned to the left, and after a walk of several minutes, during which they were engaged in small, dull by-streets, emerged upon a more populous way, where there were lighted shops and omnibuses and the evident chance of a hansom. Here they paused again, and very soon an empty hansom passed, and, at a sign, pulled up near them. Meanwhile, it should be mentioned, they had been followed, at a distance, by a cautious figure, a person who, in Madeira Crescent, when they came out of the house, was stationed on the other side of the street, at a considerable distance. When they appeared he retreated a little, still, however, keeping them in sight. When they moved away he moved in the same direction, watching them, but maintaining his distance. He drew nearer, seemingly because he could not control his eagerness, as they turned into Westbourne Grove, and during the minute they stood there he was exposed to recognition by the Princess if she had happened to turn her head. In the event of her having felt such an impulse, she would have discovered, in the lamp-light, that her noble husband was hovering in her rear. But the Princess was otherwise occupied; she failed to see that at one moment he came so close as to suggest that he had an intention of addressing himself to the couple. The reader scarcely needs to be informed that his real intention was to satisfy himself as to the kind of person his wife was walk-

ing with. The time allowed him for this inquiry was brief, especially as he had perceived, more rapidly than he sometimes perceived things, that they were looking for a vehicle, and that with its assistance they would pass out of his range — a reflection which caused him to give half his attention to the business of hailing any second cab which should come that way. There are parts of London in which you may never see a cab at all, but there are none in which you may see only a single one; in accordance with which fortunate truth, Prince Casamassima was able to wave his stick to good purpose as soon as the two objects of his pursuit had rattled away. Behind them now, in the gloom, he had no fear of being seen. In little more than an instant he had jumped into another hansom, the driver of which accompanied the usual exclamation of "All right, sir!" with a small, amused grunt, which the Prince thought eminently British, after he had hissed at him, over the hood, expressively, and in a manner by no means indicative of that nationality, the injunction, "Follow, follow, follow!"

XL.

An hour after the Princess had left the house with Paul Muniment, Madame Grandoni came down to supper, a meal of which she partook, in gloomy solitude, in the little back parlor. She had pushed away her plate, and sat motionless, staring at the crumpled cloth, with her hands folded on the edge of the table, when she became aware that a gentleman had been ushered into the drawing-room, and was standing before the fire in an attitude of discreet expectancy. At the same moment the maid-servant approached the old lady, and remarked, with bated breath, "The Prince, the Prince, mum! It's you he've asked for, mum!" Upon this, Madame Grandoni called out to the visitor from

her place, addressed him as her poor young friend, and bade him come and give her his arm. He obeyed with solemn alacrity, and conducted her into the front room, near the fire. He helped her to arrange herself in her arm-chair, and to gather her shawl about her; then he seated himself near her, and remained with his pathetic eyes bent upon her. After a moment she said, "Tell me something about Rome. The grass in the Villa Borghese must already be thick with flowers."

"I would have brought you some, if I had thought," he answered. Then he turned his eyes about the room. "Yes, you may well ask, in such a black little hole as this. My wife should not live here," he added.

"Ah, my dear friend, for all that she's your wife!" the old woman exclaimed.

The Prince sprang up in sudden, passionate agitation, and then she saw that the rigid quietness with which he had come into the room and greeted her was only an effort of his good manners. He was really trembling with excitement. "It is true — it is true! She *has* lovers — she *has* lovers!" he broke out. "I have seen it with my eyes, and I have come here to know!"

"I don't know what you have seen, but your coming here to know will not have helped you much. Besides, if you have seen, you know for yourself. At any rate, I have ceased to be able to tell you."

"You are afraid — you are afraid!" cried the visitor, brandishing his arms.

Madame Grandoni looked up at him with slow speculation. "Sit down and be tranquil, very tranquil. I have ceased to pay attention — I take no heed."

"Well, I do, then," said the Prince, subsiding a little. "Don't you know she has gone out to a house, in a horrible quarter, with a man?"

"I think it highly probable, dear Prince."

"And who is he? That's what I want to discover."

"How can I tell you? I have n't seen him."

He looked at her a moment, with his distended eyes. "Dear lady, is that kind to me, when I have counted on you?"

"Oh, I am not kind any more; it's not a question of that. I am angry — as angry, almost, as you."

"Then why don't you watch her, eh?"

"It's not with her I am angry. It's with myself," said Madame Grandoni, meditatively.

"For becoming so indifferent, do you mean?"

"On the contrary, for staying in the house."

"Thank God, you are still here, or I could n't have come. But what a lodging for the Princess!" the young man exclaimed. "She might at least live in a manner befitting."

"Eh, the last time you were in London you thought it was too costly!" she cried.

He hesitated a moment. "Whatever she does is wrong. Is it because it's so bad that you must go?" he went on.

"It is foolish — foolish — foolish," said Madame Grandoni, slowly, impressively.

"Foolish, *chè, chè!* He was in the house nearly an hour, this one."

"In the house? In what house?"

"Here, where you sit. I saw him go in, and when he came out it was after a long time, with her."

"And where were you, meanwhile?"

Again Prince Casamassima hesitated. "I was on the other side of the street. When they came out I followed them. It was more than an hour ago."

"Was it for that you came to London?"

"I don't know what I came for. To torment myself."

"You had better go back to Rome," said Madame Grandoni.

"Of course I will go back, but if you will tell me who this one is! How can you be ignorant, dear friend, when he comes freely in and out of the house where I have to watch, at the door, for a moment that I can snatch? He was not the same as the other."

"As the other?"

"Doubtless there are fifty! I mean the little one, whom I met, in the other house, that Sunday afternoon."

"I sit in my room almost always now," said the old woman. "I only come down to eat."

"Dear lady, it would be better if you would sit here," the Prince remarked.

"Better for whom?"

"I mean that if you did not withdraw yourself you could at least answer my questions."

"Ah, but I have not the slightest desire to answer them," Madame Grandoni replied. "You must remember that I am not here as your spy."

"No," said the Prince, in a tone of extreme and simple melancholy. "If you had given me more information, I should not have been obliged to come here myself. I arrived in London only this morning, and this evening I spent two hours walking up and down opposite the house, like a groom waiting for his master to come back from his ride. I wanted a personal impression. It was so that I saw him come in. He is not a gentleman — not even like some of the strange ones here."

"I think he is Scotch," remarked Madame Grandoni.

"Ah, then, you *have* seen him?"

"No, but I have heard him. He speaks very loud — the floors of this house are not built as we build in Italy — and his voice is the same that I have heard in the people of that country. Besides, she has told me — some things. He is a chemist's assistant."

"A chemist's assistant? *Santo Dio!* And the other one, a year ago — more than a year ago — was a bookbinder."

"Oh, the bookbinder!" murmured Madame Grandoni.

"And does she associate with no people of good? Has she no other society?"

"For me to tell you more, Prince, you must wait till I am free," said the old lady.

"How do you mean, free?"

"I must choose. I must either go away — and then I can tell you what I have seen — or if I stay here I must hold my tongue."

"But if you go away you will have seen nothing," the Prince objected.

"Ah, plenty as it is — more than I ever expected to."

The Prince clasped his hands together in tremulous suppliancy; but at the same time he smiled, as if to conciliate, to corrupt. "Dearest friend, you torment my curiosity. If you will tell me this, I will never ask you anything more. Where did they go? For the love of God, what is that house?"

"I know nothing of their houses," she returned, with an impatient shrug.

"Then there are others — there are many?" She made no answer, but sat brooding, with her chin in her protrusive kerchief. Her visitor presently continued, in a soft, earnest tone, with his beautiful Italian distinctness, as if his lips cut and curved the sound, while his fine fingers quivered into quick, emphasizing gestures: "The street is small and black, but it is like all the streets. It has not importance; it is at the end of an endless imbroglio. They drove for twenty minutes; then they stopped their cab and got out. They went together on foot some minutes more. There were many turns; they seemed to know them well. For me it was very difficult — of course I also got out; I had to stay so far behind — close against the houses. Chiffinch Street, N. E. — that was the name," the Prince continued, pronouncing the word with difficulty; "and the house is No.

32 — I looked at that after they went in. It's a very bad house — worse than this; but it has no sign of a chemist, and there are no shops in the street. They rang the bell — only once, though they waited a long time; it seemed to me, at least, that they did not touch it again. It was several minutes before the door was opened; and that was a bad time for me, because as they stood there they looked up and down. Fortunately you know the air of this place! I saw no light in the house — not even after they went in. Who let them enter, I could n't tell. I waited nearly half an hour, to see how long they would stay and what they would do on coming out; then, at last, my impatience brought me here, for to know she was absent made me hope I might see you. While I was there, two persons went in — two men, together, smoking, who looked like *artisti* (I did n't see them near) — but no one came out. I could see they took their cigars — and you can fancy what tobacco! — into the presence of the Princess. Formerly," pursued Madame Grandoni's visitor, with a touching attempt at a humorous treatment of this point, "she never tolerated smoking — never mine, at least. The street is very quiet — very few people pass. Now what is the house? Is it where that man lives?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

He had been encouraged by her consenting, in spite of her first protests, to listen to him — he could see she *was* listening; and he was still more encouraged when, after a moment, she answered his question by a question of her own: "Did you cross the river to go there? I know that he lives over the water."

"Ah, no, it was not in that part. I tried to ask the cabman who brought me back to explain to me what it is called; but I could n't make him understand. They have heavy minds," the Prince remarked. Then he went on,

drawing a little closer to his hostess: "But what were they doing there? Why did she go with him?"

"They are plotting. *Ecco!*" said Madame Grandoni.

"You mean a secret society, a band of revolutionists and assassins? *Capisco bene*, — that is not new to me. But perhaps they only pretend it's for that," added the Prince.

"Only pretend? Why should they pretend? That is not Christina's way."

"There are other possibilities," the Prince observed.

"Oh, of course, when your wife goes away with strange men, in the dark, to far-away houses, you can think anything you like, and I have nothing to say to your thoughts. I have my own, but they are my own affairs, and I shall not undertake to defend Christina, for she is indefensible. When she does the things she does, she provokes, she invites the worst construction; there let it rest, save for this one remark: which I will content myself with making: If she were a dishonest woman, she would not behave as she does now, she would not expose herself to irresistible interpretations; the appearance of everything would be good and proper. I simply tell you what I believe. If I believed that what she is doing concerned you alone, I should say nothing about it — at least, sitting here. But it concerns others, it concerns every one, so I will open my mouth at last. She has gone to that house to break up society."

"To break it up, yes, as she has wanted before?"

"Oh, more than before. She is very much entangled. She has relations with people who are watched by the police. She has not told me, but I have perceived it by simply living with her."

Prince Casamassima stared. "And is *she* watched by the police?"

"I can't tell you; it is very possible — except that the police here is not like that of other countries."

"It is more stupid," said the Prince. He gazed at Madame Grandoni with a flush of shame on his face. "Will she bring us to *that* scandal? It would be the worst of all."

"There is one chance — the chance that she will get tired of it," the old lady remarked. "Only the scandal may come before that."

"Dear friend, she is the devil," said the Prince, solemnly.

"No, she is not the devil, because she wishes to do good."

"What good did she ever wish to do to me?" the Italian demanded, with glowing eyes.

Madame Grandoni shook her head very sadly. "You can do no good, of any kind, to each other. Each on your own side, you must be quiet."

"How can I be quiet when I hear of such infamies?" Prince Casamassima got up, in his violence, and, in a tone which caused his companion to burst into a short, incongruous laugh as soon as she heard the words, exclaimed, "She shall *not* break up society!"

"No, she will bore herself before the trick is played. Make up your mind to that."

"That is what I expected to find — that the caprice was over. She has passed through so many follies."

"Give her time — give her time," replied Madame Grandoni.

"Time to drag my name into an as-size court? Those people are robbers, incendiaries, murderers!"

"You can say nothing to me about them that I have n't said to her."

"And how does she defend herself?"

"Defend herself? Did you ever hear Christina do that?" Madame Grandoni asked. "The only thing she says to me is, 'Don't be afraid; I promise you by all that's sacred that you sha'n't suffer.' She speaks as if she had it all in her hands. That is very well. No doubt I'm a selfish old woman, but, after all, one has a heart for others."

"And so have I, I think I may pretend," said the Prince. "You tell me to give her time, and it is certain that she will take it, whether I give it or not. But I can at least stop giving her money. By Heaven, it's my duty, as an honest man."

"She tells me that as it is you don't give her much."

"Much, dear lady? It depends on what you call so. It's enough to make all these scoundrels flock around her."

"They are not all scoundrels, any more than she is. That is the strange part of it," said the old woman, with a weary sigh.

"But this fellow, the chemist — tonight — what do you call him?"

"She has spoken to me of him as a most estimable young man."

"But she thinks it's estimable to blow us all up," the Prince returned. "Does n't *he* take her money?"

"I don't know what he takes. But there are some things — Heaven forbid one should forget them! The misery of London is something fearful."

"*Che vuole?* There is misery everywhere," returned the Prince. "It is the will of God. *Ci vuol pazienza!* And in this country does no one give alms?"

"Every one, I believe. But it appears that it is not enough."

The Prince said nothing for a moment; this statement of Madame Grandoni's seemed to present difficulties. The solution, however, soon suggested itself; it was expressed in the inquiry, "What will you have in a country which has not the true faith?"

"Ah, the true faith is a great thing; but there is suffering even in countries that have it."

"*Evidentemente.* But it helps suffering to be borne, and, later, it makes it up; whereas here! . . ." said the young man, with a melancholy smile. "If I may speak of myself, it is to me, in my circumstances, a support."

"That is good," said Madame Grandoni.

He stood before her, resting his eyes for a moment on the floor. "And the famous Sholto — Godfrey Gerald — does he come no more?"

"I have n't seen him for months, and know nothing about him."

"He does n't like the chemists and the bookbinders, eh?" asked the Prince.

"Ah, it was he who first brought them — to gratify your wife."

"If they have turned him out, then, that is very well. Now, if only some one could turn *them* out!"

"*Aspetta, aspetta!*" said the old woman.

"That is very good advice, but to follow it is n't amusing." Then the Prince added, "You alluded, just now, as to something particular, to *quel giovane*, the young artisan whom I met in the other house. Is he also estimable, or has he paid the penalty of his crimes?"

"He has paid the penalty, but I don't know of what. I have nothing bad to tell you of him, except that I think his star is on the wane."

"*Poverino!*" the Prince exclaimed.

"That is exactly the manner in which I addressed him the first time I saw him. I did n't know how it would happen, but I felt that it would happen somehow. It has happened through his changing his opinions. He has now the same idea as you — that *ci vuol pazienza.*"

The Prince listened with the same expression of wounded eagerness, the same parted lips and excited eyes, to every added fact that dropped from Madame Grandoni's lips. "That, at least, is more honest. Then *he* does n't go to Chiffinch Street?"

"I don't know about Chiffinch Street; but it would be my impression that he does n't go anywhere that Christina and the other one — the Scotchman — go together. But these are delicate matters," the old woman added.

They seemed much to interest her interlocutor. "Do you mean that the Scotchman is — what shall I call it? — his successor?"

For a moment Madame Grandoni made no reply. "I think that this case is different. But I don't understand; it was the other, the little one, that helped her to know the Scotchman."

"And now they have quarreled — about my wife? It is all tremendously edifying!" the Prince exclaimed.

"I can't tell you, and should n't have attempted it, only that Assunta talks to me."

"I wish she would talk to me," said the Prince, wistfully.

"Ah, my friend, if Christina were to find you getting at her servants!"

"How could it be worse for me than it is now? However, I don't know why I speak as if I cared, for I don't care any more. I have given her up. It is finished."

"I am glad to hear it," said Madame Grandoni, gravely.

"You yourself made the distinction, perfectly. So long as she endeavored only to injure *me*, and in my private capacity, I could condone, I could wait, I could hope. But since she has so recklessly thrown herself into the most criminal undertakings, since she lifts her hand with a determined purpose, as you tell me, against the most sacred institutions — it is too much; ah, yes, it is too much. She may go her way; she is no wife of mine. Not another penny of mine shall go into her pocket, and into that of the wretches who prey upon her, who have corrupted her."

"Dear Prince, I think you are right. And yet I am sorry!" sighed the old woman, extending her hand for assistance to rise from her chair. "If she becomes really poor, it will be much more difficult for me to leave her. *This* is not poverty, and not even a good imitation of it, as she would like it to be. But what will be said of me if, having

remained with her through so much of her splendor, I turn away from her the moment she begins to want?"

"Dear lady, do you ask that to make me relent?" the Prince inquired, after an hesitation.

"Not in the least; for whatever is said and whatever you do, there is nothing for me in decency, at present, but to pack my trunk. Judge, by the way I have tattered."

"If you will stay on, she shall have everything." The Prince spoke in a very low tone, with a manner that betrayed the shame he felt at his attempt at bribery.

Madame Grandoni gave him an astonished glance, and moved away from him. "What does that mean? I thought you did n't care."

I know not what explanation of his inconsequence her companion would have given her if, at that moment, the door of the room had not been pushed open, to permit the entrance of Hyacinth Robinson. He stopped short on perceiving that Madame Grandoni had a visitor, but before he had time to say anything the old lady addressed him with a certain curtness: "Ah, you don't fall well; the Princess is n't at home."

"That was mentioned to me, but I ventured to come in to see you, as I have done before," Hyacinth replied. Then he added, as if he were retreating, "I beg many pardons. I was not told that you were not alone."

"My visitor is going, but I am going too," said Madame Grandoni. "I must take myself to my room. I am nervous and very sad. Therefore, kindly excuse me."

Hyacinth had had time to recognize the Prince, and this nobleman paid him the same compliment, as was proved by his asking of Madame Grandoni, in a rapid aside, in Italian, "Is n't it the bookbinder?"

"*Sicuro*," said the old lady; while Hyacinth, murmuring a regret that he

should find her indisposed, turned back to the door.

"One moment — one moment, I pray!" the Prince interposed, raising his hand persuasively, and looking at him with an unexpected, exaggerated smile. "Please introduce me to the gentleman," he added, in English, to Madame Grandoni.

She manifested no surprise at the request — she had none left, apparently, for anything — but pronounced the name of Prince Casamassima, and then added, for Hyacinth's benefit, "He knows who you are."

"Will you permit me to keep you a very little minute?" the Prince continued, addressing the other visitor; after which he remarked to Madame Grandoni, "I will speak with him a little. It is perhaps not necessary that we should incommode you, if you do not wish to stay."

She had for a moment, as she tossed off a satirical little laugh, a return of her ancient drollery: "Remember that if you talk long she may come back. Yes, yes, I will go up-stairs. *Felicissima notte, signori!*" She took her way to the door, which Hyacinth, considerably bewildered, held open for her.

The reasons for which Prince Casamassima wished to converse with him were mysterious; nevertheless, he was about to close the door behind Madame Grandoni, as a sign that he was at the service of her companion. At this moment the latter raised again a courteous, remonstrant hand. "After all, as my visit is finished, and as yours comes to nothing, might we not go out?"

"Certainly, I will go with you," said Hyacinth. He spoke with an instinctive stiffness, in spite of the Prince's queer affability, and in spite also of the fact that he felt sorry for the nobleman, to whose countenance Madame Grandoni's last injunction, uttered in English, had brought a deep and painful blush. It is needless to go into the question of

what Hyacinth, face to face with an aggrieved husband, may have had on his conscience, but he assumed, naturally enough, that the situation might be grave, though indeed the Prince's manner was, for the moment, incongruously conciliatory. Hyacinth invited his new acquaintance to pass, and in a minute they were in the street together.

"Do you go here — do you go there?" the Prince inquired, as they stood a moment before the house. "If you will permit, I will take the same direction." On Hyacinth's answering that it was indifferent to him the Prince said, turning to the left, "Well, then, here, but slowly, if that pleases you, and only a little way." His English was far from perfect, but his errors were mainly errors of pronunciation, and Hyacinth was struck with his effort to express himself very distinctly, so that, in intercourse with a little representative of the British populace, his foreignness should not put him at a disadvantage. Quick as he was to perceive and appreciate, Hyacinth noted how a certain quality of breeding that was in his companion enabled him to compass that coolness, and he mentally applauded his success in a difficult feat. Difficult he judged it, because it seemed to him that the purpose for which the Prince wished to speak to him was one which must require a deal of explanation, and it was a sign of training to explain adequately, in a foreign tongue, especially if one were agitated, to a person in a social position very different from one's own. Hyacinth knew what the Prince's estimate of *his* importance must be (he could have no illusions as to the character of the people his wife received); but while he heard him carefully put one word after the other, he was able to smile to himself at his needless precautions. Hyacinth reflected that at a pinch he could have encountered him in his own tongue; during his stay at Venice he had picked up an

Italian vocabulary. "With Madame Grandoni I spoke of you," the Prince announced, dispassionately, as they walked along. "She told me a thing that interested me," he added; "that is why I walk with you." Hyacinth said nothing, deeming that better by silence than in any other fashion he held himself at the disposal of his interlocutor. "She told me you have changed — you have no more the same opinions."

"The same opinions?"

"About the arrangement of society. You desire no more the assassination of the rich."

"I never desired any such thing!" said Hyacinth, indignantly.

"Oh, if you have changed, you can confess," the Prince rejoined, in an encouraging tone. "It is very good for some people to be rich. It would not be right for all to be poor."

"It would be pleasant if all could be rich," Hyacinth suggested.

"Yes, but not by stealing and shooting."

"No, not by stealing and shooting. I never desired that."

"Ah, no doubt she was mistaken. But to-day you think we must have patience," the Prince went on, as if he hoped very much that Hyacinth would allow this valuable conviction to be attributed to him. "That is also my thought."

"Oh, yes, we must have patience," said Hyacinth, who was now smiling to himself in the dark.

They had by this time reached the end of the little Crescent, where the Prince paused under the street-lamp. He considered Hyacinth's countenance for a moment by its help, and then he pronounced, "If I am not mistaken, you know very well the Princess."

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "She has been very kind to me."

"She is my wife — perhaps you know."

Again Hyacinth hesitated, but after

a moment he replied, "She has told me that she is married." As soon as he had spoken these words he thought them idiotic.

"You mean you would not know if she had not told you, I suppose. Evidently, there is nothing to show it. You can think if that is agreeable to me."

"Oh, I can't think, I can't judge," said Hyacinth.

"You are right — that is impossible." The Prince stood before his companion, and in the pale gas-light the latter saw more of his face. It had an unnatural expression, a look of wasted anxiety; the eyes seemed to glitter, and Hyacinth conceived the unfortunate nobleman to be feverish and ill. He continued in a moment: "Of course you think it strange — my conversation. I want you to tell me something."

"I am afraid you are very unwell," said Hyacinth.

"Yes, I am unwell; but I shall be better if you will tell me. It is because you have come back to good ideas — that is why I ask you."

A sense that the situation of the Princess's husband was really pitiful, that at any rate he suffered and was helpless, that he was a gentleman and even a person who would never have done any great harm — a perception of these appealing truths came into Hyacinth's heart, and stirred there a desire to be kind to him, to render him any service that, in reason, he might ask. It appeared to Hyacinth that he must be pretty sick to ask any service at all, but that was his own affair. "If you would like me to see you safely home, I will do that," our young man remarked; and even while he spoke he was struck with the oddity of his being already on such friendly terms with a person whom he had hitherto supposed to be the worst enemy of the rarest of women. He found himself unable to consider the Prince with resentment.

The nobleman acknowledged the civility of his offer with a slight inclination of his long, attenuated person. "I am very much obliged to you, but I will not go home. I will not go home till I know this — to what house she has gone. Will you tell me that?"

"To what house?" Hyacinth repeated.

"She has gone with a person whom you know. Madame Grandoni told me that. He is a Scotch chemist."

"A Scotch chemist?" Hyacinth stared.

"I saw them myself — two hours, three hours, ago. Listen, listen; I will be very clear," said the Prince, laying his forefinger on the other hand with an explanatory gesture. "He came to that house — this one, where we have been, I mean — and stayed there a long time. I was here in the street — I have passed my day in the street! They came out together, and I watched them, I followed them."

Hyacinth had listened with wonder, and even with suspense; the Prince's manner gave an air of such importance, such mystery, to what he had to relate. But at this he broke out: "This is not my business — I can't hear it! I don't watch, I don't follow."

The Prince stared a moment, in surprise; then he rejoined, more quickly than he had spoken yet, "But they went to a house where they conspire, where they prepare horrible acts. How can you like that?"

"How do you know it, sir?" Hyacinth inquired, gravely.

"It is Madame Grandoni who has told me."

"Why, then, do you ask me?"

"Because I am not sure, I don't think she knows. I want to know more, to be sure of what is done in that house. Does she go there only for the revolution," the Prince demanded, "or does she go there to be alone with him?"

"With *him*?" The Prince's tone

and his excited eyes infused a kind of vividness into the suggestion.

"With the tall man — the chemist. They got into a hansom together; the house is far away, in the lost quarters."

Hyacinth drew himself together. "I know nothing about the matter, and I don't care. If that is all you wish to ask me, we had better separate."

The Prince's face elongated; it seemed to grow paler. "Then it is not true that you hate those abominations!"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "How can you know about my opinions? How can they interest you?"

The Prince looked at him with dismal eyes; he raised his arms a moment, a certain distance, and then let them drop at his sides. "I hoped you would help me."

"When we are in trouble we can't help each other much!" our young man exclaimed. But this valuable remark was lost upon the Prince, who at the moment Hyacinth spoke had already turned to look in the direction from which they had proceeded, the other end of the Crescent, his attention apparently being called thither by the sound of a rapid hansom. The place was still and empty, and the wheels of this vehicle reverberated. The Prince peered at it, through the darkness, and in an instant he cried, under his breath, excitedly, "They have come back — they have come back! Now you can see — yes, the two!" The hansom had slackened pace and pulled up; the house before which it stopped was clearly the house the two men had lately quitted. Hyacinth felt his arm seized by the Prince, who, hastily, by a strong effort, drew him forward several yards. At this moment a part of the agitation that possessed the unhappy nobleman seemed to pass into his own blood; a wave of anxiety rushed through him — anxiety as to the relations of the two persons who had descended from the cab; he had, in short, for several instants, a very

exact revelation of the state of feeling of a jealous husband. If he had been told, half an hour before, that he was capable of surreptitious peepings, in the interest of such jealousy, he would have resented the insult; yet he allowed himself to be checked by his companion just at the nearest point at which they might safely consider the proceedings of the couple who alighted. It was in fact the Princess, accompanied by Paul Munitment. Hyacinth noticed that the latter paid the cabman, who immediately drove away, from his own pocket. He stood with the Princess for some minutes at the door of the house — minutes during which Hyacinth felt his heart beat insanely, ignobly, he could n't tell why.

"What does he say? what does *she* say?" hissed the Prince; and when he demanded, the next moment, "Will he go in again, or will he go away?" our sensitive youth felt that a voice was given to his own most eager thought.

The pair were talking together, with rapid sequences, and as the door had not yet been opened it was clear that, to prolong the conversation on the steps, the Princess delayed to ring. "It will make three, four, hours he has been with her," moaned the Prince.

"He may be with her fifty hours!" Hyacinth answered, with a laugh, turning away, ashamed of himself.

"He has gone in — *sangue di Dio!*" cried the Prince, catching his companion again by the arm and making him look. All that Hyacinth saw was the door just closing; the Princess and Munitment were on the other side of it. "Is *that* for the revolution?" the trembling nobleman panted. But Hyacinth made no answer; he only gazed at the closed door an instant, and then, disengaging himself, walked straight away, leaving the Prince in the darkness, to direct a great, helpless, futile shake of his stick at the indifferent house.

Henry James.

A VOLUME OF DANTE.

I LIE unread, alone. None heedeth me.

Day after day the cobwebs are unswept

From my dim covers. I have lain and slept

In dust and darkness for a century.

An old forgotten volume, I. Yet see!

Such mighty words within my heart are kept

That, reading once, great Ariosto wept

In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping head,

Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,

And touched my leaves with dreamy finger-tips,

Lifted me up half absently, and read;

Then kissed the page with sudden tender lips,

And sighed, and murmured one beloved name.

Caroline Wilder Fellowes.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THE CONFEDERACY.

AMONG the many remarkable features of the war between the States the blockade system was perhaps the most extraordinary. For extent and effectiveness it stands without a parallel in history. Isolation on the part of one of the belligerents doubtless shaped the result in larger measure than in any preceding war of anything like the same magnitude. For it is to be questioned if there was ever before a great people so far from self-sustaining as was the South in 1861. Indeed, only by means of the modern facilities of transportation could it have been possible for a territory so large and populous to have fallen into a state of such absolute dependence on the outside world. Not only was steam an indispensable auxiliary of the Federals, rendering the invasion and retention of the revolting territory practicable, but it had fostered at the South a fatal economic condition which made the failure of the Confederacy a foregone conclusion from the first. How this abnormal state told when isolation came, and how desperately the people strove to remedy it, forms a curious and pathetic chapter of the war history.

While war in the abstract had been vaguely apprehended for a generation, war in the concrete took the South, as all unpleasant things are apt to take optimistic human nature, by surprise. And optimism was as peculiarly characteristic of the Southern mind up to Appomattox as the opposite quality has been ever since. Moreover, the political axiom of the day, that even should war arise the imperative need of cotton would at least force the European powers to keep their ports open, lulled the South into such security that hostilities overtook her with little more than the scant stock of crude and manufactured articles necessary for current use.

The few unvaried manufacturing establishments that existed were of course utterly inadequate to supply the needs of the people, and neither machinery nor artisans were to be had to found new ones. Many of the most skilled workmen were Northern men, who either returned home on the outbreak of war, or slipped through the lines later on, as our fortunes grew darker and our need sorer. All such as remained at the South were insufficient to meet the military requirements of the hour. For the people in their domestic needs there was nothing left but a recourse to the rude contrivances of primitive days, which fortunately were not yet entirely obsolete in the rural districts. To these, as the slender stock of manufactured articles in the country gave out and the European powers persisted in holding aloof, the people turned with such skill and material as they were possessed of, to provide the necessaries of life. Spinning-wheels were set agoing; the scattered members of shapeless, half-forgotten old looms were dragged to light; while the neighborhood blacksmith, cobbler, and other petty craftsmen found themselves suddenly spring into important personages. On the ingenuity of each family, often of each individual, depended sooner or later their comfort, almost their existence. There was a suggestion of primeval life in the manner in which even in the veriest trifles one was thrown wholly on his own resources. Not only had a way to be invented to make everything, but in most cases a substitute had to be discovered for the crude material of which they were made, till between makings, renovatings, and remodelings, we became a nation of Crusoes. Indeed, if that era of home life had to be characterized by one word, there could be no choice as to

the term "substitute." It may be added, in passing, that to this day the word is commonly used by the illiterate people of North Carolina as a synonym for all that is sorry and worthless. There was hardly a tree or plant that did not in the long run furnish at least one substitute; being laid under tribute to feed or clothe the people, or to cure their ailments. Of these substitutes, some were in the beginning a rage, but each in the end a necessity. The absorption of the Southern mind in the war issue, coupled with its inherent non-inventiveness, or, more accurately, its non-completeness, can alone account for the paucity of permanently useful inventions that have arisen from that period of ceaseless experiment.

The most serious matter of all was the great dearth of the prime staples of life themselves that overtook the South almost on the very threshold of war. The Confederacy was self-sustaining in breadstuff alone, — and by breadstuff is meant Indian corn only, wheat bread being regarded as a luxury by thousands in average circumstances, — and the inadequacy of transportation prevented a proper distribution of even that. There was only one considerable saline, and the probability of a total failure of the salt supply, from its exhaustion or capture, was a matter of ever-deepening anxiety. The meat product of the country was largely insufficient at first, and after the loss of so much valuable territory in Tennessee and Kentucky the government, by dint of buying, tithing, and impressing, was barely able to scrape together, week by week, the stinted rations of bacon indispensable to keep life in the soldiers. Urgent as the need of recruits soon became, the authorities perforce adhered to the arrangement whereby the overseers of plantations were exempt from military duty, mainly in consideration of the proprietors giving bond to furnish the army with a few hundred pounds of bacon or beef an-

nually. Private individuals, having the advantage of only one of the resources of the government, and that the least reliable, that of purchase, often found it impossible to procure meat at all. It took time to render available the limited product of iron and leather of which the country was capable. Iron was known to exist in various localities, but few of the mines had been developed, and both appliances and skilled labor were lacking to work them to any extent. The petty rural tanneries, tanning hides "one half for the other" and consuming eighteen months in the process, were the only dependence for leather.

No sooner did the war and the attendant blockade become a certainty than the speculators, with swift and concerted action, possessed themselves of almost the entire stock of salt, bacon, and leather, and withdrew them from market. Scarcely a country store or backwoods tan-yard escaped their visitation. A clique of half a dozen men obtained and held control of the only two nail factories in the Confederacy. By this means the speculators not only hastened and heightened the general stringency and distress, but through the exorbitant prices they were enabled to charge gave the first blow to the currency. In fact, into such a vast evil did speculation soon grow that efforts were made, in the convention called in North Carolina in 1861, to suppress it entirely by means of fines, imprisonment, and confiscation. The measure failed, except in respect to salt, as did that to limit the growing of tobacco and cotton; Virginia having restricted the planting of the former, and South Carolina and Georgia that of the latter. Nor was the detestation in which both practices were universally held much more efficacious. Speculation grew ever fiercer and more unfeeling. Although those who grew large crops of cotton and tobacco were discountenanced and regarded as half traitors, many persisted

in raising and accumulating these staples, till the return of peace brought fabulous prices for all such stores as had been fortunate enough to escape the tithing, impressing, and burning agents of the Confederate government.

From first to last, salt was the most precious of all commodities. To be worth one's salt was to have a value indeed. Its price, scarcity, and the methods by means of which its use could be largely dispensed with were subjects uppermost in every mind, and topics as common as the weather in every conversation. Its exposure for sale could draw even the long-hoarded pittance of silver from its hiding-place; and when the Confederate government could purchase supplies on no other terms, an offer of part payment in salt never failed to work wonders. It was possible to subsist, or at any rate to exist, with little leather and less iron. Old utensils might be mended and mended again, and their use extended almost indefinitely; people might go barefoot and yet live; but at least salt enough to cure the bacon was a *sine qua non*.

The State of North Carolina, after making it unlawful to speculate in salt, appointed a salt commissioner and made an appropriation to establish evaporating stations on the coast; and when these proved inadequate, and the approach of Federal fleets and armies rendered them insecure, state works were established at Saltville, Virginia, the great saline of the Confederacy. Even this last resource was uncertain, and the supply never continuous. Sometimes the government monopolized the wells, still oftener the transportation; while the danger of having teams impressed at the works by the military authorities became so great that nothing save extreme individual necessity could induce the people to run the risk. At times not a pound of salt could be bought at any price. Many were driven to dig up the dirt floors of their smoke-houses, im-

pregnated with the meat drippings of years, and by a tedious process of leaching and boiling to obtain an apology for salt. Every method practiced by civilized or uncivilized man for the curing of meat without or with a modicum of salt was attempted. While many of these processes were failures, occasioning the loss of more or less priceless bacon, some effected cures which in point of durability might have competed with petrifications themselves, and with fair prospects of success, supposing them to have been subjected to any agency of destruction short of Confederate hunger.

Boundless was the excitement and indignation in North Carolina when, in 1864, it was falsely rumored that the governor of Virginia had determined to prohibit by proclamation the removal of salt beyond the borders of that State, as the governor of North Carolina had long before done in regard to cotton and woolen fabrics. "We give Virginia blood," cried the press, "and she refuses us salt. We have paved her soil with the bones of our best and our bravest, and now she forbids us to gather what may without blasphemy be called the crumbs of life, which she lets fall. Our women and children must die at her hands, in requital of their husbands and fathers having died in her defense."

All the salt that the State was able to procure from Saltville and through the blockade was sold to the people — giving the wives and widows of soldiers the preference — at cost, which was usually about one fourth the market price. The greater part of the former was of very inferior quality; the "coast salt" especially, being quoted at just half the price of the imported article. The last installment of state salt, issued for the hog-killing in December, 1864, was at the rate of six pounds per capita of population. Shortly after that the works were destroyed by a Federal raid. Indeed, it was a matter of wonder to us, considering the vital importance to the

Confederacy of this unique place, which had sprung into being and prominence with the suddenness of a mushroom city of the West, that the Federals should not earlier have put forth even more strenuous efforts than they did for its possession.

The dearth of leather also drove the people to all sorts of grotesque expedients. Sole leather especially, owing to the difficulty which the small tanneries experienced in its production, was extremely scarce. Wood, which had long been worn to a very limited extent by the slaves in some localities, now came into general use in the making of shoes. A wooden shoe was among the very first inventions patented under the Confederate government. In the beginning a considerable variety of shapes prevailed. Some could do no better than dig out a rude wooden receptacle for the foot, a travesty on the *sabot* worn by the French peasants; a strip of leather being attached to the top, by means of which the clog was secured to the ankle. But by far the best and most comfortable style, and one which was adopted whenever the additional leather required was to be had, was a simple sole of ash, willow, or some light wood, to which full leathern uppers were fastened with tacks. At first these were made so thick, in order to insure durability, that among their various other effects was that of adding very sensibly to the stature of the community. Later on it was found better to make the soles thinner, and protect them from wear by nailing on their bottoms light irons, similar in shape to horseshoes. They were necessarily the noisiest shoes ever worn, always announcing the approach of their wearers at a good round distance. When the air was clear and the ground frozen, one was by this means kept well apprised of the movements of his immediate neighbors. Especially did their tell-tale clatter make them the abomination of the negro in his nocturnal rambles.

The dismay of nervous people and careful housewives, their effect in-doors was indeed something terrific, though after irons came into vogue and lessened the impacting surface, the clatter was toned down to something under the tramp of a horse. Nor were they much less destructive to floors, while carpets simply did not exist in their wake. Despite the scrubbings and scourings of a quarter century, their marks are yet to be seen in some houses.

The use of wooden bottoms for shoes was by no means confined to the negroes. They were worn by the majority of laboring people, as well as by many of both sexes who had been reared in affluence. The scarcity of the last winter of the war drove whole families into them, except the little feet which could not be trusted to steer such craft, but bore their share of martyrdom by being imprisoned indoors throughout the live-long dreary months.

Great skill and caution were requisite to keep afoot in wooden bottoms at all. A queer spectacle it was, too, to see one's fellow-beings stepping gingerly around, as if there were universal misgivings as to the safeness of the earth's crust. One may forget his first feat with firearms and even his first exploit on skates, but never his first flight on — or, to be accurate, his first abduction by — wooden bottoms. If the soles, which in a clumsy attempt to fit the foot were shaped like rockers, were once set in motion, they persisted in inexorably tilting one forward, especially if descending a hill, till volition was utterly lost, and nothing short of an ascent or a fall could arrest them. However, in time they became comparatively manageable, one getting able to choose his own path, as well as to have some small voice in stoppages.

Uppers were made of such random pieces of leather, or of anything bearing the faintest semblance to leather, that could be lighted on. Carriage curtains and buggy tops were acceptable. In

some cases old morocco pocket-books were converted into children's shoes; while many ladies managed to fashion themselves a sort of moccasin out of the most heterogeneous and unpromising materials. Woe to the careless wight who suffered his saddled horse to stand out near church, store, or post-office after nightfall! The chances were that when he went to mount he would find that some one had appropriated his saddle skirts for sole leather, unless indeed he had forestalled such an act by appropriating them to that end himself.

Iron was now the precious metal. War not only monopolized the entire product of the South, but so sore was the need that frequent calls were made for plantation bells to be cast into cannon. Many church bells were also given. In the cry for iron! iron! a large society of ladies undertook to furnish material for building an iron-clad by collecting all the broken pots, pans, and kettles in the Confederacy. The home folk had to depend almost entirely on the reworking of old iron. An active and unremitting search was maintained for every superfluous or cast-away scrap. All old vehicles and farm implements not absolutely indispensable were demolished, and the iron they contained was diverted to the pressing needs of the moment. All idle nails were carefully drawn and laid away for future use. A sharp lookout was kept for stray pins. Womenkind made their boast of the weeks or months they had passed without missing a single pin; while the loss of a good darning-needle would have been a calamity involving perhaps half a neighborhood. The rapidity with which such indestructible articles as pins, needles, buttons, etc., disappeared from the face of the earth after the blockade was established was as unaccountable as the speed with which larger things wore out. Many a hard-beset housewife, in her distress, "vowed," and half believed, that the Yankee manufactur-

ers, with a prophetic eye to the future, had purposely made the wares sent South of the most worthless description, in order that their collapse might embarrass us in the prosecution of the war.

Of all manufactured articles, cotton cards were, under the circumstances, of most vital importance, and their scarcity the source of most anxiety. A small patch of cotton was now planted on every farm, to be made into clothing. Fingers were a good, if very tedious, substitute for gins, which existed, of course, only in the cotton district; but without cards to prepare the lint for spinning, the wheels and looms had been resurrected to no purpose. These wanting, the cotton was useless, and there was no other resource. As every thread of clothing had to be homespun, tireless activity was necessary to provide for even a moderate-sized family of whites and blacks. The hum of the wheel and thump of the loom were necessarily almost as ceaseless as the tick of the clock; and as few families possessed more than one pair of cards, they had to be plied far into the night to keep rolls ahead for the women at the wheel. When it is remembered how much depended on these frail implements, and that their replacement was altogether problematical, it may be believed that their wear brought as many care wrinkles into the face of the materfamilias as the diminution of the stint of salt itself. Only the trustiest hand on the place, usually the black "mammy" herself, was ever allowed to touch them; nor was ever chancellor with his seals, or priest with his relics, more vigilant or self-important. Despite the numberless attempts, it was late in the war, if at all, that a really successful pair of cards was made in the Confederacy. The renovation of old ones, so as to prolong their usefulness for a few weeks, was, I believe, the most that was ever achieved. Indeed, the wire from which they were made, being of foreign manufacture, was as unattain-

able as the cards themselves. Every pair had to run the gauntlet of the blockade. The most valuable part of the cargo of the state blockade-runner, the *Ad-Vance*, consisted of bales of card-facing, to be attached to backs and handles on arrival. By this means Governor Vance was enabled almost to the very last to furnish the wives and widows of Confederate soldiers with good cards at ten dollars a pair, which could not always be obtained at one hundred dollars in the open market.

Much less than four years had sufficed to reduce the un replenished wardrobes to nothing. Besides the effect of constant use, inroads had been made into them for every sort of purpose. Not to speak of the silk dresses, which amid the enthusiasm of the earlier, brighter days of the war had been converted into battle-flags, woolen dresses and shawls had, later on, been made into shirts for the soldiers, as the carpets had been made into blankets, and the linen and curtains into lint and bandages for the wounded. Homespun or calico at ten dollars a yard was the only alternative for dress goods. In order that in point of dress all might be on the same footing, large societies of ladies bound themselves to wear nothing but the product of their own looms. These societies also had in view the discovery and dissemination of the best methods of dyeing and weaving, as well as the endless minutiae of this strange, perplexing economy. For besides the difficulties of cards, wheel, and loom, a host of obstacles had yet to be surmounted. Slightly and permanent dyes had to be concocted from the roots, herbs, and barks of the country. Then perhaps vexatious thread, and implements in the way of scissors, needles, etc., the handiwork of a smith who had never till now attempted anything more delicate than plough-points or grubbing-hoes, had to be contended with. As a last resort, buttons were made of persimmon seed, through which holes were pierced

for eyes. In many cases a mourning dress went the rounds of the neighborhood, as death entered one door after another. The æsthetic faculty, then, proven to be ineradicable in womankind, was confined mainly to the selection and grouping of dyes for cotton cloth, and to elaborate hats and bonnets, made at infinite pains from shucks or straw, garnished with mysterious bits of finery reclaimed from no one knew where. However, the rag-bag proved a magical repository of boundless possibilities, whence the conjuring hand drew always just what was needed.

Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the South, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few indeed were the substances which did not first and last find their way into the coffee-pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet-potatoes, pea-nuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed, are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Rio and ry-e," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of the shackles which holds the South the commercial thrall of the world is severed. Let South America keep her Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea-island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household — and doubtless the scene in ours was typical — to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many-sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible to have greater, in the power

and possibilities of the South, now that Cotton, the great king, had had another crown laid on his brow. So opportune was the discovery, too, that it struck us as almost a divine revelation, indicating the interposition of Providence in our favor. So eager were we to test it — or rather to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true — that we could not await meal-time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea-island cotton, but the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickaninny was forthwith hurried off to the cotton patch, then sparsely flecked with newly opened boles. The apronful of precious stuff, now a veritable manna, was hardly indoors before a dozen hands, of all sizes and colors, were tearing, picking, at the discredited fibre, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drunk. Despite the sorghum sweetening, the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immensely to our happiness as to our self-importance. But if in the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been laggard. For although, owing to the fact that happily the recollection of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings, I am unable to tell exactly why and when we returned to parched bran, it is nevertheless true that we did.

Receipts for making “coffee without coffee” (when the real article was alluded to, strong emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant) were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed, and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, counted out by the grain, to flavor the substitute, were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure and genuine coffee would in the

eyes of many have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra’s famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war, must have gone towards the making of an incredible lake of coffee.

The few votaries of tea consoled themselves as best they could on a decoction of raspberry leaves or sassafras root. Some genius discovered in corn-fodder the exact flavor of black tea. Sugar, after the fall of Vicksburg, was almost as scarce as coffee. But in sorghum the people found a substitute which came perhaps nearer a success than any of the numberless makeshifts of the period. Sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, as it was then known, had been raised to some small extent in the State as early as 1857. It began to be largely planted in 1862, and during the two succeeding years its cultivation became general; sorghum-boiling adding another to the great Southern festivals of corn-shucking and hog-killing. It was about the sole thing of which there was no stint in the Confederacy. Verily the land was “submerged in sorghum.” It sweetened the coffee, tea, and all the desserts of the time; sorghum candy was the national confection, sorghum “stews” the national festival. The strange creaking hum of the cane-mills pervaded the land. Every place was redolent of it; everything was sticking with it.

As the juice, after being expressed by rude wooden mills on the farm, was boiled by unskilled hands in vessels of every imaginable shape and size, the most divers and surprising results often ensued. Here one farmer left his sorghum so underdone that it soured; there another so overcooked his that it refused to leave the barrel in which it had been poured. In short, every result between candy and vinegar was obtained. The product of no two farms, indeed of no two kettles, was alike in color, taste, or consistency. While a few succeeded

in making a tolerable syrup, the majority were only learning the art when the war ended. As the sorghum was in most cases unavoidably boiled in iron vessels, the habitual users of it were easily to be distinguished by their abnormally black teeth. Controversy as to its healthfulness and unhealthfulness, its effect upon the teeth and the system in general, was almost as rife as that now carried on respecting whiskey and tobacco; and it may be added that it exerted about the same influence on the millions of consumers.

Confederate stationery was a thing no less unique and characteristic than the other products of the time. The writing-paper, of a dingy salmon color, rough and furzy, was ruled with heavy, glaring blue lines, doubtless on the principle that the plainness of the landmarks should be in proportion to the difficulty of the way. But with this paper, such as it was, at \$10 a quire, and envelopes in proportion, it was resorted to only after every available bit of paper, every page of old account-books, whether already written on one side or not, and even the fly-leaves of printed volumes had been ferreted out and exhausted. Envelopes were made of scraps of wall-paper and from the pictorial pages of old books, — the white side out, stuck together in some cases with the gum that exudes from peach-trees. Ink had almost as many substitutes as coffee, and with nearly as great a variety of results. Sumac-berries, poke-berries, "oak balls," and green persimmons set with rusty nails were oftenest used in concocting the fluids with which we blotted paper. We found that black-gum roots made fair corks. One of the very few things, if not the sole thing, that could be achieved with a dime was to post a letter. The ten-cent stamps, which were small and blue, bore a profile to all appearances a compromise between those of the rival Presidents.

The newspaper was of course the great institution of those feverish days. The war, in that it gave a powerful impetus to reading and writing, and led the minds of the country people farther afield, was undoubtedly a great educator. Newspapers now found their way to the occupants of numberless cabins, whose literary needs and curiosity as to the outside world had hitherto been fully satisfied by two books: one written a couple of thousand years ago in Palestine, the other a couple of hundred years ago in England. Few indeed were the households which had not a member at the perilous front, and the war news was matter of personal interest to all. One of the many pathetic sights of home life was the eager expectation with which an illiterate wife, or mother, or father hurried off, on securing the long-coveted newspaper, in quest of a reader, and doubtless as column after column was gone over in vain, to wonder, simple souls, how so much could be written without a word of mention touching the one in their eyes all-important. The condition of each copy when it came from the country post-office proved it to have been already thoroughly fumbled by the eager crowd which always collected around such places for the perusal of all papers not called for immediately on the opening of the mails. To such an extent was this practice sanctioned by custom, or by mutual forbearance, that if one called and found his paper missing, the tone in which he was informed "that some of the boys must have got hold of it and carried it off somewhere" showed that an explanation rather than an apology was intended. Once in the hands of the people, the papers passed swiftly from door to door as long as they held together. Between this ceaseless thumbing and the manifold household needs for paper, which had to be supplied wholly from this source, it is not to be wondered that extremely few copies are now extant.

Strange and peculiar to the times in matter and material were the weekly papers that reached us. Pregnant as the days were, space could be found only for the most salient events. Here half a column described a pitched battle; there a paragraph told all that we ever knew of a sharp skirmish, costing a hundred lives; again, a single sentence chronicled the daring and death of a dauntless handful. No one could form an idea as to what a day might bring forth.

As the press was naturally reticent respecting such matters as might dishearten friends, or encourage foes, — not even then escaping frequent threats of bridling measures at the hands of the Richmond government, — the newspaper advertisements have a peculiar value, as giving within certain limits a true, because unconscious, presentation of the condition and attitude of the people. Most of these notices, which were no less characteristic of the times than the news matter, fell under three heads: the orders of the Confederate conscription and commissary officers; notices that certain worthies, “urgently and unavoidably detained at home,” wished to hire substitutes; and rewards offered for deserters and runaway negroes. It is remarkable that in giving the approximate or probable whereabouts of the latter they were almost invariably represented as having returned to the old neighborhood from which they had once been removed, instead, as might be supposed, of making their way towards the Federal lines. The disproportion between the large quantity of land and the small number of slaves advertised for sale strikes one, under the circumstances, as very singular and unaccountable. Neither the fact that the method followed in selling the two species of property was different, nor that much land was thrown on the market owing to the proximity of the advancing Federal lines, the slaves being removed to a place of safety, will,

I think, entirely account for it. The true explanation, doubtless, lay largely in the spirit of combativeness which prompted men to cling with all the more tenacity to a species of property which they regarded as unjustly and maliciously attacked, coupled, too, with the scarcely formulated belief that if emancipation ever came, confiscation and all that was dreadful must, as a natural consequence, come hand in hand with it. To the very last the newspapers referred to the high price of slaves as a proof of the determination and confidence of the Southern people in the struggle.

The fewness of trade advertisements indicate a situation in which solicitation was incumbent on the buyer instead of the seller. An occasional cheap john, as a proof of his enterprise and philanthropy, announced that he had been able to reduce the price of coffee to \$40 a pound, sugar to \$15, nails to \$10, calico to \$10 a yard, salt to \$100 a sack, and other things to prices proportionally low. Grotesque and ironical to the last degree, and in more than one way, was an advertisement of the last winter of the war, in which an undertaker, in as lively fanfare of type as the font was then capable of, gave notice that he had just received through the blockade an assortment of mahogany coffins, with which he would be pleased to supply his friends and the public generally. However, in view of the fact that the columns were profoundly silent as to the whereabouts of food and raiment, there was unquestionably much timeliness in the tender of such wares.

After the rapid depreciation of the currency set in, no newspaper received subscriptions for more than six months in advance. With everything else at a hundred prices, \$40 per half year for the dailies, and \$20 for the weeklies, seemed strangely low. And although, between rough paper, worn type, and bad ink, they were sometimes only partially decipherable, and almost without

exception were reduced to half a sheet before the war was two years old, they nevertheless maintained a standard of excellence striking in those days of bungling attempts and lame efforts. The fact that the number of papers in North Carolina was reduced only from fifty-seven in 1861 to twenty-six in 1865, while at least nine tenths of all other business enterprises were ruined, proves journalism to have been the least unsuccessful occupation of the war period.

The Confederate currency was too remarkable a feature of the times to be omitted in any account of them. The depreciation which began spontaneously at various places was many months in becoming general; nor was it ever nearly uniform throughout the South. In the beginning it arose from no distrust of the currency itself. The great majority of the people were willing to receive, and actually did receive it at par, till the action of speculators forced up prices. Even then it passed as gold in the rural parts of North Carolina to the close of 1862. In fact, till the great twin disasters of July, 1863, destroyed ninety per cent. of the value of Confederate notes, there had been no great difference in the price of gold North and South. After that the currency sank with ever-increasing rapidity. The attempt of the Confederate Congress, by the act of February 11, 1864, to restrict the circulation by forcing the conversion into bonds of all notes over five dollars, the first of the ensuing April, under penalty of a repudiation of one third their value, proved not only futile, but really disastrous. We felt the instant effect in the destruction of thirty-three per cent. of the value of every dollar in circulation, the small notes sympathizing with the larger ones. When the new issue, of which so much had been fondly hoped, was at last uttered, it had far less purchasing power than the old before the damaging currency bill was passed. But for the de-

vice of the government in bolstering up the currency by steadily selling gold, for many months towards the last, at sixty for one, the notes must have lost even the shadow of value they retained. During 1864 returned prisoners protested that a dollar in "bluebacks" would buy more at Point Lookout than in Richmond.

Indeed, to the extreme scarcity of all goods and supplies in the South, as much as to the inflation and consequent distrust of the currency, must be ascribed its depreciation. Excepting the considerable influx of counterfeit Confederate notes smuggled through the lines from the North, there were just fifteen times as many dollars in circulation per capita, counting the population actually within the limits of the Confederacy, in January, 1864, as in the same month of 1860. The fact that specie possessed five times its normal purchasing power is an apparent but not a real refutation of this assertion. Owing to the urgent demand for specie for the blockading and smuggling trade, gold was no longer a standard of value. Some idea of the influence of this demand on the value of specie may be formed from the fact that the fall of Wilmington and the close of the blockade lessened the price of gold appreciably, although the Confederacy was tottering to its fall, with scarcely two months of life before it. Such an object of cupidity did the all-powerful silver — gold being rarely or never seen in general circulation — become to the whole people that years of vexatious experience with the unwieldy medium have hardly yet destroyed their veneration and affection for it.

As for the last two years, at least, no one hoarded or even husbanded Confederate money, it seemed a great deal more abundant than it really was. Never before, away from the gaming-table, did money ever change hands so rapidly. Each individual being bent and determined not to hold it, the whole com-

munity was on the rack to keep the last dollar in circulation. That this should have been at all difficult, in face of the exorbitant prices that prevailed, is sufficient proof of the extreme scarcity of everything that man needs or wishes. A young subaltern in Richmond, in 1864, who, on a day's furlough, before leaving for camp, went into a restaurant to disencumber himself of \$400 in "Jeff Davis shucks," and to make doubly sure took two acquaintances with him, found, when the reckoning came, after a by no means sumptuous repast, that he had not only succeeded in doing so, but had incurred an indebtedness of \$800 besides. Then indeed money burned every pocket. If there was anything that the people valued less than money I never heard of it. A practical treatise pointing out reliable ways of spending money would doubtless have had as many students then as one giving the opposite process now.

The very appearance of the majority of the notes in circulation was calculated to destroy the traditionary respect of the people for money. While the execution of some of the larger Confederate notes was, under the circumstances, of extraordinary merit, the popular complaint that the smaller bills and fractional currency, especially the state notes, did not even look like money was a just one. At their lowest ebb, neither in material nor execution would they have reflected credit on a village printing-office. A few months' use sufficed pretty thoroughly to efface the letterpress, and at the same time to reduce the note to as many fragments as there had been creases in it, which fragments were commonly kept together by being pasted on a backing of newspaper, homespun cloth, or other material that came to hand.

While the abnormal economic condition of which I have endeavored to give the most prominent features imposed more or less hardship on all, it bore

very unequally on people of different occupations. The professional class and those who worked for salaries and wages naturally fared worst at a time when the struggle for bare existence taxed the energies of the majority to the utmost, and when the value of money was the most uncertain thing in a situation where nothing was certain. Besides, although the price of the necessities of life increased fifty and a hundred fold, professional emoluments, salaries, and wages advanced not more than ten, rarely more than five, fold. The monthly pay of a Confederate foot-soldier — \$15 a month, and that oftener than not in arrears — would, for many months preceding Lee's surrender, have barely sufficed, in Richmond, to buy a pound of bacon to eke out his pitiful rations, or a swallow of poor whiskey to induce momentary forgetfulness of hunger, although, perchance, in Raleigh, at times, that amount might have put him in possession of both. The sum of \$50, which the privates received annually in commutation for clothing, was, when the method was abolished, hardly less inadequate than his pay. As the currency depreciated, even civilians, who could command some increase of pay, found that prices so outgrew their salaries that, if obliged to depend on them alone, they remained hopelessly impecunious. However, any one with the opportunity and inclination to speculate — which, in view of the fact that there was nothing but the bare necessities of life in which to speculate, was held a shameful thing — found little trouble in making more money than he could use. At the same time that the speculators were cudgeling their brains to devise new ways of spending the flood of Confederate money that poured in on them, the families of soldiers, and even of officers, unless they had independent means of support, were reduced to penury, and but for the charity of neighbors, and the aid extended by the State in furnishing them food at cost, or, in

extreme cases, without charge, must have starved. The concentration of refugees within the Confederate limits, as the Federal lines advanced, increased still faster the constantly widening disproportion between demand and supply in all the essentials of life.

As has been aptly said, necessities became luxuries; and there were no comforts. It is such tests as these that reveal the wide differences between our real and imaginary needs. Many families who before the war had held it impossible to live on less than one thousand dollars a year found now that a sum with the purchasing power of one twentieth of that amount not only sufficed to keep soul and body together, but that enough was left to enable them to give a meal to every Confederate soldier who came within their reach. Meanwhile, the women of the household, the men being at the front or perhaps dead, after performing such domestic duties as were indispensable, devoted every moment to gratuitous work for the soldiers, usually giving the material—sheets, valances, curtains, carpets, shawls, and woolen dresses, the accumulations of better days—from which the articles were made. Many families lived mainly on sorghum and sweet-potatoes. Cases were known in which a sick person, the recipient of some chance delicacy, transmitted it to another, regarded in still greater need of it, who did likewise; and after passing in turn through various hands, till all knowledge of the first donor was lost, it came back to the house from which it started. In keeping with the severe economy of the times was the action of the boarding-schools, which, in order that the students might be deterred from taking more food than they could eat, imposed a penalty on all who left anything on their plates.

It would be a strong arraignment of the wastefulness of a normal period to compare the quantity of even the most

indispensable staple used per head with that used, say, in 1864, could either be exactly known. The straggling Confederate who, when detected in a persimmon-tree by his commanding officer, the fruit being yet unripe and powerfully astringent, declared in extenuation that he was compelled to draw up his stomach to fit his rations, described in homely phrase a process of which there was very wide need.

Fortunate were those who were producers and as little dependent as possible on the caprice and uncertainties of markets. Not only did the difficulty of transportation and the consequent inequality of distribution cause the greatest diversity of prices to prevail in the State, or even in a much more restricted area,—it was not uncommon to find a difference of fifty or seventy-five per cent. in prices at places not fifty miles apart, both being on the railroad,—but one could form no idea one day what he would have to pay the next, nor was there any certainty that he would be able to buy at all. Guided by rumor, a veritable Ariel in those days and on such errands, he might set out with one hundred dollars in pocket to buy a sack of salt, a pair of cotton cards, or even two barrels of corn or ten pounds of bacon, and learn on reaching the distant store, even if the coveted articles turned not out to be myths, that the whole stock had been exhausted the first half day, or that the merchant, falling suddenly into doubt as to finding opportunity to reinvest his money, had doubled prices, or closed his doors and refused to sell at all.

Feuds strangely characteristic of the times sometimes arose between neighboring places. The speculators from one town, making a sudden foray into another, would strip it of everything that money could buy, carrying off their spoil for a profit. As a consequence, prices in the raided town leaped up a hundred per cent. at a bound, even if

a downright famine did not ensue. A storm of indignation arose. The newspapers inveighed against it, the people resented it, and the feelings thus engendered in some instances outlived the war.

Even in the larger towns it was a rare thing for the stores to stand open regularly. When a merchant could find anything to sell he opened his doors, disposed of it quickly, and closed while in quest of another stock. Especially was this the case if he sold only blockade goods. Some managed to do a less spasmodic business by dealing in rude articles of country manufacture, including always the ubiquitous sorghum.

We now came to regard the character of the North Carolina coast, so long deplored as a bar to her commercial prosperity, much in the nature of a divine blessing, foreordained from the beginning to be her salvation at this the supreme crisis of her fate. We felt that the sands and storms at the mouth of Cape Fear and the wild sea off Hatteras, rendering a thorough blockade impossible, were as powerful allies of the South as the one hundred and twenty odd thousand men the State sent to the field. Especial interest was taken in the state steamer, the *Ad-Vance*. Her safety was an object of scarcely less solicitude than that of a Southern army. In the poorest log cabin in the land, the minds of whose simple occupants had before traveled scarcely a dozen miles from home, the name of this steamer was a household word, inseparably associated with the priceless salt and cotton cards on which the very existence of the family depended. Prayers for her safety went up from every quarter, — from gray-headed deacons and from children who were babes in arms when Sumter was fired on. Not a few saw the hand of Providence in her long immunity from harm. Many a grudge was scored against the Richmond authorities, when in September, 1864, she

was taken off Hatteras. Having had to surrender her anthracite to a Confederate cruiser, she had been obliged to put to sea with bituminous coal, which, lessening her speed and by its denser smoke betraying her whereabouts, led to her capture.

But blockade running, like the divers other schemes of the times on which so many hopes were built, proved fruitful mostly in disappointment. We were ever on the eve of an era of plenty from this source, but foreign recognition itself was not more of a mirage. Although the Confederate Congress early in 1864 prohibited the importation of luxuries, among which were numbered the finer fabrics of cotton and wool, in order that all possible space might be devoted to bringing in the prime necessities of life, and we were assured that swift steamers, painted a light blue to blend with the hues of sea and sky, stole in and out the Cape Fear at the rate of ten a month, less than one in eleven being taken, we at last awoke to the fact that these supplies were but as a drop of water to a wretch dying of thirst. Then there was always more or less of a scrimmage over the cargoes of the blockade runners, and it required the alertness and push of a person on the spot, as well as Confederate money *ad libitum*, to put one in possession of anything like a stock of merchandise. Non-combatants were chary of trips from home, in those unsettled times. If a man's age did not clearly place him beyond the conscription limits, the main object of his life, from which not even the passion for speculation could for a moment seduce him, was to avoid the conscription officers, whose methods were usually as summary as their power was untrammelled. As a consequence, the modicum of foreign goods that came in was not distributed even to the extent of which the deranged state of transportation would have admitted, the bulk of them going to the larger places.

Thus straitened were the people on whom were imposed the enormous taxes necessary to the maintenance of war, — burdens which grew ever heavier, as the people became poorer. In an estimate made in the beginning of 1865, it was reckoned that the government would require for the support of the war that year a sum more than twice as great as the total circulation of the South. The Confederate tax was then five per cent. on all property, twenty per cent. on incomes and profits in trade, besides a special tax on hundreds of other articles, heavy in proportion as they could be construed to be luxuries. But long before this the government had seen that something more tangible than even an unlimited amount of its own notes, with their shadowy values, was indispensable to its existence. The tithing system had been established as early as April, 1863. This exacted a tenth of all farm produce not absolutely too perishable for transportation, sweet-potatoes included. When tithes and taxes combined proved inadequate, as they soon did, recourse was had to the last resource of impressment. When the restrictions by which the impressing power was surrounded, forbidding the seizure of provisions virtually from any save speculators, and even then, if on the way to market, prescribing a tedious method of appraisement, bade fair to render utterly barren this *dernier resort*, the Confederate agents ignored all trammels, and summarily impressed supplies wherever they could be found, paying for them at schedule rates, which were usually about one fourth the market price.

The most vehement protest of the state press could never administer more

than a temporary check to this practice. Among other things impressed were all pleasure horses, to be used in cavalry service, and all firearms of every description, except a gun for each household.

In addition to the national taxes, tithes, and impressments enumerated above, the State of North Carolina, which, besides ministering largely to the wants of her sons in the regular service, maintained a considerable armament of her own, consisting of boys and old men not within the Confederate conscription limits, also levied a tax of two per cent. on all property, and at the close of the war was on the eve of exacting half a tithe additional. She also drafted slaves and free negroes, as she had need of them, for work on the fortifications. Although the slaves were impressed for only short periods, and their labor was paid for as liberally as the authorities paid for anything, this created more discontent and disaffection than any other measure of that trying time. So morbidly sensitive had the people become in regard to this species of property that not even a friendly hand could touch it in the direst extremity without giving offense. So manifest was this spirit that the press taunted the slave-holders with being more willing to risk the lives of their sons than the value of their slaves in the support of the cause.

How all these exactions were met, all these burdens borne, is one of those problems which inexorable necessity alone has ever been able to solve. That they were cheerfully borne, and that through all hardships and grievances the belief of the great mass of the people in the Confederacy survived to the end, are incontestable facts.

David Dodge.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XIX.

GWINNAN, upon recovering consciousness, showed no retrospective interest in the scene at the depot. He remarked imperatively to the physician whom he found in attendance that it was necessary for him to leave during the afternoon, — in fact, as soon as possible, — to hold court in a distant county. He added, for the instruction of the doctor, that the clerk could open court, and had no doubt done so on Monday and Tuesday, and would be obliged to repeat this on Wednesday, without the presence of the presiding judge, but Thursday was the last day for which the statute had provided the alternative. He evidently expected that if the physician had any flimsy objections he would withdraw them before this grave necessity, understanding that this was no time for the indulgence of professional whimsies.

There was something so arrogantly disregardful of any other claims upon his attention, so belittling of merely corporeal considerations, that the physician would have been a little less than medical had he been able to repress a certain sense of domination as he answered, "Well, that happened more than two weeks ago, judge, and I reckon court was adjourned over to the next term."

Gwinnan became aware with a sort of amaze that the hands he lifted did not seem his own; that his head was light and giddy, or dully aching; that he was fretful and helpless; that no manner of respect was paid to his views. He was hardly pleased by the exchange of identity with this ill-adjusted, listless, forlorn being; the less when he finally grew able to stand upon his feet again, and was informed that for the next month or so he must do nothing but seek to interest and entertain the invalid, to see

that he forbore to dwell on business, to seek to occupy his attention with passing events, to divert him with trifles.

It might have seemed even to others an arduous task to amuse with incidents a man whose every waking moment was occupied by principles. So completely had his rarefied, almost impersonal judicial ambition, his pride of office, his solicitous reverence of its dignity, attenuated his sense of self that he cared little for Gwinnan as a man; he respected him as a judge. He had held himself sedulously to his aspirations; as it were on his knees, he had served his vocation day and night. It was to him as essential an organic constituent of his being as the lungs; he could ill live without it, even for a time. Perhaps he might not have made the effort had not the physician warned him that he might never be fit for business, never again sit upon the bench, should he overexert himself now, before recovering from the effect of those terrible blows upon the skull. He became suddenly tractable, wistful, and turned mournfully to the search of light entertainment. He assented with a dreary docility to the prescription of a change of air and scene. He accepted without demur, with a dull sense of endurance, the plan briskly devised for him to spend a week or two in Nashville, and if he did not recuperate rapidly to go thence South for the winter. He was not given to scanning his own mental poses and adjusting them to some theory of symmetry; he could but feel, however, as if he were already dead, stalking among scenes in which he had no interest, half-heartedly mingling with men whose every instinct was as far removed from the spirit that swayed him as if some essential condition of existence divided them. It was with a truly post-mortem

indifference he listened to the talk of his friends who sought him out during his stay in Nashville, — very interesting talk, doubtless, but purposeless, inefficacious; they cited neither case nor section. He preferred to sit alone and idle before the blazing coal fire in his own room, — expressionless with the stereotyped hotel furniture; now and then he roused himself, with a conscientious start, when he found his mind revolving like a moth around some *scintilla juris* which had especial attraction for him.

He had experienced a sense of reluctant relinquishment to find how the weeks had fled during his illness. Winter had advanced; the Cumberland River was full of floating ice; the town had the shrunken, deserted, torpid aspect common to every Southern city when the snow is on the ground. No one was abroad without absolute necessity except the English sparrow, prosperous exile. In the hope of varying the tedium, one evening, Gwinnan sat down in one of the arm-chairs drawn close to the balustrade of the corridor overlooking the rotunda. It was a coigne of vantage from which all the life of the hotel was visible. Below, at the desk, the in-coming travelers were registering their names; the click of billiards was a cheerful incident of the atmosphere, with the rising of the fumes of many a cigar. On the opposite corridor the clatter of dishes could be heard from the dining-room, and occasionally there emerged gentlemen and tooth-picks. The rumble of the elevator sounded ceaselessly, and now and then fluttering founcess issued from its door which was visible down a cross-hall.

Behind Gwinnan the great windows opened upon the snowy street. He could see the white roofs opposite gleam dimly against the nebulous sky. Carriage-lamps sometimes flashed past, yellow, lucent with jeweled effects. An electric light hard by flamed with a fibrous radiance, and empurpled the black night,

and conjured circles, mystically white, far-reaching into the snow. The plate-glass gave a reflection of his long lank figure and the red velvet arm-chair, and of the innumerable children of the place, racing about, unrestrained, in white frocks, much bedizened. There was a dog among them, a poodle, in his white frock too, accoutered also with a sharp, shrill cry, and swiftly gamboling despite much fat. He had as independent an aspect as if he knew that all the legislators crowded into all the caucuses in the city could not compass a dog-law that would interfere with his pretty liberty, or place a tax on his frizzy head. The sovereign people would have none of it. And so the obnoxious law stands repealed, and the dog-star is in the ascendant. Now and then he came and sat at Gwinnan's feet, with a lolling tongue and panting sides.

There had been a caucus in the reading-room of the hotel, and presently the doors, opening upon the corridor, began to disgorge knots of men, some of whom walked off together, others stood in discussion. Now and then one was seized by a lobbyist, lying in wait. Gwinnan was aware of Harshaw's presence before he saw him: a liquid, gurgling, resonant laugh, and then the floater, accompanied by a colleague into whose arm he had hooked his own, came through the door. His hat was thrust on the back of his yellow head; he stroked his long yellow beard, with a gesture of self-satisfaction; his face was broad, and animated, and pink with prosperity.

Fortune was favoring Mr. Harshaw, and few men have ever basked in her smiles so appreciatively. He had attained the reputation of being very influential in the House. His coöperation was eagerly sought. In truth, as a wire-puller he had developed marked dexterity, and there were precious few things that Mr. Harshaw could not accomplish in a caucus. He did a little "log-

rolling," but he was chary of the interchange of favors, carrying his point usually by persistence and pugnacity, and he possessed tremendous staying power as a debater. He had a certain barbaric delight in oppression; having become possessed of the opportunity, he used it often when neither he nor his constituents had anything to gain. He took advantage of his ascendancy to pay off many old grudges, some of them of a purely arbitrary construction and æsthetic nature. He was in some sort aware that his colleagues were ashamed of his rough manners, his bullying, his coarse onslaughts, in which, being of the same political party, they were often constrained to appear as his supporters. He continually alluded to himself as if he were of peculiarly humble origin, representing himself as being *of* the People, *from* the People, and *for* the People, and forcing the conclusion that the other members from his region were bloated aristocrats. Nevertheless, whoever would go to the state Senate next session, it was safe to say that the demagogue had assured his own nomination; for merit had a fine chance to be modest, as behooves it, while Mr. Harshaw was shaping the future by manipulating the present.

And now suddenly he was not quite sure that he wanted the nomination. In these days, while he divided his time between the beautiful Capitol building and one of the hostleries of the town, which was in his rural estimation hardly less magnificent, he meditated much upon Mink's assault upon Judge Gwinnan in the depot of Glaston. Not in the interest of his client; even the most solicitous of counsel could not be expected to occupy his attention with the fate of the wayward Mink, who had passed beyond his aid. Mink's deed did not in truth seem to Harshaw so very much amiss. Of course he recognized its moral turpitude, being one of those cognizable by the law, but he also per-

ceived in it the finger of Providence, — laid somewhat heavily, it must be confessed, on Gwinnan. He speculated deeply, despite his other absorptions, on who would probably be elected to supply Gwinnan's place, in case of the death of the wounded incumbent, and he reflected that he himself as a lawyer was highly esteemed in that circuit, for he had a large practice throughout the region, and that moreover, by a certain fortuitous circumstance, he was eligible for the position; although his law office was in Shaftesville, he lived on his farm which was several miles distant, just within the boundaries of Kildeer County, one of the judicial circuits over which Gwinnan presided. Apart from his repute at the bar, he was well known to the people at large through certain popular measures he had advocated. He devoted himself to these with renewed ardor. He never allowed himself to view with a vacillating mind any course, however obviously salutary, when he had once discovered with a keen instinct that it was unlikely to secure the approval of the masses. Nevertheless, he applied his tact with such success that this foregone conclusion was not readily apparent, and he was continually beset for his influence. He had a secret gratulation that he was held in special veneration by the lobbyists. He could ill maintain the aspect of unwilling captive, when he was waylaid and button-holed, and his attention eagerly entreated for certain measures. As an anxious-faced man, who had evidently been awaiting him, stepped forward now, glancing with a casual apology at his friend, who walked on, Harshaw's reluctant pause, his frown, his important bored sufferance, were as fine histrionically as if he were playing at being a statesman on a stage, — which, indeed, he was.

He listened with a divided mind to the outpouring of the lobbyist, his opaque blue eyes fixed in seeming de-

liberation upon the chandelier hanging down into the rotunda below, his exceedingly red lips pursed up in a pucker of dubitation. Now and then he patted the toe of one boot on the floor meditatively. Occasionally he looked his interlocutor full in the face, asking a question, presumably a poser; then he would triumphantly thrust out his very red tongue, and his resonant, burly laugh would vibrate above the dancing of the overdressed children, and the riotous barking of the dog, and the tinkling waltzes played by a band of musicians ranged about the fountain in the rotunda. His entertainment in his own self-importance and posings was so absorbing that the lobbyists and the advocates of many measures were often at a loss to know how best to reach Mr. Harshaw's desire to serve his country; for he did not love money, and his integrity, as far as it was concerned, was above suspicion.

All at once genuine interest suddenly usurped these feignings on his face. His eye fell on Judge Gwinnan walking along the corridor, and leaning upon a stout cane. He looked very thin, very pale, taller than before, and somehow his face was more youthful with the wistfulness of illness upon it, his hair clipped close, and the black patch on his head. He moved slowly, and with little spirit.

Harshaw stepped briskly forward, with a curt "Excuse me" to the lobbyist, taking no reproach for leaving him with his mouth open, for it seemed his normal condition.

"Why judge," Harshaw exclaimed, with his bluff familiarity, "you look bloomin'!" He was about to stretch out his hand, but desisted, noticing that Gwinnan held his hat in one hand, and leaned upon his stick with the other. He took the judge by the elbow, as he walked a few steps with him. A dim image of the pair paced along in the plate-glass windows, as if their doubles

were stalking without in the snow in scenes of which they were unconscious. "I had no idea you were pulling together so fast," he continued, scanning the face which was almost spectral in its attenuation and pallor, in close contrast to his own fat floridity of countenance, his red lips, his gleaming white teeth, his mane of yellow hair, and his dense yellow beard. His wide, black soft hat stuck on the back of his head accented his high color. "But I declare, it's worth while for a man to get hit over the head to find out how important he is, and how he is esteemed. I never knew more profound sympathy and indignation than the affair excited. As to myself, I felt it especially, as I had taken so much stock in that rascally client of mine."

There was a pause. Gwinnan made no reply. His face was turned toward Harshaw with a certain unresponsiveness, an inscrutable questioning, a cadaverous gravity. His hollow eyes were very bright and large. Somehow they put Harshaw out of countenance. Something there was in their expression beyond his skill to decipher. He became a trifle embarrassed, and yet he could not have said why. He went on at random. He had observed that a number of people were remarking them. There was nothing strange in the peripatetic method that the interview had taken upon itself, but suddenly he found it odd that Gwinnan had not paused.

"That fellow, Mink Lorey, is a most extraordinary and unexpected kind of scamp," Harshaw proceeded uneasily, making talk. "To my certain knowledge, he cared so little about the girl that he refused to see her when she came to visit him in jail. But the idea of another man admiring her seemed to set him wild."

Gwinnan stopped short.

"What girl?" he asked, in his soft, inexpressive drawl.

"The girl that testified, — Alethea Sayles," said Harshaw, relieved that

Gwinnan had spoken, striving for his old bluff assurance, but still conscious that he had lost his tact. "She was pretty, very pretty indeed, and you were not alone in having the good taste to notice it. The rest of us did n't have to pay for it with a broken head, though, eh, judge? Ha! ha!"

There was a moment's pause.

"Mr. Harshaw," said Gwinnan, leaning against one of the great pillars, the reflection in the plate-glass duplicating the posture on the snowy sidewalk, as if that other self, liberated and in isolated independence, busied in different scenes, now meditated, and now spoke, and now lifted a fiery glance, "I will take this opportunity to tell you that I believe you to be an egregious liar, and I know you for an arrant hypocrite."

"Sir!" cried Harshaw, starting back, tingling from the words as if they were blows. He made an instinctive gesture toward his pistol pocket; it was empty. He was acutely conscious of the men who pressed a little nearer, noticing the excitement.

Gwinnan's voice had a singular carrying quality, and every deliberate, low-toned word was distinct.

"I repudiate your professions of friendship. I despise your protestations of sympathy. If your threats at the court-house door at Shaftesville had been earlier repeated to me, ludicrously impotent as they are, you should never have approached me again. Now," — his voice broke suddenly, in his feebleness and excitement, and was thin and tremulous and shrill, — "keep out of my way, or I will beat you with this stick like a dog!"

Gwinnan had lifted the stick, and shook it threateningly in his trembling hand. Harshaw, with his own reasons for declining to give the first blow, could only shrink and wince in anticipation. The stick did not descend on him, however, for Gwinnan turned, and, leaning on it, made his way down the corridor

among the wondering men, who slowly opened an aisle for him in their midst.

XX.

It was a confused scene which Gwinnan had left. Harshaw's friends pressed about him, animated equally, perhaps, by curiosity and surprise. His self-restraint had given way. He swore with every breath he drew, repeating, in answer to questions, the unlucky threat over and again. "I said that he would be impeached, and that I would introduce the resolution in the House myself. And so, by God, I will!"

His face was hot and scarlet. The perspiration stood out on his forehead. He ground his teeth and clenched his hands. He would walk forward a few unsteady steps, then pause to reiterate and explain, and swear that if Gwinnan were not at death's door he would cowhide him within an inch of his life. The progress of the group, slow as it was, with these frequent interruptions, was in the direction of the stairs. It was chiefly composed of members of the legislature, and, there being a night session, they mechanically took their way to the Capitol. A few gentlemen lounging about the corridor were watching their exit with the gusto of disinterested spectators, as they disappeared down the staircase, reappearing below in the rotunda, — Harshaw still in the van, his florid face bloated with rage, his hat on the back of his head, his hands thrust in the pockets of his trousers. His friends wore a becoming gravity, but Harshaw was too thoroughly a man of this world not to know how much more they valued the diversion he furnished than his interests as affected thereby. They all crossed the office, and disappeared finally through the street door, and the spectators on the corridor shifted their postures, and tipped off the ash grown long on their cigars, and commented.

"Biggest blatherskite out of hell, Harshaw is," remarked a young fellow, who flung himself diagonally into a seat, hanging his long legs over one arm of the chair and resting his back against the other. He put his cigar into his mouth, and puffed at his ease. He had a pale face, thin dark hair, irregular features, straight black eyebrows, and wide, restless black eyes, quickly glancing, with a suggestion of melancholy. He was handsomely dressed, although he wore his clothes with a slouching, irreverent air, as if he gave his attire scant heed. Despite their cut and quality, there was nothing dapper about him. He had a lank, listless white hand and a foot singularly long and narrow. His forehead was remarkably high, austere, and almost noble; one might look in vain for correlative expressions in the other features. He was languid and inattentive, but this manner suggested affectation, for it did not eliminate the idea of energy. He smoked a great deal, and drank not much, but discriminately; he was proud of seeming reckless, and of being more reckless than he seemed. He had other qualities more genial. He knew a good dog when he saw him. He knew a good horse, and he loved him. He was the possessor of a liberal hand and a long purse. He had an enthusiastic admiration of fine principles, and he had — the pity of it! — his own definition of fine principles. He entertained a horror of anything base, and he had a command of very strong language to characterize it. He arrogated to himself the finer attributes. He strained for the heroic poise. He would feel nothing, believe nothing, do nothing, that was unbecoming of what he esteemed the noblest expression of man and gentleman. Nevertheless he had no serious objects in life, no absorbing ambition, no ability to originate. But he could espouse another man's cause with a fervor of unselfishness. The excitements and vicissi-

tudes of the affairs of others rejoiced the voids of his capacities for emotion. He was of the stuff of which adherents are made, essentially a partisan. His prototypes have ridden in the ranks of every losing cause since the world began. He was of the essence of those who are born for freaks of valor, for vagrant enthusiasms, for misguided fantastic feuds, for revolution. One need have no special powers of divination to know that he was a man who must die in his boots.

"Do you think, sir, that Mr. Harshaw had no foundation for his threat," said an elderly granger, who leaned against a pillar, — "no foundation for this charge against Judge Gwinnan?"

"Gwinnan may have ruled against him a time or two," said Kinsard. "That's about the size of it."

He had a pedigree as long as his favorite colt's, but this was the way he talked.

"It is a gross slander, then; it implies a stealage, or taking a bribe, or some malfeasance in office, — the judicial office," said one of the by-standers.

"It was very shabby in Harshaw to say it; then, thinking Gwinnan had never heard of it, to go fawning up, pretending to be so mighty friendly," rejoined another.

Kinsard's black eyes turned slowly from one speaker to the other.

"If I had been Judge Gwinnan, I would have killed him for it," he said, with his cigar held lightly between his fingers. "I would have spilt his brains, not his blood; and I would have had some scientific man to find the precise section of the brain structure which ideated that theory, and I would have had it comminuted, and vaporized, and transmuted into nothingness."

He spoke with calmness, as if these things were done every day for the vengeful in Tennessee.

The granger took off his spectacles suddenly. He wanted to see this ex-

traordinary young man, who he had an idea was too dangerous to be at large.

The others looked at him with a less serious air. They had heard him talk before.

"Well," said a certain Mr. Forsey, also a young man, who had dropped upon the broad window-seat and lounged there, holding one knee in his clasped hands, and smoking too, "do you think Harshaw would have ventured to say it if there were no foundation for it, — if Gwinnan had done nothing to suggest such a proceeding? What motive had Harshaw?"

He was a different manner of man. He had close-cut fair hair, a face broad across the cheek-bones and narrow at the chin, sparse whiskers and a light gray, wide-open eye. He had a sedulously neat appearance, a soft tread, and delicate white hands, in one of which he held his hat.

"What motive? What motive for slander? Go to first principles. Gwinnan has got something that Harshaw wants." He put his cigar into his mouth and went on talking as he held it fast between his teeth. "What fools we all are! We make laws against predatory beasts and decree their extermination. Pay a bounty for the scalps of the marauding men, I say, — the sharp fellows who ravage and pillage and have contrived so far to keep the law on their side. But pshaw!" he shifted his legs over the arm of the chair impatiently. "He can't hurt Gwinnan. Talk can't compass the impeachment of a judge. Gwinnan is one of the strongest men on the bench. Made the stiffest show that ever was seen when he ran against old Judge Burns, who had sat on the bench in that circuit till everybody thought he owned it. Old man could have mortgaged the bench, — could have raised money on it, I have n't a doubt. Gwinnan could n't have beat Burns, if he had n't been above reproach and suspicion; it's a tremendous thing to upset

an old fixture like that. Gwinnan is a sound lawyer and a splendid man."

Mr. Kinsard's views, as his colleagues in the legislature had discovered to their confusion, were apt to confirm his hearers in the opposite opinion. A bill was much safer when he arrayed himself against it. Mr. Forsey was not convinced that so serious a charge would have been made with absolutely nothing to support it. The idea of the blurtings of an uncontrolled rage occurred to neither of them. Forsey sat looking so steadily at the dapper toe of his boot for a time, and yet with so stealthy a stillness, that it might have suggested the bated exultation of a cat that had had a glimpse of a frisking mouse in that neighborhood, and was waiting to pounce upon it.

"Judge Gwinnan has the reputation," gravely remarked the granger, who looked as if he might be a pillar of the church, "of being a very upright man, a most worthy man, and a Christian gentleman."

"Of course he is," said Kinsard; "no question about it, and nobody but a fool would have thought of anything else. I am going to introduce a bill," he added seriously, "to make the fool-killer a State officer. We need him in Tennessee more than a geologist, or a governor, or anybody but a sheriff. A fool-killer ought to be on the State payroll."

No one said anything further, for Kinsard was lazily pulling himself out of the contortions into which he had sunk in the chair.

He was very striking when he stood at his full height. There was an air of spirit and dash and bravery about him very engaging to the imagination. His high, broad forehead gave nobility and seriousness to a face that would otherwise have been only sparkling, or sneering, or melancholy, as his mood dictated. There was something essentially untamable in his eyes. But for the finality of

this obvious limitation one might have hoped that should he wear out his fiery, fantastic, erratic spirit, should some blow subdue it and give it into his control, there were great gifts there awaiting development denied. He was aware of them in some sort; he bore himself as a man endowed with some splendor of preëminence. And others accorded it. Youth has much credit given to its promise, despite that it so often falls in the bud or fails in the fruit. But it rarely has so brilliant a prospect as here; and after he had strolled off at a leisurely, swinging gait, saying that he was going to the House, where a bill was coming up that he wanted to kill, they all looked after him, and commented on him, and called him a fine, high-minded young man, and said it was a good thing for young fellows to have political ambition, and it was dying out among that class generally, who were too fond of making money and of using their time to their own advantage.

He stood for a moment on the steps of the hotel, drawing on his gloves. Despite the snow, there was a faint suggestion of spring in the air. A thaw had set in. He heard drops slowly pattering down from the cornice above. The blue-white splendors of the electric light, with its myriad fine and filar rays whorled out into the darkness, showed a deserted street. A carriage, looking with its two lamps like some watchful-eyed monster, pulled up in front of the door, and the colored driver, with a wide display of a toothful grin, alighted with a "Want a hack, boss?"

"Jim, Tom — oh, it's Dick," said Kinsard, glancing at the dusky face in the lamplight; he knew all the colored folks in town. "Well, drive me to the Capitol, and don't be all night about it, either."

He flung himself upon the seat, lifted his long, slender feet to the opposite cushions, and with a complete collapse of anatomy resigned himself to

the transit. The vehicle moved from the curb with something of the sound of a boat pushing off from shore, so splashing was its progress through the deep slush of the streets. The hoofbeats of the horses were muffled; the voice of the driver sounded, and was still again. Kinsard smoked in idle abstraction, hardly thinking, perhaps, even of his mission and the slaughter of the "innocent William," as he slangily called the bill which he intended to kill. When the carriage had climbed the Capitol hill, on which the fair edifice towered; glimmering vaguely white against the purple night, its rows of illuminated windows all a gleaming yellow, and casting dim shafts of light adown the snowy slopes of the grounds below, he roused himself and looked up. Even after he had alighted and ascended the long flights of stone steps, between the groups of great figures that stand beneath the flaring gas lamps, he turned, and more than once walked the length of the stately portico, gazing down with a vague attraction he could hardly have explained at the snowy roofs of the city, on its many hills, amidst the dun-colored intervals of the streets and the misty depressions. The heavens were purple above it; the stars palpitated in the infinite distances; a late moon was rising. He recognized the outline of Fort Negley to the south against the sky; he saw the steely gleam of the river. Spires, long glancing lines of light, domes, turrets, mansard roofs, mingled in picturesque fantasies of architecture. A bell rang out a mellow note; the icy air had crystalline vibrations. Here and there the aureola of unseen electric lights, the mere fringes of lustre, seemed the rising of some more cheerful orb; for melancholy hung upon the progress of the moon. In the tower of some public building Time lifted a smiling face in an illuminated dial, and far away to the west he saw a planet touch a spire, in an unprophesied conjunction. The lights

of homes, yellow, steady, gleaming in some fantastic braidery of form, seemed themselves a constellation of more genial suggestion than the pallid keener clustered scintillations of the chimeras of the skies. The gilded cross of the cathedral held aloft over the city was sublimated in the moonbeams and the fair nocturnal influences; it was mystic, effulgent, seeming to radiate light like the consecrated sign in a vision. He did not feel the cold; he stood for a long time, with his hands in his pockets, his overcoat falling back on his shoulders, watching with his restless eyes the quiet snowy town suffused with dreamy yellow light and pervaded by long, pensive shadows. Suddenly he turned, and went within.

The House of Representatives presented a spectacle not altogether unprecedented in his experience. A spirited debate was in progress. Sixteen men were trying to speak at once. The seventeenth earnest orator was forcibly held in his chair by his friends. The speaker's gavel sounded continuously, and with the cries of "Question" aided the coherency of the discussion. Other members were talking in low tones of alien matters; here and there a knot stood in earnest discussion. One had fallen asleep. His snores might have been generally noticed but for the commotion. Kinsard glanced at him as he took his seat close by.

"That's the best oratorical effort I ever heard McKimmon make," he said to a friend. "Observe how he sticks to the point: iterative, it is true; tautology might be urged against it as mere diction; but I admire its simplicity, its comprehensibility, its continuity. There are no digressions; nothing is done for effect; plain, cogent, impressive. It is a fine display of natural eloquence." His colleague burst out laughing, and Kinsard looked at him in apparent surprise, lifting his straight black eyebrows a little. Then he asked if the bill to re-

move the county seat of Kildeer County had yet been reached.

"No," said his friend, "but Harshaw has been around here after you three or four times."

The speaker's gavel had succeeded in securing order, and now the sixteen men's statements and counter-statements were elicited in decorous routine. The sudden cessation of noise roused Mr. McKimmon, whose somnolency ended in a snort and a conviction that he had not closed his eyes. He perceived a suspicion to the contrary in the minds of his nearest neighbors, and he could not account for it.

After the Assembly had voted upon the question of public policy which had so agitated it, various minor bills were taken up, and there was a good deal of quiet movement, groups of two or three colloquing together here and there, and Harshaw came up again to talk to Kinsard.

"I want to know whether you'll co-operate with us against the bill for moving the county seat of Kildeer County."

He stood leaning one arm upon Kinsard's desk; the other was akimbo. He knitted his brow meditatively, and pursed up his red lips, and looked not at Kinsard, but at his inkstand. He had not altogether recovered from the rebuff so publicly given in the hotel corridor.

It is always a misfortune when a man of Harshaw's stamp has to contend with any degree of injustice. He had repeated to Gwinnan the truth, and for it he had been given the lie direct in circumstances under which he could not resent it; even the original threat was only the blurtings of an honest rage and for another man's sake. He was clever in adroitly justifying means and ends. To be armed with the truth, a genuine grievance, endowed him with a force, a self-respect, all-potent in their way, and a wonderful driving-wheel in an already lubricated and too alert machinery. He had an imperative, serious air which

seemed to intimate to Mr. Kinsard that this was no time for fooling.

Kinsard was eccentric, ill-balanced. He was made up of prejudices, and he obeyed the impulse of the moment as other men obey interest or law. He was not predisposed in Harshaw's favor. He took a different view of the scene upon which Harshaw presumed. He looked up, a whimsical light in his grave eyes, as he allowed Harshaw to waste his breath in urging him to vote against a bill which he was already pledged to kill.

"The county line of those portions taken from Cherokee and Kildeer counties to form a new county in no instance approaches the county seat of Kildeer within eleven miles. There is no use for the people of Kildeer to commit the extravagance of a new court-house when they already have one, — a frame building, it is true, but spacious."

He looked very spacious himself, as he stood erect and waved his arm, the mental vision of the commodious Temple of Justice of Kildeer before him.

"Then, sir, it is thought there may be a railroad to the present county seat, a branch of the T. C. V., which will aid in developing the resources of the country."

"Well, I don't believe in railroads," said Kinsard, unexpectedly. "Whenever they get to talking about running a railroad from one little town where there is nothing to another little town where that nothing is not wanted, I understand it as developing the resources of the country."

Harshaw was not in a mood to be bantered.

"Mr. Kinsard," he said, "you are either a fool absolute, or you think I am."

"As far as you are concerned," said Kinsard with mock courtesy, "I have the highest opinion of your intelligence; ergo, it is more than probable that I *am* a fool."

Harshaw endeavored to recover himself. He reassumed his more genial manner. "Admit that we are a choice brace. Well, now, we want you on our side; all the solid, substantial people of Kildeer County are arrayed against it."

"Oh, there are some solid citizens for it," said Kinsard perversely, "or you'd be willing for it to be put to the popular vote."

Harshaw looked keenly at him. "Judge Gwinnan has been talking to you, has n't he? We've had to fight his influence all the way through."

"Well, Judge Gwinnan is a prominent citizen of that county and a very sensible man, and if he is in favor of the change he must have good reasons," said Kinsard, seriously. "That's enough to take it through."

Harshaw cast an indignant glance upon him. "Well, before I'm done with it I'll show you that this General Assembly is n't run by Judge Gwinnan's influence and by his myrmidons. I am glad you have let me know at last whose mouthpiece you are!"

He walked away with that extraordinary quickness and lightness so incongruous with his portliness. Kinsard's black eyes, that seemed kindled with actual flames, followed him for a moment. Then, as comprehension slowly dawned upon him, and with a wrench as if he broke from actual physical restraint, he started from his seat to follow.

"No, you won't, now; no, you won't." His colleague had locked his arm into Kinsard's, and held it like a vise. He was a square-built, slow, muscular man, solid as granite. His eyes were fixed upon Harshaw, who was already speaking against the bill. "What is that man saying?"

Kinsard at once lapsed into attention. Harshaw was a clear and forcible speaker, and with lucid arguments ranged upon the side of conservatism and econo-

my he was giving the advocates of the measure a very stiff fight. They got on their feet time and again, and came at him. He had a great fund of pugnacity, and on principle fought every point. His face was flushed; his eyes were grave and intent; his frequent gestures ponderous and forcible. Now and then he tossed back his mane of yellow hair, as if its weight vexed him. He sought to show the ephemeral nature of the advantages urged, the solid interests relinquished. Presently his old slogan was resounding on the air. He was representing that the sacred interests of the people were imperiled by the machinations of the bloated plutocracy of Kildeer County. He wanted it to be distinctly understood that he did not charge any nefarious practices, any corrupt influences; only that most subtle, insidious, and pervasive sway always exerted by the views of men of position, men of family, men of "prawperty," against the simple will and simple needs of the Plain People. The high-toned folks, the few rich folks, wished the county seat moved to Damascus, because they had "prawperty" there. (He pronounced "prawperty" with so contemptuous an intonation that one felt one could never take pleasure in paying taxes again.) They had "prawperty," and railroad stock, and thus from the people, the many of moderate means, who had built up the present county town and made it what it was, who spent their money right there instead of going off to patronize merchants and schools in Glaston, as was the habit of the wealthy, — from this class would be wrenched those privileges which they had made valuable. All those advantages, which had been nursed for years, which were so much actual materialization of the efforts of the Plain People, would go to — not to Tophet, as one might have expected from the tone, but to — Damascus!

But he would champion their rights; he would be heard; he would not heed

the ostentatious reference of the gentleman from Cherokee to his watch. Why, he could tell the speaker that these same influential men had their personal representation in this House. A member confessed to him that because one of these little great men wanted a thing it had to go through this General Assembly. "And so his mouthpiece repeats his wish, his tool does his will!"

A murmur arose.

Kinsard was on his feet in an instant.

"Mr. Speaker," he thundered, "the member means *me*!"

There was sudden silence.

He stood at his full height, his head thrown back, his brilliant eyes fixed angrily on Harshaw.

Harshaw was dumfounded. He had expected Kinsard to quake silently and secretly under the lash; to quiver in terror lest his identity be hinted. This open avowal had routed him. He was in an ill-humor, but he had no desire to seriously attack Kinsard on a point like this. He wanted to punish him, to intimidate him; to threaten that most sensitive possession of the young and spirited, his reputation, or, as Kinsard would have called it, his "sacred honor." He had the usual contempt of a man of forty for youth, — its self-assertion, its domineering. He intended the chance allusion as discipline. He had fallen under his own lash. He stood in dismay as Kinsard reiterated, "He means *me*!"

There was a general laugh; the imputation, in view of his character, his prominence, his wealth, his very eye, was so absurd.

"But, Mr. Speaker," — Kinsard's tones were grandiloquent — "in view of the publicity of this charge, I consider that I am wounded in my reputation, and I demand reparation."

"I can make no formal retraction," said Harshaw, hastily, "for I have imputed no discredit, except being easily dominated."

Kinsard fixed upon him a look of amazement. He turned again to the chair. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "the member from the flatorial district of Cherokee and Kildeer" — he sedulously avoided the word "gentleman" — "labors under a mistake. I do not demand the retraction of a word. Perhaps he will understand this token." He took his glove, and cast it in the open space before the speaker's desk.

Only a nineteenth-century kid glove, with two porcelain buttons at the wrist, but it was flung down with as splendid and gallant a gesture as if it was a gauntlet of mail.

The old fellows, who had outlived folly like this, were grinning at the revival of their ancient manners. The younger men, profiting by the traditions of their elders, were grave and quivering with excitement. Harshaw was in a quandary, conscious of being ridiculous in the eyes of one class, and of being dared and defied in the eyes of the other. He would not do so absurd a thing as to lift Kinsard's glove. Yet with the significance of the "token" he was ashamed to let it lie.

And the speaker had a big job on his hands.

The gavel sounded now and again. Some one, with a pious view of making bad worse, was calling the attention of the house to the anti-dueling legislation. Another reminded Mr. Kinsard of his "sacred obligations" to his constituents, to the people of Tennessee, to the Assembly, all of which seemed to have escaped him for the moment. Kinsard's colleague had sprung forward, recovered the somewhat ridiculous integument, and, crumpling it up, put it into his own pocket. He succeeded in attracting the attention of the chair and of the House. He wished — he spoke in a labored way, with a pause between each phrase, and a rising inflection — to remark that the House was disposed to take a great deal on trust. The gentleman had not given

any challenge. Did the members ask what that glove meant, then? Why, defiance! Dueling was with a *deadly* weapon; *deadly* weapon was of the essence of the offense. The gentleman might have preferred to have a round or two at fisticuffs, or, perhaps, simply to engage in debate. (Derisive cries and laughter.) Defiance only! It was a breach of all the proprieties to mention the anti-dueling laws in this connection. Too much taken for granted, Mr. Speaker. If I should be heard to say to a man that I would see him before dinner, it would be highly preposterous to have me arrested. We might be going to kill each other, it is true, but then, again, we might be only going to "smile."

The speaker sat listening gravely, much wishing to further the acceptance of this view, for he considered the demonstration mere boyish wrath and folly. He made strong efforts for the adjustment of the difficulty. Harshaw rose presently, and begged to call attention to the fact that he had named no names, had given no intimation as to identity. He had spoken indefinitely, and the gentleman had insisted upon revealing himself. He would say that he desired to provoke no quarrel; he had no ill-will to the gentleman in question. He begged to withdraw what he had said, and he tendered his apologies.

Kinsard, under the pressure that was brought to bear, could hardly do less than accept them, and thus, it seemed at the time, the matter ended.

It had been a stormy evening for Harshaw. He was, however, well accustomed to contention. It was not this that irked him; he writhed under the sense of disadvantage, of being brought in propinquity to defeat. He was a man not susceptible of the finer emotions of success, of gratulation because of the thing attained rather than the plaudits of attainment. His sensibility to achievement was manifest in a

certain sordid inversion of values. He made popularity, position, social opportunity, political preferment, the end of mental supremacy, rather than its humble incident. And thus it was that, rough as he was, courageous, obstinate, full of rugged nodules of traits, hard, strong, but limited, there was no solid substratum of absolute sincere purpose in his nature, no bed-rock impervious to all infiltration of temptation or extraneous influence; whatever he might build would fail at the foundation.

His world had changed to him in some sort during the short hours since the darkness had fallen. He strode into the hotel feeling a different man. He found it necessary to assert himself. All the fight in him was on the alert. He cared little for Kinsard or for the scene itself in the House, but it was peculiarly obnoxious to him that it should have been another chance allusion to the man he hated which precipitated the collision. He writhed under the sense that it might seem a reiteration of the lesson received earlier in the evening. He knew that many commented upon the coincidence, and that doubtless he was recommended to leave Gwinnan alone. Now submission was not what he was prepared to offer. He preferred that it should seem a persistent attack on Gwinnan. Once more he returned to the charge.

He was serious, lowering, formidable. He did not go at once to his room, as the lateness of the hour might have impelled him. He was quick to observe the faces of the legislators about: some were merely curious; others held a half-cloaked triumph; and still others an open gloating satisfaction. It was with a manner which was a distinct replication to all three manifestations that he lounged about the reading-room with a striding gait, his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, and his cigar fast between his teeth. He finally threw himself into a chair

by the table before the open fire in the inner room, and said in a meditative undertone to a gentleman with whom he had sufficient association to make it seem a confidence to a friend, "I reckon I'll have to write to Judge Gwinnan." The others heard it, however, and it was to several that he read the letter when it was completed. They thought it very bold; to show that it was not empty bluster, but written with all the sincerity of immediate intention, he rang for a bell-boy, and dispatched it in their presence to Gwinnan's room.

That gentleman's physician still urged his patient to cultivate a more vivid interest in life, in passing events; to seek to absorb himself; to rouse himself. Mr. Harshaw's letter very effectually compassed this result.

The writer begged Judge Gwinnan's attention to sundry facts which he proceeded to set forth in due detail. He premised that he would endeavor to take no other notice of an insult offered him by a man who was virtually at death's door, and who might uncharitably, perhaps, be supposed to have taken advantage of that circumstance; such as the advantage was, he made Judge Gwinnan most heartily welcome to it. In defense of his own reputation for veracity, however, he felt it necessary to state his authority, beside, his observations, that Judge Gwinnan had taken such notice of a very beautiful girl, who was a witness, as to render her lover, who was the prisoner, wildly jealous, and to result in the injuries from which Judge Gwinnan was now unfortunately suffering. His authority was the deputy sheriff and the two guards, to whom the prisoner stated these facts, swearing that he would kill Judge Gwinnan. Mr. Harshaw begged to remark in addition that he fully realized that he was ill advised in saying he would like to introduce a resolution to impeach Judge Gwinnan. He knew that the action of a court in a matter of contempt com-

mitted in the presence of the court is wholly a matter of judicial discretion, not liable to be reviewed by the court above, and therefore it should have been free from impotent criticism, which could avail naught to either counsel or prisoner, who have absolutely no resource nor recourse. He deeply regretted his words, and their futility.

The mock apology, which had been highly appreciated by the coterie in the reading-room, the whole tenor of the letter, the revelation which it made, had important results to Judge Gwinnan, who was accustomed to deal with larger motives and finer issues than Harshaw's wrath or satire could furnish.

He had such exceeding confidence in the dignity and decorum of Gwinnan as judge that at first it seemed almost impossible that he should have taken such notice of the witness as to attract the attention of others. But there was a sort of coercive evidence in the circumstance that the girl's face had lingered in his mind with a luminous distinctness, a surprised pleasure, a newly awakened sense of beauty, which he had associated with no other face that he could remember. He was not a sentimental man. He had had few romantic experiences, and the flavor they had left was vapid and foolish. Alethea had not primarily impressed him as beautiful. She looked so noble, so true, so radiantly good. It was altogether an abstract sentiment, a tribute to the lofty qualities which he revered and she embodied.

He cared so little for Gwinnan as Gwinnan that he entertained the mildest resentment toward the man who had struck him on the head with his iron shackles. The indignity offered by the foreman of the jury, and afterward by Harshaw, to Gwinnan the judge had burned into his consciousness, and the scars would be there on the judgment day. The knowledge that the attack was not in revenge for some fancied

wrong in the trial, but that it was the frenzy of a madly jealous lover in chains and in expatriation, altered the whole aspect of the case for Gwinnan as Gwinnan.

The judge could not, perhaps, have sufficiently condemned Gwinnan's state of mind as he sat down and wrote to Mr. Kenbigh, the attorney for the State at Glaston, requesting that no action should be taken in regard to the assault, as he was not willing to prosecute.

XXI.

Alethea Sayles awoke early the morning after the momentous news of Mink's journey had come to Wild-Cat Hollow; such an awakening as a barn-swallow might know, the familiar of the rafters and the clapboards. There was no other ceiling to the roof-room. She might put up her hand and touch it where she lay, but in the centre it was higher,—high enough for many pendent uses: bags of cotton swung from the ridge-pole; hanks of yarn; bunches of pepper; gourds; old hats and garments, of awry, distorted, facetious aspect in their caricature of the habit of humanity. The snow pressed heavily without; through the crevices vague white glimpses of the drifts might be seen, for the dull glow from the fire in the room below penetrated the cracks between the boards of the flooring, which served as the ceiling of the lower story. Light came in, too, from the rifts between the wall and the great stick-and-clay chimney, which bulged outward, being built outside the house, as is the habit in the region. It was the light of the waning moon, fitful, fluctuating, for clouds were astir. Now and then, too, Alethea could see the great morning star with its tremulous glister, seeming nearer, dearer, than all the others,—splendid, yet tender and full of promise. She looked wistfully at it for a

moment, feeling the dull aching wound in her heart, and forgetting what dealt it. Then it all came back to her, and she wondered she had awakened again. She could not understand how she lived. She felt as if she could rise no more. But the cow was to be milked; she listened to the cocks crowing. The baby, who had developed a virulent habit of early rising, was already astir. She heard his thumping bare feet on the floor of the room below; he would be cold, and she thought of the danger of the embers, and remembered that the sluggish his mother still drowsed. The breakfast must be cooked, the dishes must be washed. Her physical strength was asserting itself against the shock to her mind. Her collapsed energies were recuperated by sleep, albeit the slumber induced by the primitive narcotics of the "yerb bag." Ah, the world of Wild-Cat Hollow, small though it was, was full of work, and she must lay hold. And so she rose once more, and joined hands with joyless duty.

Ben Doaks sojourned with them for a time, and went hunting with Jessup, and brought back game, and made Mrs. Sayles presents of the peltry. As he sat by the fire at night he told the news from the cove in great detail, and discussed it freely with Mrs. Jessup, and developed remarkable capacities for acquiescence. Old Griff, he said, was having a mighty hard winter. His mill had proved a sore loss, for he was bereft of his tolls and he had planted little corn. "He mought make out, though. His meat looks thrivin'; he hain't killed yit." Ben spoke of the miller's hogs afoot as if they held their fat in trust and were stewards of their own bacon. The old man seemed failing, and talked much about Tad; sometimes as if he had already returned, sometimes as if he momentarily expected him. The children, too, "'peared thrivin'," though Ben did n't believe Sophy would ever be good for much except to look

at, and the little ones "all 'peared ragged ez ef she did n't study 'bout them much."

"Too many peart, spry boys in the cove fur her ter study 'bout, stiddier them," said Mrs. Sayles, with a scornful toss of the head, histrionically seeing the situation from Sophy's standpoint.

"Jerry Price 'pears ter set a heap o' store by Sophy's looks," submitted Ben, with the implication of the remark.

"Waal, 't would be a jedgmint on Dely Purvine fur all her onwholesome vanity an' slack-twisted sort o' religion, ef that thar Jerry Price, ez she hev brung up ez ef he war her own son, — though his looks air enough ter tarrify a mole, — war ter marry Sophy Griff."

"Waal, sir, one thing, — her house-keepin' could n't 'stonish him none arter Mis' Purvine's," remarked Mrs. Jessup, with an elaborate semblance of seeing the brighter side of things.

"Shucks!" Mrs. Sayles commented. "He 'd miss mightily the show and the shine he hev been used ter along o' Mis' Purvine."

"Waal," said Ben, "I don't b'lieve ez Mis' Purvine would mind much who Jerry marries, so long ez he keeps clar o' Elviry Crosby. Mis' Purvine air mightily outdone with her. She hev been actin' 'bout'n Peter Rood same ez ef she war a widder-woman. An' ye know she would n't speak ter him ez long ez Mink war out'n the grip o' the sher'ff. She tried ter toll Pete back arterwards. I hearn him 'low sech when they war drawin' the jury. I dunno how she made out."

Mrs. Sayles gazed at the fire solemnly from under her pink sunbonnet. "Death tolled him," she said lugubriously.

"I'd jes' ez lief Death as Elviry Crosby," said Mrs. Jessup, in calm superiority to the wiles of feminine fascination.

Old man Sayles shook his head in negation.

"Mighty dark under the ground," he said, with terror of the termination of life; which for him signified so little that a sponge with a vocable or two might have seemed his correlative.

But when Ben was gone, — and the sight of Alethea, silent, absorbed, pallid, broken-hearted, gave him little wish to prolong his stay, — the scene at the fireside was less amicable and cheerful. The elder women, bereft of gossip, bickered over the trifling mishaps of the day. The old man sorted his "lumber." Jessup slouched and lazed and smoked. Only the weather varied the aspect of the world. The snow slipped away in the thaw, leaving mud and ooze and intervals of blackened ice. Then the rains descended, and the scene without was dimly visible through the long, slanting, dun-colored fringes of the cloud. The roof clamored with the resonant fall of the drops, the clapboards leaked, and puddles formed even in the ashes of the chimney corner. The sun might shine vaguely for a day. The chill splendors of the wintry constellations scintillated icily in the dark spaces of the night. But the clouds, rallying from every repulse, closed once more about the Great Smoky, and ravine and peak and cove were again deeply covered with snow.

Mrs. Jessup bewailed the change. "I war a-hopin'," she remarked, "ez we would hev no mo' fallin' weather, so Lethe could go ter the meetin' at the church-house in Eskaquia Cove, an' fetch up some word o' what's a-goin' on down thar ter this benighted roost. I war raised in the cove! I ain't used ter sech a dwindle sort o' life ez this hyar."

"What ailed ye, then, ter marry a mounting boy?" Mrs. Sayles would demand in resentment.

"Kase I war the mos' outdacious an' astonishin' fool in Cherokee County."

Mrs. Jessup was not a woman of great abilities, but she had an uncommon gift of conclusiveness in retort.

Mrs. Sayles could only knit off her needle with a sort of whisking scornfulness of gesture.

And presently, not to be silenced, she demanded when the meetin' was to be held.

"To-morrer's the day; this be Saturday. Ter-morrer's Sunday, — second in December."

"The snow's a dry snow," remarked Mrs. Sayles. "I dunno what's ter hinder Lethe, ef she feels minded ter go ter meetin'."

It never occurred to either of them to undertake themselves the hardships and dangers of the excursion. Even Mrs. Jessup, pining for the fuller development and richer social opportunities of life in the cove, did not covet them to the extent of exertion.

Alethea was glad to be alone. The burden of the work, however mechanically accomplished, had pressed heavily upon her consciousness. The acrimony, the continual talk, the trivial stir, had impinged jarringly upon her deeper absorption. The infinite solitude of the wilds, the austere dignity of their silence, harmonized with her mood. She had craved to hear the preaching. She was spiritually an hungered. She turned to the consolations of religion. Now and then she drew a deep sigh as she went, and paused and looked about her with eyes that felt as if they had wept long; but they were dry, and tears for a time had been strangers. She was fain to note closely to-day the aspects of the outer world, or, woodland creature though she was, she might have missed her way in the tortuous intricacies that the road had followed in striving to make and keep a footing among the steepes. Icicles still hung to the dark faces of the crags, grim and distinct upon the snowy slopes about them. On every side towered the great trees, their gigantic proportions more incredibly imposing when fully revealed in bare bole and branch and height

than when the foliage had veiled them. Now and then she met a mist, stealing softly, silently along, or lurking like some half-affrighted apparition in the depth of ravines, or peering down from over unmeasured steepes. As the road turned abruptly she saw a mass of white vapor against the sky, — nay, it was Thunderhead, the great cloud-mountain. There was movement upon the slopes of the peak. The mists shifted to and fro, with vague gray shadows mysteriously attendant upon them. Sudden gusts of wind swept through the forest, rousing it to motion, to weird murmurs. She gathered her brown shawl about her and drew her bonnet forward. And then the wind would slip away, and she would hear it repeating its mystic apostrophe far off among the ravines of Thunderhead, or Big Injun, or another of the mighty company of the border. Among rifts of the clouds came sometimes a pallid glimpse of the midday moon. It had a strange ghastly gleam on this sad gray day, among the clouds above the great legendary mountain. She stood and gazed at it for a moment in vague fascination, then she turned and went on. She saw occasionally the footprints of small animals in the snow. Often she looked after them, for she had the compassionate tenderness of a compatriot for these little mountaineers. Once she noticed a rabbit that crouched chilled and trembling for an instant, and then went leaping through the frozen weeds.

She was not cold. It was growing warmer as she made her way down to lower levels, and much of the time she walked rapidly. Only when she crossed the mountain torrent, icy and motionless save that in its crystal heart a stream like a silver arrow swiftly and silently glided, glancing in the light, she felt the chill of the day. For the foot-bridge was hung with icicles and enveloped in deceptive snow that fell at the touch of her foot, and she began to be

afraid she would lose so much time here that she might be late and miss some part of the sermon. The dense growth of laurel hung over its playmate of the summer, unchanged save in the heavy weight of snow banked upon the barbed leaves. The cove was visible now and then, and, looking down upon it, one might fail to discern any expression of the social opportunities for which Mrs. Jessup valued it. In its wintry guise it was peculiarly open to the eye: its forests were bare; the unbroken snow lay in its broad fields in lieu of its harvested crops; its road was distinguishable by the narrow interval between the zigzag fences; the serpentine lines of the river were defined by its snow-fringed laureled banks; here and there a curl of blue smoke arose from the chimney of a little house heavily thatched with drifts.

The church had for her many melancholy associations. She paused at the palings, remembering the night when she had stood here in the silent moonshine, in the full summer-tide, and the vapors had shifted about, and in their midst she had seen the boy whom they had said was dead. How much had come into her life since then, and, alas, how much had gone forth forever! The snow hung heavy in the pine-trees; the faint moon was in the fretted gray sky above the mountains. The little house was dark and drear under its whitened roof. The snow was melting close to the chimney. She heard the drops trickling down. The mounds in the inclosure were very distinct. Some of them had a square of palings close about: those were the graves of the well-to-do people of the cove. She could hardly have said, but for her lifelong knowledge of the place, which was the new-made grave where lay the man who had pointed at her with his last living impulse, whose last word was to her, becoming dumb on his lips as his life died in him, — a word never to be heard, never to be answered. Here they all were, little

ephemeral mounds in the midst of the great eternities of the mountains. She wondered if there were words to be said buried with the others; deeds to be done or undone; hopes unrealized; promises deferred until now when time was no more for them. Life was transitory, and so she was minded anew of the preacher.

He was already in the pulpit when she entered the low, dark little building, with its scanty congregation huddled on the few benches. He was a long-haired, wild-eyed, jeans-clad mountaineer, with a powerful physique and an admiration of prowess. He was a worthy and a well-meaning man, and there are those of his profession wiser than he who forget that they are apostles of peace. The circumstantial account of various feuds detailed in the Old Bible proved of intense interest to the majority of his congregation, who listened with eager faces and spell-bound attention. The methods of slaughter in those days seem to have had phenomenal diversity, and certainly exceeded anything of the sort that had ever been heard of in Eskaqua Cove.

Alethea's mind was too closely held in subordination to reverence for her to acknowledge, even to herself, how little this discourse met her peculiar needs. She endeavored to fix her attention humbly upon the harrowing details of human barbarity; now and then an expression of wincing sympathy was in her clear eyes.

The application of the sermon — for it had an application — was to be found in the thankfulness which every professing member should experience because his lot was cast in Eskaqua Cove, where such practices did not at present obtain, and the fear which the unregenerate should harbor, since these tortures were nothing in comparison to what would happen to him in the next world, unless he forthwith mended his ways.

It left a certain trace of meditative as-

tonishment, however, among the heavy mountaineers, slouching out to their horses and wagons, slowly commenting while chewing hard on their great quids of tobacco. The women lingered and talked in a lack-lustre fashion to one another of their ailments, and interchanged inquiries concerning absent members of the family. Sophy Griff stood by the palings, debating whether she should accept the proffer of one of the youths to take her home on his horse behind him.

She was looking about doubtfully. "I brung two o' the chil'ren along o' me, but they 'pear ter hev runned off somewhar. I dunno ez I wanter leave 'em."

"They 'll be home 'fore supper-time," urged the gallant. "Trest 'em ter git thar ef thar's enny eatin' goin' on."

With this logic she suffered herself to be persuaded, mounted his horse behind him, and they rode away after the manner of a cavalier and his lady-love of the olden time.

Alethea trudged along the road to Mrs. Purvine's house, for the journey up the mountain was hardly a possible achievement after the fatigues of the descent. The sun had come out. It scintillated on the snow. The cascades in the half-frozen river glittered iridescent. The bluffs were outlined with snow in all their fissures; icicles clung to them at every jutting point, and the stunted trees of their summit, whose insistent roots seemed to pierce the stone, were encased in ice, and sparkled as the wind moved them. In the midst of all this splendor Mrs. Purvine's house was dark and humble, despite the porch, and the front steps, and the glass windows. In the half-buried garden spot a bevy of dark figures sped this way and that over the snow. They were aunt Dely's boys chasing rabbits. The creatures, half famished and bold with necessity, — fatally distinct on the whitened ground, — were deftly knocked on the head with a stick, and one blow from such experts

was sufficient. In the party was a smaller boy, whom, at first, Alethea was puzzled to remember. Presently she recognized 'Gustus Tom, and this prepared her to see, when she entered, sister Eudory, sitting in front of aunt Dely's fire.

The pernicious glass in the windows added much cheerfulness to the apartment in weather like this. It aided the firelight in revealing sister Eudory's tangle of flaxen hair and beguiling plumpness, as she sat, looking demure and wise, in one of the large rickety chairs. She was nearly four years of age now, and a great girl, and when she got down and went and stood behind the churn, in an affectation of shyness because of Alethea's presence, she was not hidden by the article, and the handle of the dasher was insufficient to obscure her downcast face and her finger in her mouth.

"Yer aig will pop an' bust, fust thing ye know," said aunt Dely, the politic.

And Eudora forthwith came briskly out to investigate an egg which she was roasting in the ashes, the kind present of Mrs. Purvine. The hen that laid it was stalking about the room in unconscious bereavement. Now and then there was a shrill piping from a basket on the floor, from which overflowed, as it were, a downy collection of fall "deedies," hatched too late to stand any chance of weathering the winter except by being reared into those obnoxious animals, house-chickens. A matronly feathered head would occasionally be thrust out with a remonstrant cluck, and the assemblage, miraculously escaping the heedless human foot, would climb into the basket, and there would ensue a soft sound of snuggling down and drowsy pipings. All of which excited sister Eudory almost to ecstasy.

Mrs. Purvine experienced less complacency. "Ef ennybody ain't got no baby, an' feels like adoptin' one ter take

trouble about, jes' let 'em git 'em a settin' o' aigs an' hatch out some fall deedies. It 'll do 'em fur twins!"

"Why n't you-uns stay ter the meetin' ter the church-house, Eudory?" demanded Alethea.

The little girl, kneeling on the hearth, anxiously adjusted a broom straw on the egg to see if it were done, — when, according to culinary tradition, the straw would turn; she glanced up with her charming smile showing her snagged little teeth.

"'Gustus Tom would n't bide," she declared.

"Waal, now, 'Gustus Tom oughter begin ez early ez he kin," said Mrs. Purvine. "Sech ez 'Gustus Tom hev a mighty wrastle with Satan 'fore they git grace. 'Gustus Tom hev got a long way o' wickedness afore him. He oughter be among them in early youth convicted o' sin an' afeard o' Satan."

"Naw," said the child, sitting upright and staring steadily at the straw. "He be 'feared o' Pete Rood. An' he won't 'bide a-nigh the church-house."

The firelight was on her face. Its breath stirred her bright hair. Her chubby hand hovered above the egg in the ashes. Surely the straw was turning at last.

"Pete Rood is dead, Eudory," said Mrs. Purvine, rebukingly.

"In the groun'," said Eudory unequivocally.

The mention of him recalled to Alethea that momentous day of drawing the jury, the mystery of Tad's fate, the hardships of Mink's unjust duress, and finally the calamity which he had brought upon himself.

Alethea had taken off her bonnet, and sat down in the rocking-chair before the fire, her eyes fixed reflectively upon the great burning logs. The interior of Mrs. Purvine's house always had a leisurely aspect; to-day it wore the added quiet and ease of Sunday stillness. It was evident that here no anxious

female heart was "harried ter death," in yearnings for the perfecting of a theory of housekeeping.

Mrs. Purvine, sitting with her empty hands in her lap, once more rebuked sister Eudory, the decorums of the day giving a more stringent interpretation to her code of manners.

"Ye must n't say 'Gustus Tom air 'feard o' Pete Rood, kase he air dead."

"That's what 'Gustus Tom say — he say don't talk 'bout'n it." Eudora looked up gravely. "He be wusser 'feard now 'n he war when Pete Rood war 'live."

There was a sudden hand on the latch, and 'Gustus Tom came hastily in.

"Look-a-hyar, sister Eudory!" he cried remonstrantly, seizing her by the arm, "what ails ye ter let yer tongue break loose that-a-way? Shet up! Ye promised ye would n't tell."

He had an excited, grave, frightened look that was incongruous with the roguish cast of his features; his torn old hat was jauntily askew; his clothes were ragged; a single suspender seemed quite adequate to support so many holes; his shoes were broken. There was a distinct deprecation and anxiety in his face more pitiable than poverty, as he looked from one to the other of the women. He was evidently wondering how much of his secrets the faithless sister Eudory had told. He could not control his fears. He broke out suddenly.

"Hev she tole 'bout'n what I done?"

Mrs. Purvine, who was jocose with children, and who could not appreciate at this stage of the disclosure that anything of serious moment impended, folded her arms slowly across her bosom, looked at him over her spectacles, a great deal of the whites of her blue eyes showing, and with mock solemnity nodded assent.

"Waal, waal — did she tell 'bont'n the — the mill, too?"

Aunt Dely shook her head in burlesque reproach. "She hev tole on ye, 'Gustus Tom. Yer wicked ways air made plain."

His eyes were wildly starting from his head; he caught his breath in quick gasps. The little girl first detected the genuine terror with which he was suffering, and as she held his hand began to whimper and to lay her head against his ragged shirt sleeve.

"Oh, Mis' Purvine," cried 'Gustus Tom, "I never knowed aforehand how 't war goin' ter turn out, else I'd never hev gone thar that night, an' I would n't hev knowed no mo' 'bout who bust down the mill 'n nobody else!"

"Did n't Mink bust the mill down?" asked Mrs. Purvine, staring.

"Naw," said 'Gustus Tom, miserably, "Mink never."

Aunt Dely suddenly sat upright, and took her spectacles from her astonished eyes. She was about to speak sharply, but met Alethea's warning glance, and desisted.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TO Q. H. F.

(ALCAICS BY ACCENT.)

O FARMER-POET, Bard of Venusia,
O courtier-poet, pride of the Palatine,
O old-world lover, laughing lyrist,
Singer of Chloe, Leuconoe, Lyde, —

Thy Muse of mountain, vineyard, and rivulet,
 Thy cups of Sabine, Massic, Falernian,
 Thy praise of Peace, and yellow Plenty
 Crowned with the myrtle and purpling cluster, —

These, *thee* we sing, light wooer of Tyndaris,
 In some secluded vale of Lucretilis,
 Thee, modern-ancient, magic-simple
 Quintus Horatius, Prince of Poets!

Long, long ago, thy liquid-voiced Lalage
 Set thy last rippling numbers to melody;
 Long, long ago the loose-zoned Graces,
 Pan, and the goddesses, wept thee, wailed thee:

*"Farewell, Soracte, whispering Algidus;
 Farewell, ye sheep-strown plains of Calabria;
 Mourn, O ye fields that slope by Tibur,
 Dead is the voice of the Prince of Poets!"*

*"Silent his golden Lesbian barbiton,
 Silent the lays of Cyprus and Erymanth,
 Silent his voice for hearts and ages, —
 Merriest Moralist, Prince of Poets!"*

Silent thy voice, but Syrtes and Cyclades,
 Fountain and forest, peopled with memories,
 Yea, all the round world, echoes, echoes,
 Echoes thy harmonies, Prince of Poets.

Charles Gayley.

INDIVIDUAL CONTINUITY.

THE continuity of our lives is not so great as we are apt to suppose. We have in youth a vivid sense of our continuous individuality, and we take it for granted that it will always be so with us. Thus we hear with some incredulity the anecdotes of eminent men who have completely lost the recollection of certain things done, said, or written in early life, and, what is more, all interest in them, or desire to remember them. That Lowell can have forgotten, as the itemizer says, that he was once a contributor to the Dial seems incredible to

a college Junior of my acquaintance. *He* has never forgotten anything he has written! In like manner, to have a bosom friend at fourteen, and come to care next to nothing about him at forty, appears to the boy a shocking piece of treason. Little he knows how many breaks are likely to occur in the succession of his life-phases; and how many times the winged creature will lightly slip his feet out of the chrysalis shell, carrying only some invisible thread of half-memory over from one epoch into the other.

No doubt there are lives that do go on with comparatively unbroken coherence, — tranquil, rustic, or village lives, whose sun always rises over the same horizon, and whose radii of interests, from year to year, go out to the same unchanged circumference. Here the constantly overlapping continuity of the neighborhood existence helps to keep the man's own thread of personality unbroken. But when we once cut loose from geography, make friends and break with friends, become the very opposite of "Bourbons" in that we are always "learning" and always "forgetting," then how far backward over our days can the uninterrupted "I" be fairly said to extend? When

"some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green,"

at last "breaks his birth's invidious bar," and passes on to new desires, new opinions, at last a whole background of new memories, even, can it any longer be said to have been really *he* who

"played at councilors and kings
With one that was his earliest mate,
Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labor of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
'Does my old friend remember me'?"

In the early summer morning I see what appears to be a long silver line bending and glancing in the air between the fir and the apple-tree. But when I look closely, it proves to be a succession of infinitesimal globules of gray dew, strung on an invisible spider-line. Is our personality such a succession of separately sphered moments, or hours? And what is the continuous line on which they are threaded? With one, it may be some persistent purpose, — an ambition or a passion; with another, the abnegation of an ambition or a passion, or some inveterate trouble that is the last to look in on him at night and the first in the morning, and by means of which he has no difficulty in self-recognition.

It is perhaps a mere fancy that mirrors have something to do with the distinct and ever-present sense of our own identity. If a man had never looked at himself in a glass, and so had no clear mental image of how he looked yesterday, and the day before, and a year ago, would he, for example, feel so intensely as now this irrational need of being consistent with his own past? It is not merely that we "cannot escape from our grandfathers;" but we cannot escape, either, from our own last year. Was the primitive man, unsophisticated by French plate mirrors, freer for new growths? Or did even Adam contemplate his aboriginal countenance in some smooth inlet of the river Pison, and so acquire an obstinate sense of responsibility for his earliest Adamite impressions?

And (while we are speculating a little freely) shall we go to the length of saying that possibly the mere accident of clothing counts for something in the case? It may then be safest that a man renew his garments only piecemeal; or, if he assume a complete new suit at a time, let him retire often into the linking familiarity of the second-best. With no mirror-image and no reminder from wanted clothes, would not a man sometimes need the evidence of "the little dog at home, and he knows me," to be sure that "I be I as I think I be"? It may well be doubted whether all of us have positive individuality enough to hold the steady recognition of even our nearest relatives, without the visible tag of some familiar cut or color of garment, or, at least, of that innermost garb or mask which is the bodily face and form itself.

How much, moreover, has the mere circumstance of our always carrying the same name to do with our sense of continuity? As I look over my old letters, here is the too familiar address on all the faded envelopes; these certainly, you would say, were addressed to very

me. But when I open one to read, it seems to me it can hardly have been "I" who wrote the juvenilities to which these things are in response. It was another being to whom they came fresh from the mail, —

"Like letters unto trembling hands ;"

another being who read them with the eagerness and responsive thoughts that I do now certainly seem to remember — by some strange witchcraft or self-substitution, like that of Sigurd and Gunnar upon the Flaming Heath — almost as if they had been my veritable own. He bore my name, drew checks with my signature, even went so far as to pay my bills, — that person in the past. But in any other sense I am hardly prepared to own him as my actual and continual self. I rather look upon him as the chick upon the egg-shell, the moth upon the cracked cocoon, the man at the microscope upon the film of protoplasm, with the musing consciousness, "Such as thou art, once was I."

Since we actually go through these metamorphoses in life, it would be a significant and appropriate act, if only it were permitted us, to shed our names from time to time. The other day, when I suddenly awaked once for all from an old nightmare of illusion, why might I not then and there have moulted to the extent of my name? Or that hour when I flung aside a particular opinion which had long ridden my mind's shoulders, like an Old Man of the Sea, why should there not have gone with it the designation of the being whose life had been thus spoiled, letting the new man start with a new heraldic device? Something of this sort, it is true, does happen when a person throws off his early nickname, and assumes the *toga virilis* of the full combination of baptismal titles through which his parents have made him imposing or ridiculous to the ear; and at last, it may be, adds the initials of dignity by which his college or his church has ministered to his vanity. "Dicky" be-

comes "Dick," and then full "Richard," and then "the Reverend Doctor," or "the Bishop," or "the ex-Vice-President." These developments are but the outward and audible symbols of mysterious inner transformations. The ex-Vice-President, bald now, glazed (if that be a proper term for the taking on of spectacles) and wise, would no more wish to be held responsible for the views he expressed in youth than he would chirp and twitter again at the charms of the "girl he left behind" him, or answer to the maternal or sororal call of "Dicky."

More than this it would perhaps not be safe to permit to us in the way of escape from our proper labels. It is necessary that society should hold us to a strict accountability for our successive selves, and the name is the rope by which these are held together. The world must keep track of us, like a great police. Nature, besides, has us all down in her rogue's gallery; for our face is photographed in a thousand watchful eyes, as well as our name in so many ears.

Something of our restlessness in flitting from place to place may be accounted for by this instinctive craving to let the new and different man that we feel is in us, or might be in us, begin life all over again in a different place. *At last* we shall be permitted to do it, but not prematurely. We dodge to Dresden or Geneva, but we are there at the station to receive ourselves. *Cælum, non animum*, we find that we have changed. The old lives have managed to creep stealthily in our shadow, and soon they accost us at every street corner with ironical congratulations at our escape from them, in the new city as in the old.

Are there not lapses or gaps in the continuity of our conscious existence, of which we may ourselves, by a little close attention, become aware? To begin with, there is the gap of nightly sleep,

when the chain of consciousness, if it does not actually break off, at least sags under water and is lost to the eye for a space, to emerge glimmering with vague dreams into the sunshine of the waking hour. If the figure appears strained, it is because I am thinking of the early spring mornings in boyhood, when we used to go to the Little River to take up the gill-net for shad. A mist hung on the smoothly running water; there was an "Oriental fragrantcy" of spear-mint from the moist bank; the rattle of the oar in the rowlock sounded preternaturally loud, echoing under the covered bridge at that perfectly silent hour. When we boys begin to lift the strained top line of the net, pulling the skiff along by means of it, it is a moment of delicious excitement. What is that dim spot of glimmering gold, far down in the dark water? It grows, as we eagerly haul on the line, and the little waves plashed out by the boat make it waver and break, till it seems some huge and splendid prize, like the mysterious casket in the net of the Arabian fisherman. So memory, pulling in the line of submerged consciousness after profound sleep, catches sight of vague gleams of wonderful experiences.

But frequently, even in waking hours, I have seemed to detect lapses of conscious continuity. I look up, for example, from writing, and my eye turns to the window, and sight and attention seem to exhale, as it were, or evaporate into open space; thought ceases; for five seconds I am not a mind, I am a vegetable. Or in walking over some beaten track up and down in my garden, I have sometimes found myself at the other end of my beat, without having noticed anything, or thought of anything in particular, on the way. It has several times happened to me, in using my "home-exerciser" and giving to each pulley movement my accustomed forty counts, that I find myself at twenty-five or thirty, when I seemed only to have

just counted twelve or fifteen. Now did I simply skip the intervening numbers, or did the unconscious brain cells go on automatically counting across a gap of that extent in my conscious existence? Suppose I had "died," as we call it, during that interval: what would have gone on into immortality, the consciousness or the gap?

But in truth this whole matter of the individual identity — the I-ness of the I — is thick with difficult questions. Here is my old apple-tree, for instance: is it a tree, or a thousand trees using one common bole? Every bud on it is in reality a separate, individual being; as we may easily prove by setting it off by itself in some chink of another tree, where the sap of life shall come to it duly. Or in the case of a bunch of polyps, or of vorticels, on one stalk, how much of the coöperative life is entitled to say "I," and where does the we-ness of the we begin? If we are to count the whole tree, with its multitude of separate or separable lives, as only a single individual, how would it be with us if the human offspring were never wholly separated from the life-sustaining parent? Or would it strain our sense of identity at all, if the entire change of the substance of the body, popularly supposed to take place every seven years, should no longer occur gradually, cell by cell, but by a sudden cataclysm, some fine morning? As the old bone and tissue left him, and the new were clapped on in their place, would not the man have to jump to tie on the thread of new memory at the vanishing end of the old, lest he lose himself before he had time to find himself?

There is an old story they tell in the country that always seemed to me to have occult and esoteric meanings; as it were a kind of myth that had been builded better than was known, or else a survival from the folk-lore of some lost race of speculative mound-builders. The tale is of an old farmer who was

driving a yoke of oxen in an empty cart, and who yielded gradually to the sweet influences of a jug by his side, and fell fast asleep. The leisurely oxen having presently sauntered into the grass by the roadside, some humorous passer-by found them feeding there and turned

them loose, leaving the peaceful sleeper snoring in the sun. By and by he awakened, sat up, rubbed his eyes, and slowly soliloquized: "*Am I, or am I not I? If I am I, I have lost a good yoke of oxen. If I am not I, I have found a good cart!*"

Andrew Hedbrooke.

RECENT LIGHT LITERATURE.

THE quality of lightness in literature is somewhat independent of form. There have been heavy poems and novels, there have been essays as light and airy as gossamer. Now and then a philosophical work, even, is lifted by such dexterous and nimble phrase as to give one the impression not only that one is thinking, but thinking with ease and celerity. Mr. Stockton, in one of the most ingenious of his stories, fancies a middle-aged man supplied with a curious apparatus for diminishing the force of gravitation, so that he skips over the ground in an incredibly lively fashion, and, at last, when heedlessly relaxing his hold on substantial things, rises from the ground a little distance, and treads air as another might tread water. Most writers are powerfully affected by the law of gravitation; it is when one has the secret of the more subtle law of levitation that we recognize a singularly attractive literary power.

Nor is it in literature alone that we are aware of this attraction. The musician, whose hands fly over the keys, often charms us through the same quality, — he has the light touch. We perceive when we look at some pictures that the painter has had a certain deftness in handling his brush, — he has the light touch. Even the solid marble which has yielded to the blow of the mallet sometimes discloses this quality; one feels that the sculptor just touched

the clay lightly here and there, and that the chisel only glanced on the surface.

This lightness of touch is essentially an artistic gift; it has to do rather with the skill of presentation than with the fineness of conception, yet it goes deeper than any mere mechanical dexterity. It responds to the fibre of the artist's nature; it is his tactile sense expressing itself; and when we meet with it in any piece of work, we value it so highly that we sometimes wonder if we are not giving it more than its due. Perhaps we wonder most when we try to repeat in our own form the matter which pleased us, and discover that the charm has somehow gone out of it. Only when we go back to the book or poem do we see that the material was not cheap or mean, but was set forth with a lightness of touch which raised at once its value.

Here, for example, is a story by Mr. Bunner,¹ which has already been told many times. A man, who has passed the period of youth, unexpectedly becomes the guardian of a young girl. She grows up under his eye, and the parental affection, if it ever could be called thus, undergoes a transition into the lover's just as the more contemporaneous lover asserts himself, and so the elderly man wakes from his dream. The mere framework of the story is not especially new, and if one undertook to give even some-

¹ *The Midge*. By H. C. BUNNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

what at length the argument of *The Midge* he would be likely to create the impression that the story was commonplace. Commonplace is the last term which one would apply to this book, and when one has read and enjoyed it the very simplicity of the structure remains in the mind as one element of the charm of the story.

For it is a merit of the book that the attention is given to making real two or three people who interest one, both for what they are themselves and for the quaint surroundings in which they are set; one is not diverted from these principal concerns by any series of ingenious adventures. The chief interest, as is right, is in the heroine, whose *petite* nature gives the title to the book. Lodoiska Agnes Hunt Talbot is a genuine creation, and the apparent ease with which Mr. Bunner evokes this graceful, *naïve* figure from the shadows of the French quarter in New York, realizes her personality, and then quietly lets her adjust herself to ordinary circumstances gives us very high expectations of what this novelist and poet may yet do. Mr. Bunner has been happy in discovering a new country for the uses of fiction. It is not certain how far it can be explored, and in his own work he intimates that it was only for a few years that the country could be said to exist at all; but the French quarter of New York is not another Leicester Square, and for the purposes of *The Midge*, at least, it is an extremely picturesque spot. The touches by which the *Brasserie Pigault* are set before the reader are few and felicitous; the figures that are sketched in so lightly, the Goubaud family, Madame Pigault and the *habitués* of her *brasserie*, and Father Dubé, have just the necessary vitality, and their foreign air is genuine. Indeed, one may say that half the work is done when these characters are named, for we recognize them at once as "characters," just as we recognize the mild young rec-

tor as a lay figure, — such is the advantage which a foreigner has over the native in fiction; he is already remote, while one has to push the native a little way off by some device of art, in order to give him an equally good perspective.

These lighter graces do not, however, make up the whole value of the book. The lightness which is best is that which hints at the serious, and Mr. Bunner wins his reader's respect by the genuineness of his sentiment, the honesty of his occasional reflections, and the frequent solid sense of his judgment. The light touch, — yes, that is the thing; but we want also the firm hand, and that too we get in Mr. Bunner's book.

It must be said, however, that the qualities of *The Midge* which we enjoy praising are more evident in the earlier parts of the book than in the later. One even begins to suspect that Mr. Bunner was less careful of his work when he was completing it than when he was engaged on the more original situations with which he was confronted when getting his characters into line. There is a little strain upon reasonableness when Dr. Peters, the guardian of the story, is made to forget young Hathaway, the lover, in his absorption in his own love affair. Love is blind, but that is to defects. Love is extremely sharp-eyed under the conditions which held Dr. Peters and Hathaway; and when the man was once made aware of the possible state of things, it is hard to believe that he could ever really be surprised again. The least effective part of the book, therefore, is the treatment of Dr. Peters after the scene in the brasserie when his suspicions regarding Hathaway and the Midge were aroused.

But if the psychology of the book is at fault here, it is strikingly true in the earlier parts, and especially in the development of the woman in Lodoiska. The scene where she offers to leave Dr. Peters is admirably faithful in its por-

trayal of a delicate and profound movement in the life of this fascinating little creature.

We have lingered over this book not so much because of the attractiveness of the story as because it holds that rare charm of lightness which is not so frequent in literature that we can dismiss it summarily. So, recognizing its value, we would note its presence in a book so slight of figure and so modest in bearing as to be in danger of escaping the attention of readers. *Old Salem*,¹ however, will surely not escape the attention of readers of *The Atlantic*, for it was in the pages of the *Monthly* that most of its contents first appeared. These readers will be the first to welcome the book, for they will understand that, with all its fragmentariness, *Old Salem* is a distinct bit of literature. We may say that as in *The Midge* the choice of subject was half the book, so is it in *Old Salem*. Mr. Bunner laid open a quarter of New York which was new to people, yet old and familiar in all its humane and literary associations. The author of *Old Salem* could count at once on the intelligent and ready response of many readers. *Salem* has acquired so delightful an individuality that it only needs to represent it with art to win an audience, and those who read *Old Salem Shops*, *A Salem Dame School*, and *Salem Cupboards*, in *The Atlantic*, felt that here was a writer who knew *Salem* by heart.

Slight as the work in this book is, so far as regards matter and range of subject, it indicates a high degree of artistic power. No one could be so fine except after careful study and practice. The reserve which this writing shows is

not wholly a gift; it is an attainment. A less trained writer would have been led into exaggerations and extravagance: the dainty sentences, which have about them the very air of the life they describe, are not such as usually fall from the pen of one who is trying a hand. Here, again, there is the light touch, and there is the firm hand, and it is the lightness without a shadow of mockery which makes us smile at the *Old Salem* figures and manners, while we are ready to show the courtesy which was ingrain with this writer.

The Midge quickens our hope for what its author may do. So also did the sketches which appeared in *The Atlantic*, and now form the body of this little book. The pity of it that we must say *did*. Mr. Bates, in his brief, delicate introduction, and by a word at the close, reminds us that in *Old Salem* we have a mere fragment of a whole which lay in a mind capable, we cannot doubt, of fulfilling the promise her readers had read in her work. Instead of hope we have regret, if we look away from the book itself. Yet the book remains, with all its broken character, a fine piece of literature; something to value, not merely because we can never have another from its creator, but because it is in itself a delight.

The choiceness of these two books makes us a little impatient. Here we have been undertaking to make a survey of recent light literature, and all we can bring within the scope of the term, when we have raised it to its true height, is just two little books. It is rather hard, we think, that when summer comes and Nature touches us with all her airy graces, new literature about us should yield so small a harvest of that pleasure which comes from genuine light literature.

¹ *Old Salem*. By ELEANOR PUTNAM. Edited by ARLO BATES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

FURNESS'S OTHELLO.

A VOLUME of the Variorum edition of Shakespeare may be tedious to some, but for our part we read it gladly. Where else would one find such variety of subject, such change in intellectual exercise, such diversities of human nature? If you have a taste for correcting proof, its most aristocratic form is emending a text, and here in this volume of *Othello*¹ is the Folio version exactly reprinted, with the Quarto readings pendent, and the guesses of a score of editors besides to make your task more interesting; or is your inclination for philology, here are antique words and constructions to furnish forth a dozen grammarians' funerals; or is it old-fashioned costume, or noble Venetian chronicle, or mediæval story-telling, or Kean's last night, or perchance Teutonic metaphysics and the moral imperative in æsthetics, that you affect, you shall be provided for. Where else would one meet with more humorous illustrations of the old adage that only a wise man knows his own ignorance? Time was, some three hundred years ago, when the master of English speech wrote a tragedy to be played before the unlettered vulgar; the muddle-pated fellows heard, applauded, and went away, and never guessed how little they understood it all; and the world has been listening ever since in a thousand theatres, with the same natural ears, to the drama that Shakespeare made, and still the audience disperses with the notion that it knows why that bed was so tragically loaded. But the wise man has been sitting in his study poring over the play-book for a century; and many a ranged folio, very tall, now attests the voluminous discovery he has made of the things

he did n't know. He has cogitated over many a hard matter. *Othello* was a gentleman of color, it is not to be gainsaid; but oh, was he, could he have been, *black*? The wise man (and much more the wise woman) has mused upon that. *Othello* did the murder; but the gentle lady's face was as "pale as her smock," and she spoke after the breath was out of her, — "Can such things be without our special wonder?" A corner's jury of doctors has set upon the case: verdict, "Fracture of the cricoid cartilage of the larynx." The wise man — but it is better to smile and be grateful. The commentator has honorably striven to recover the true text, the very, golden words of Shakespeare's quill. Where meaning has gone out of them, he has brought it back; and he has dug out of the grave a quantity of information which those same dull apprentices of old had in their heads, just because they had the luck to live when Shakespeare did, but which the world has willingly let die. Intellectual curiosity, too, might find less happy hunting-grounds than the sources and dates of these plays, and psychological analysts might do much worse than vivisect Iago. Here is the best original text of *Othello*, with all important variations and emendations, an admirable abstract, just, fair-minded, and reasonable, of the comment on the play, wherever found, and brief studies that abridge the learning and criticism which have gathered about the more general topics involved. The whole is a cyclopædia of our play, profitable for study, entertainment, and reference; before it is put upon the shelf let us consider but one thing it suggests, — how acting throws light upon Shakespeare's masterpieces.

There is a common opinion among men of the closet that to see Shake-

¹ *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.*
Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Vol. VI.,
Othello. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

speare acted is to see him burlesqued. It is not without excuse, for any representation of the great characters must clash with one's own idea of them, and it is too much to hope for a company entirely satisfactory in the minor rôles. But Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted, and he knew well that words were only a part of the means of expression to be used, that gesture and voice were to count, and that the purely material business of the stage could be relied on to show the links of the action and perfect its unity. It is most likely that as he was an actor and manager himself, and knew the Globe (both stage and pit) as well as he knew Montaigne or Plutarch, he had in mind, as he composed his scenes, both the theatrical setting and the traits of the players who were to exhibit his imaginations. If one had looked in at a rehearsal when he was training the company, it is conceivable that one might have learned very much of his meaning from the rendering of it; the tradition of his stage would have been an excellent commentary. Then we should know whether Hamlet was aware of Polonius and the King hiding to trap him with his love for Ophelia, and whether Iago failed to dispatch Cassio because he saw Lodovico and Gratiano approaching, and other such matters. Incidents essential to the clearness of the action may have taken place on the stage, without being indicated by any words in the text. So, too, the general conception of the character and the manner of its representation would show, with some probability Shakespeare's own interpretation, if only some record of Burbage's methods should turn up. But the tradition of that stage is practically nothing now; it is as irrecoverable as if it had been burnt in the Globe fire. Nevertheless, Mr. Furness thinks that some aid, some illumination, though not so authoritative, may be gained by attending to what the great actors of later times have

thought about the meaning of Shakespeare, albeit they played their criticisms instead of writing them in books. The view is an eminently just one. An actor of genius, at the moment of impersonating (either in imagination or in fact) a character of Shakespeare's, is probably nearer to the dramatist's creative mood than any one else can get, except possibly the poet born. He may, to use a phrase of Booth's, in speaking of this mode of coming to an understanding of Shakespeare, "hit it" by the mere force within that bears him naturally on. Or, to take the case in which his sympathy with the rôle is imperfect, he may perceive wherein he is defective more clearly by his conscious failure than by any analysis. Again, the difficulties that arise from not knowing how Shakespeare put the play on the stage may not be solved rightly, it is true, by the moderns; but the conclusions of the acting fraternity on these matters are much more worthy of weight than those of men unacquainted with the practical working of that "business" which is a sort of cement for the scenes. Support could be found from many quarters for this claim put forward by Mr. Furness in behalf of the actors as useful critics; but without wearying the reader with further reasoning, we will assume that he is quite willing to accord to the modern stage an authority similar to that of Shakespeare's own, and on this understanding we shall invite his attention to some considerations suggested by Mr. Furness's quotations from memoirs of the profession and other records, and especially from Booth's annotated acting-copy, which, although not made with any view to publication, he has been allowed to use freely for this edition of the play.

Mr. White, in his satirical essay upon *The Acting of Iago*, expresses the opinion that all the modern impersonations are inadequate, and that the fault springs from a radical misconception of the

character. Theatrical companies are made up, every one knows, with an actor for each of the varieties of human nature which are usual in a play; so far as character is concerned, they enact types. Iago, of course, falls to the lot of the "heavy villain," whose aim, in stage life, is to do his wickedest always, everywhere, and in as many guises as possible; he is continually pointing to the mark of Cain on his forehead, so that there shall be no mistake about his identity. "I think," says Booth, — and the criticism holds all the meat of Mr. White's essay in a nutshell, — "the light comedian should play the villain's part, not the 'heavy man;' I mean the Shakespearean villains." In consonance with this is his reiterated advice to his Iago to think evil all the time, but not to show it; to be the prince of good fellows, inexhaustible in *bonhomie*, genial, jovial, gentlemanly, — the friend and pleasant companion whom every one liked, whom Desdemona trifled with, and Cassio respected for his soldieryship, and Othello trusted as a man as faithful in love as he was wise in the world. "A certain bluntness," says Booth, "(which my temperament does not afford), should be added to preserve the military flavor of the character: in this particular I fail utterly; my Iago lacks the soldierly quality." So far, certainly, Booth does not differ from Mr. White in his conception of the bearing, the outward manner and sensible aspect, of the Venetian liar. Let us look at it from Mr. White's point of view: "Edwin Booth's Iago is not externally a mere hardened villain, but a super-subtle Venetian, who works out his devilish plans with a dexterous lightness of touch and smooth sinuosity of movement that suggest the transmigration of a serpent into human form. And in his visage, and, above all, in his eye, burns the venom of his soul. . . . But even Edwin Booth's Iago, although much finer and more nearly consistent with itself and with the facts of the

tragedy than any other that is known to the annals of the stage, is not the Iago that Shakespeare drew." But what is it that is lacking? Mr. White paints Iago as the popular flatterer, the sympathetic sycophant, the gay, easy-going, pleased, and pleasing fellow; and so far as the side shown to the world is concerned, this is Booth's conception, and (allowing for the defect of soldier-like frankness which he feels in himself) it is his impersonation. Why is it not, then, Shakespeare's Iago? Mr. White is ready with his answer: Because Shakespeare's Iago would do no harm, except to advance his fortunes; he had no malice; he was merely selfish, utterly unscrupulous as to his means of obtaining what he sought, ready to win his gain at any ruin. Now, it is clear that the evil which Mr. White has just said burns in the actor's eye is not mere selfishness, not the cold light of calculation simply, with no more rooted passion; it is just what Mr. White says Iago did not have, — it is malice. So one gets the hint; and on searching the remarks of Booth to see what indications there are of his conception of the essence of Iago's soul, the spring of his motive, the changing emotions that enveloped his thoughts at their birth, one perceives at once that, while Booth would have Iago outwardly amiable, he has not the least idea of reducing the dye of villainy in which the character has been steeped by those of old time. Inside, Booth has no doubt, Iago was a spirit of hate, and he knows at what moments of anxious interest, at what crises of the temptation and the plotting, this will gleam out in the expression of the eye, or in those slight tell-tale changes which are natural to the most self-possessed man, and are significant to us only because we are on the watch for them. By observing, consequently, with what passages he connects this devilish malignancy of nature in Iago, one can judge, as between him and Mr. White, what justification he has

for making Iago cruel as well as selfish, and revengeful as well as ambitious. Mr. White's theory is that Iago wished to supplant Cassio, and ruined Desdemona in order to accomplish this end; that he used his suspicion of Othello's intimacy with his wife almost as an afterthought, to bolster up his purpose with an excuse; and that, having chosen his method with perfect indifference to its morality or its humanity, he overreached himself and failed. This view may gain upon one by its plausible and emphatic setting forth, just as pleas for Judas Iscariot or any other client of a clever devil's advocate may do, but only momentarily; for when one attempts to adjust the speeches of Iago, word by word and line by line, to this conception, especially with such notes of direction and caution as these of Booth's to the actor, echoing the text, as they do, through all modulations of suspicion, suspense, and suppressed passion, the idea of an Iago without malice simply dissolves, and leaves not a rack behind. In reality, this new notion of Mr. White's is only the old story that Iago is motiveless, which has disturbed so many critics, and given occasion to such marvelous explanations of his villainy. The disparity between the moral causes and the mortal results, between the errors and the penalties of the victims, has been widely felt; the attempt is consequently made to ascribe a cause for the catastrophe that shall justify it to the reason; and naturally one writer has over-accented and exaggerated one element in the play, and a second writer another element, and so on; but Mr. White bears away the palm from all in his assertion that Iago did all the mischief just to get on in the world, and that the only reason it was so great was because of the unlimited power for harm in the union of ability to flatter with utter unscrupulousness in a man's make-up. The fact is that Shakespeare gives the keynote of the action in the very first words

Iago utters, unheard except by his own bosom. What was the first thought on his lips then? "I hate the Moor." And perhaps in that most difficult moment of the rôle, the climax of Iago's fate, the elder Booth was right in making the expression of this intense enmity dominant in "the Parthian look which Iago, as he was borne off, wounded and in bonds, gave Othello,— a Gorgon stare, in which hate seemed both petrified and petrifying." In this matter the actors seem to carry it over the editor, who, indeed, was in that essay a better social satirist than Shakespearean scholar; and, to our mind, the conception of Mr. White is too inharmonious, also, with the intellectual power and the delight in its exercise so marked in Shakespeare's and in Booth's Iago.

A word must be said—for so much only is left to us—of Othello. There is more scope for different interpretations in his case than in Iago's. The manners of Kean, Fechter, and Booth in this part are described with most fullness. There is some brief account of other actors, but these three illustrate well enough that dramatic criticism of Shakespeare which the stage is unconsciously making, from generation to generation, and which Mr. Furness has done his best to incorporate with the mass of literary and philological matter which forms the bulk of his notes; for though we give our attention exclusively to the actors' part in the criticism of this play, it is not to be supposed that this is, comparatively, very large, while what there is of it is so scattered that it seems even less. Othello, it is obvious to any one of the least insight, is a character in whom temperament counts for so much more than anything else as practically to possess the whole man: his actions proceed directly from his nature; his doubts and suspicions act at once upon his heart, and are converted into emotion of the most simple and primitive type almost instan-

taneously; his mental agony itself tends to become blind physical suffering; he does not think, — he feels. It is in the expression of temperament that the actor is left most free by the dramatist, is least shackled by words, and oftenest relies upon other modes of utterance, among which (we too easily forget) language is only one.

In *Othello*, consequently, who is the creature of his temperament, the actor influences the character to an unusual degree; and as the range of feeling is from the lowest notes of tender happiness to the explosions of unlimited despair, the way in which the actor conceives of feeling, his ideas of what makes it noble and of the manner in which a grand nature would express it, affect the play profoundly. A certain bent has been given to the stage interpretation and also to criticism by the notion that Shakespeare meant to exhibit in *Othello* a barbaric passion, the boiling up of a savage nature, the Oriental fervor and rashness, the dæmon of the Moorish race. Yet nothing is plainer in Shakespeare than his utter disregard of historical accuracy; he never depicted a race type, except the Jewish. If Theseus is an Athenian, or Coriolanus or Cæsar himself a Roman, then *Othello* may be a Moor; but it is most conformable to the facts to regard them all as simply ideal men, who take from their circumstances a color of nationality and a place in time, but who are essentially all of one race. We have, therefore, no sympathy with the view of those actors who give *Othello* a ferocity of emotion because he is a Moor, or with those critics who discern in the violence and brute unreason of some players in this part something to praise on the score of *Othello*'s birth under a hot Mauritanian sun. The Oriental touch in the impersonation ought not to go beyond such slight signs and tokens as the crescent scimitar, — of which Booth says, "It is harmless," — if we are to keep to Shake-

speare's art as something better than a costumer's. We dare to say that *Othello* does not exhibit one extravagance that requires to be excused by the reflection that it is natural to an alien race, though not to the English. But within the limits of the character conceived as merely ideal, there is a fine opportunity for difference among actors, and they have availed themselves of it. To indicate what we refer to by a word, *Othello*'s passion seems to have been the cardinal thought of Kean, irresistible, compulsive as "the Pontick Sea," impressive by its main force and elemental sweep; Fechter, whose conception of nobleness of nature was a poor one, sank all the heroic in the melodrama to which the situations lent themselves; and Booth, giving far more distinctness to *Othello*'s suffering, so that his revenge becomes hardly more than an incident in the course of his own soul's torture, reveals the scene of the tragedy at once as in *Othello*'s breast, where the spirit of evil is feeding on a mighty but guileless heart. It is not Desdemona's death that is the climax, — that is mere pity; but the tragic element finds its conclusion in *Othello*'s last speech and stroke. The intensity of Kean or the ideality of Booth, working upon the tragic temperament in each, must produce *Othello*'s with a difference: one tempts excess in ferocity, the other in pathos; but either is consistent with the text. After all, it is with great actors as with poets, — their creations partake of their own nature, in all heroic and ideal parts; but if, as is thought, sympathy is the best revealer of the inner meaning of works of the imagination, certainly the disciplined and habitual enacting of great rôles by actors of genius ought to be a source of light and knowledge regarding them, notwithstanding the allowance that is to be made for the "personal error" of individuality. In reading these notes, too, one gets nearer to the actor's ideal, perhaps, than in the theatre: there one

receives the impression, and is carried on, with too little consciousness of why and wherefore; but the synthesis that is made on the stage is here to be read analytically and to be reflected on. We are convinced that for the student of dramatic literature for its own sake, for

the man of letters as distinguished from the scholar, these actors' notes will prove a most valuable portion of the illustrations of Shakespeare's meaning. They are not merely a literary curiosity or a matter of entertainment; but they are tools — for him who can use them.

JOEL BARLOW.

THE life of Joel Barlow¹ is a welcome addition to our historical literature, and Mr. Todd has done his work most creditably. The book is well written and well arranged, and the selections from the letters are made wisely, briefly, and with an evident eye for what is picturesque. It is not a little surprising that a writer who entirely deserves such high praise should at the same time be open to criticism for faults which seem utterly incompatible with the existence of so many real merits and excellent qualifications. This apparent contradiction can be explained only by the supposition that Mr. Todd has much literary aptitude, but is deficient in historical training and in a sense of historical proportion.

To explain what we mean, let us begin with the errors of oversight, for which every historical writer must feel a large charity, but which are altogether too serious here to be passed over in silence. On page 56, Mr. Todd says: "The Continental Congress was then in session, in labor with the Constitution which made a nation of a group of warring and independent sovereignties." Whatever that decrepit body, the Continental Congress, was in labor with in July, 1787, it certainly was not in labor with the Constitution. Another and

far different body, which was sitting at that moment in Philadelphia, — not in New York, as Mr. Todd's allusion suggests, — was engaged in the difficult task of forming our great charter.

Barlow may have addressed his lady-love in 1779 as "*ma amie*," but we doubt very much if he wrote in 1788 that he was staying at the "*Hôtel de l'Argle d'Or*," in Havre. We do not profess familiarity with the eighteenth-century inns of that noted seaport, but we are strongly inclined to believe that Barlow stayed at the *Aigle d'Or*.

"Sir Weldbare Ellis," page 77, is intended, undoubtedly, for the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, whose first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Stanhope. If Barlow wrote it "*Weldbare*," Mr. Todd should have corrected it, or explained it in a note.

When Barlow, in 1793, took lodgings in the neighborhood of Paris, the suburb in which he dwelt was Meudon, not "Mendon." Again, in a letter (page 138) to his wife, dated on September 8, 1796, and written in French, he is made to say, according to Mr. Todd's translation, "Do not fail to withdraw my books from *Relieur*." It is quite possible that there was a person of that name, but we cannot help wondering whether in reality Barlow did not ask his wife to withdraw his books from the binder (*relieur*). We feel quite certain that on a later occasion (page 194) he said "the other

¹ *Life and Letters of Joel Barlow*, LL. D. By CHARLES BURR TODD. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

side of the street *bien entendu*," and not "*bien entendre*."

On page 212, Mr. Todd, referring to a letter written by Abraham Baldwin, the brother of Mrs. Barlow and Senator from Georgia, says: "This letter is almost the only memorial left us of the author of the famous instrument of 1787." Mr. Baldwin was unquestionably a member of the constitutional convention, but to speak of him as the "author" of the Constitution of the United States is absolutely grotesque. It can hardly be intended for a joke, and yet it seems incredible that any man in his senses should speak of Baldwin, by no means a very prominent or active member of the Philadelphia convention, as the "author" of the Constitution.

Let us now turn back to the preface, which, be it said, is very far from properly representing the value and genuine merit of the book, but which is, on the contrary, a model of loose statement. The first sentence is as follows: "The great men of the post-revolutionary age were not, as a rule, versatile." This is a singularly unlucky bit of generalization. Washington was soldier, statesman, planter, and a practical man of business; Hamilton was soldier, statesman, orator, financier, and writer, in all departments eminent, in some unsurpassed; Gallatin was statesman, debater, diplomatist, and in his old age a distinguished antiquarian and ethnologist; Marshall was soldier, statesman, lawyer, and judge; John Adams was orator, lawyer, statesman, and writer; Gouverneur Morris was statesman, financier, diplomatist, lawyer, orator, man of business. The list might be almost indefinitely extended, but the men of the first rank correctly represent those who come below. The one most striking quality of our early statesmen, in fact, was their versatility. Mr. Todd, having premised, however, that they were the reverse of versatile, then makes two exceptions, Franklin and Jefferson. The former's versatility

is so great and obvious that it could escape no one, and the latter formed no exception at all. If we leave out Madison, there was probably no man of that time who was so little versatile as Jefferson. He was statesman and politician, and nothing more. He was neither orator, writer, debater, nor soldier, like so many of his contemporaries, and his selection as an exception is as incorrect as the rule itself. Mr. Todd proves Jefferson's versatility to his own satisfaction by calling him a "philosopher." The word is vague, but if we take it in its best sense of scientific thinker and metaphysician, Jefferson was as little of a philosopher as any man could be. The truth is that when Jefferson was in Paris every one who speculated on any subject, religion, government, balloons, new-fangled ploughs, or what you please, was called a philosopher. It was part of the jargon of the time, and without any real significance. Thus Jefferson obtained his title on the same grounds it is here given to Barlow, and in both cases it means nothing except that both of them were fond of rather crude speculations upon a great variety of subjects, from the destiny of man down to mould-boards.

In thus following the preface we come to Barlow, and the very first statement shows perfectly that lack of a sense of historical proportion which constitutes the chief defect of the book. Mr. Todd says: "There was one, however, among this group of worthies (the great men of the post-revolutionary age) who excelled in at least three great departments of human effort, — in statesmanship, letters, and philosophy, — and whose practical talents were perhaps greater than those of any of his contemporaries. That man was Joel Barlow, the subject of these pages." Here we find Barlow classed with Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and the rest, and then are told that he had greater practical talents, perhaps, than any of

them. It seems absurd to deal with such a statement seriously, and yet it is evidently not intended for irony. To begin with, Barlow was not a great man at all. He was a clever man, shrewd in business, facile in verse-making, and courageous and efficient as a diplomatist. He attained distinction, and merited it. He fills a niche in the history of his time, and his life well deserves writing; but this is all that can be said of him, because this is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Let us go on with the preface. "His verse first gave American poetry a standing abroad." Barlow was probably the first American, when the colonial days were over, who wrote verses which were read abroad, but the standing thus gained for American poetry is a very uncertain quantity. "His prose writing contributed largely to the triumph of republicanism in 1800." This is, of course, purely a matter of conjecture. "He was the first American cosmopolite, and twice made use of his position to avert from his country a threatened foreign war." He may have filled the somewhat strange position of the first American cosmopolite, and he certainly bought a peace with the Dey of Algiers, but his part in averting war with France at the close of the eighteenth century was a very small one. "He was the godfather of the steamboat and canal, and sponsor with Jefferson of our present magnificent system of internal improvements." He was the friend and patron of Robert Fulton, but his connection with our system of canals is so slight that it cannot be detected. As to internal improvements, they had been suggested by Washington and advocated by Hamilton long before the first appropriation of money in Jefferson's second term; and even in regard to that appropriation Barlow's influence does not appear. His "grand idea of a national university" was a favorite one with Washington, and had been urged by him in his messages.

The observations which we have been led to make by the exaggerated statements of the preface leave but little more to be said as to Barlow himself and his place in our history. He was a clever boy, and he grew up to be a clever man. He wrote verses when in college, tried preaching as an army chaplain, made various other experiments, and then drifted abroad as the agent of the Scioto Land Company. The manner in which he "placed" this scheme in France forms the one discreditable action of his life. He was selling a wilderness in Ohio, and he described it in a circular as a species of Paradise, and among other things as a region where frost was almost unknown. The representations of the circular were false, and there is every reason to suspect that the same delusive promises were made orally. Mr. Todd attempts no defense of Barlow's conduct in this matter, from which it may fairly be concluded that no defense is possible. The affair ended miserably. The unfortunate emigrants found themselves without any title to the lands which had served as a bait to draw them to America, and were finally relieved, after much distress and weary waiting, by the interposition of Congress. The company failed wretchedly and disgracefully, dragging down Colonel Duer, Hamilton's friend and the chief promoter, as well as many others, to utter ruin.

Barlow seems to have been almost the only one of those concerned in this luckless speculation who escaped scot-free. He remained in France, and addressed himself to making his own fortune, a task in which he succeeded extremely well. Money-getting, however, formed only a small part of his occupations, for he was full of restless energy. He was carried away by the strong current of the French Revolution, and undertook to revolutionize England, by which he gained considerable temporary notoriety, but nothing else. He became

a citizen of France, and sought an election to the assembly, but without success. He appears, in fact, to have been perfectly indifferent, at this period, as to the politics into which he plunged, provided they were revolutionary and turbulent, and he was brimful of all the visionary ideas which then swarmed in Paris. His utter failure to comprehend the real meaning of the French Revolution, or to distinguish between the forces at work in France and those in the United States, reveals the lightness of mind which was his chief defect.

In 1796 he went to Algiers, to endeavor to buy a treaty, and to release the unfortunate Americans who were prisoners in that nest of cut-throats. He succeeded perfectly in both objects, and displayed in so doing great tact and a high and patient courage which was equally proof against peril from a blood-thirsty ruler and from a devastating plague. His whole conduct during this mission redounds to his honor and that of his country.

He returned to the United States in 1805, and took up his residence in Washington, where he led a very pleasant life and kept open house. He was intimate with Jefferson and Madison and all the democratic leaders; and when they had fallen victims to the arts of Napoleon, and were being tricked into a war with England, Barlow was selected to go as minister to France, and try to unravel the tangled skein of our relations with that country. There can be little doubt, judging from his conduct in Algiers, that he would have attained all the success possible, under the circumstances, had his life been spared. But the fates were against him from the start.

In the bustle of preparation for the Russian expedition, Napoleon had no time to spare in Paris for the American minister. Then the Emperor sent for Barlow to join him at Wilna on the eve of the march to Moscow. To Wilna

Barlow accordingly went, and there he waited while the empire tottered to its fall amid the snows of Russia. When all was over, Napoleon left the remnants of his great army and fled to Paris, and Barlow followed him at once, but fell ill by the way from fatigue and exposure, and died in a little Polish village, struggling to the last to do his duty. It was a sad end for such a man, full of bravery and patriotism, and earnest in his zeal to serve his country.

Barlow's public life, although very creditable, was neither long continued nor important in results. He is chiefly interesting to-day as a rather striking figure in the society of the time and in our literary history. His contributions to literature have in themselves no particular merit. He wrote some vigorous controversial papers, and was master of a pleasant prose style, but his pamphlets have retired to the store-houses of history, and are read only by students. It was to verse, however, not to prose, that he looked for fame and remembrance. He regarded himself as a great poet, and as such wished to be held in recollection; but his poetry is unread and forgotten. It is not surprising that he felt as he did, for he had a lofty idea of his own importance, and indeed of his greatness in all respects, which crops out in his letters with a most amusing frankness. With such a disposition, it was a matter of course that he should place a high value on his performances, which were extolled both at home and abroad, in a way which it is difficult now to understand. Mr. Todd says that the Vision of Columbus met with high favor at the hands of the "*Parisian raconteurs*," which is no doubt true, although we cannot conjecture how their opinion was obtained, or why they should be selected by Mr. Todd as the literary arbiters of the day. It is at all events certain that Barlow's poems were widely read and extravagantly praised on both sides of the water. This arose, in the

one case, probably, because we then had nothing that could be called either literature or poetry; and in the other, because Europe regarded an American poet as Swift did the parrot: "The bird does not talk well; the wonder is that he talks at all."

Barlow was not a poet. He wrote graceful verses with much facility, but they have neither imagination nor originality. The *Columbiad*, which belongs to the school of Pope in its extreme decadence, is a dreary, didactic poem, written according to a set plan previously drawn up, like a lawyer's brief. An early poem, written to celebrate Burgoyne's defeat, is a pale reflection of Dryden. His *Hasty Pudding*, the best of his more ambitious poems, is a mock heroic of Pope's school also, and is not without merit. But all alike are echoes, more or less distinct, of the work of other men acting on a quick and impressionable mind. Some short, occasional poems are really the best things

Barlow ever wrote, and have both ease and grace. The chief value of his work, and of that of the little literary coterie at Hartford to which he belonged, lies in the fact that it forms a starting-point in the development of our national literature. The historian and the collector will read the *Columbiad*, — the former in the way of business, and the latter because he loves handsome folios; but no one else will wade through those heavy lines.

In this way, as an early figure in our literary history, Barlow has a claim upon us; but he has a much stronger claim as a witty and cultivated man of the world, an agreeable letter-writer, and a successful and bold diplomatist during the brief time that he held office. As we said at the outset, his life well deserved writing, and after all deductions are made a very real debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Todd for a spirited biography, and for well-chosen selections from the interesting material at his disposal.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

As we pass away from the period of childhood, most of its wonderful sights lose their fascination. To experienced and disillusioned middle age it almost seems that nothing is any longer wonderful, except perhaps the fact that nothing is any longer wonderful. But for my own part, as I go on in life, I find that two or three of the child's great spectacles still keep for me their freshness. One of these is the elephant, leading the circus procession through the village street. I never could see it enough, that huge, unearthly shape, moving solemnly along; flapping its wings of ears not for common and mundane fly-guards, but in some mysterious gesture or ceremonial; bending its archi-

tectural legs in the wrong place; waving its trunk in incantation; seeing none of the trivial street matters to right or left, but absorbed in Oriental dreams. I used to think it strange that people who were rich enough should not have one always pacing about their own back yards.

Another of these spectacles of childhood that keeps its charm for me is the locomotive at full speed. Momentum is but a word in a book, except when I stand as near as I dare to the clattering rails, and take the fearful joy of seeing, hearing, feeling, touching, so to speak, with the trembling antennæ of my mind, the thunderous rush of the iron mass as it reaches me, and is gone. A different and calmer pleasure is to watch the

train from a half mile's distance across the fields, — how *slick* is its slipping along, "without haste, without rest," as if independently of any propelling force; for it is the train that appears to run the driving-wheels, not the driving-wheels the train. It is not momentum, now, but the inertia of motion; not a missile or projectile, hurled from behind or drawn from before, but a thing whose state of speed is as natural and immutable as to other things the state of rest. Only I never can make the forward motion of the engine itself appear steady and uniform. To my eye there is some optical illusion by which the rushing and whizzing creature seems incessantly to hang for the smallest fraction of a second, then leap forward, then hang again; and so, by alternate infinitesimal checks and boundings ahead, to fly on its swift way.

But the sight in which I still take the most childlike delight is the spring bonfire. Just about the time that the cherry-trees are snowing out into full bloom; and the blue-birds, loveliest of feathered things, are talking about nesting-boxes in gentle, irresolute voices, soft as their breasts and their flight; and the first round clouds are rolling across a deeper azure than has yet appeared; and some merry maid, herself freshly blossomed out in a sprigged spring gown, comes in triumphant with the first arbutus, then the sound of the rake is heard in the land. The offending sticks and straws of last year's garden life are gathered together into dry and light-tossed piles. Now the eager child is permitted, if he is good, the untold felicity of setting off the bonfire. There is

"The quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,"

the instant's breathless suspense while the first pungency of the vaporous odor steals out, the sere sticks keeping at least some fragrant memory of the past summer within them, and giving up this last ghost in reluctant and wavering smoke.

It is fairly lighted, and now in a moment blows in freshly the favoring gale that all flames and other aspiring spirits call to themselves out of whatever depth of stagnation around them, and "up leaps and out springs" the crimson, the orange, the scarlet, the vividly flame-colored flame. Always out of soft sheaths of brown smoke the blades of fire dart upward, in curves, and bounding whirls and spirals, and sudden sidelong sword-thrusts. Would it not all seem the very quintessence of voluntary, self-impelled aspiration upward and away from earth? In sober scientific verity, however, what is at the bottom of all that swift and buoyant skyward impulse? It is no life within; it is all force from without. Atmospheric pressure is the plain prose of it. It is a pretty illusion, but there is really no heavenward striving in the flame. It leaps and bounds upward in beautiful freedom, but it is only — oh, the inexorable fact! — that the weight of the heavier air around it squeezes the flame out of its way in helpless obedience to gravity. And so an uneasy question creeps into the mind, namely, this: If these leaping crests of the flame, these upflung wings, so eager and mad to rise that flame shreds away from flame in the upward rush, leaving detached waves of fire hanging free of the crimson column, and flickering an instant by themselves, — if this is all but the illusory aspect of inert matter under the pressure of outside circumstance, what may we think of our own semblance of free will and aspiration? As we look from the flame to the man, must we say, "So he"? Is each apparently spontaneous out-thrust of free impulse nothing but a blind result of the composition of forces surrounding us in the world?

If this would seem a dolorous doubt, it has, on second thought, another and more comfortable side. If wills were perfectly free of outside influence, what a jostle and shock of chaotic impulses!

It would be like a starry universe in which gravity had fallen asleep, all the planets gone mad and become comets, and every comet an egoistic and resistless force bent on universal destruction. It is curious to consider that, unless the human will were controlled by outside forces, — influenced, at least, and is not every influence to that extent a control? — it would be impossible to sway any friend for good, impossible to *be* swayed by any friend for good, since the influencing will is but an outside force to any other will. What would become of education, training, all loving ministrations of gentle control, if every child's own choice and every evil passion's propulsion were a supreme free force, a blind flame, leaping hither and thither at its own impulse? Free will? — it seems our most priceless possession. Fate? — it seems our deadliest foe. But when we go to another human soul, with some confidence that we may win it to forego an evil opportunity, and to take the better and wiser path, it is because we rely on being able to step, ourselves, into the chain of controlling forces surrounding that other will, and so to become its fate, or some small segment of its fate, as against its own free will. I feel that I am free, and I delight to feel it; but I know that there is at this moment approaching me, unseen, on the train, or across the ocean, or down the street, a friend whose will, an outside force to me, shall bend me this way or that by a word. And at this fact, too, how can I but rejoice? — although I recognize plainly enough that the more I am loved by any spirit wiser and stronger than my own, the less I shall be free. That as yet unspoken word, I know, is but one among ten million converging forces, in the centre of which my will vibrates and quivers in delicate response to each electric thrill of influence. If it were not so, again, how could one take measures against the questionable possibilities of his own future self? If

my will, at a given hour of next year or ten years hence, is to be a free and uncontrollable impulse, what use for me to legislate for it to-day?

And there is one other and final consolation in that bugbear of a thought that the leaping flame is but the slave of the crowding air: it is from the reflection that, whether it be safe or not for universal exoteric doctrine, "the evil that we do" not only "lives after us;" it lived before us. The seeds of it were sown within us from without, like the meteoric dust that may have brought the germs of foul weeds upon a virgin planet. Evil deeds, evil thoughts, they are all of the nature of an *influenza*, — an *influence*, or a convergence of a multitude of such. For the moment, if only for the moment, we break away from the sane sense of personal responsibility, and, turning on the ghost of our bad deed, we cry, "Thou canst not say *I* did it!" And yet —

— Next to the pleasure of finding ourselves different from people in general with regard to great matters is the pleasure of discovering our identity with them in small matters. For my own part, at least, I like to know that I am not so eccentric as I may have feared in various little "tricks and manners" of my body or my mind. I am always pleased to meet people who wear their thumbs inside their shut hand; and who have square-toed shoes; and who like the smell of catnip and the taste of some cates when a little burnt; and who reluct at shaking hands; and who never sharpen the lead of a pencil; and who say "good-morning" to the servants; and who reject the use of a spoon, as being a thing to take powders in, or the milder nourishments of helpless infancy.

So it would be a gratification to me to know that others are subject to a habit of the mind which has always clung to me, and which I suspect of being nearly universal. I mean the habit

of forgetting certain words, which have been reached for and have slipped away so many times that they have become permanently slippery, at least about the handle. There are words which are such old offenders in this way that I feel their vicinity before I get to them, in speaking or writing, and I say to myself, There! I shall have a time, now, to get hold of that word!—and so I always do. *Peremptory* is one of these slippery words, with me. *Complacent* is another. *Sententious* is a third. And there is still another, which even now, as I sought it for an example, escaped my grasp, “as slipper as an eeles sliding:” it is the word *deprecatory*. The way I took to find it and seize upon it, just at this moment, was by keeping before my mind’s eye the image of a humble small dog standing before a haughty big one, in momentary doubt as to whether the tail will wag or the jaws will devour. By keeping this picture vividly present to one lobe of the brain, while the other lobe strained every nerve to seize the initial syllable, vaguely felt (that most mysterious state of the mind) to be just hovering on the very edge of the memory, “on the tip of my tongue,” as we say,—thus at last I clutched it and drew it in.

There are certain proper names that have become thus polished on the handle; that is to say, on the initial syllable. Sometimes I succeed in getting them by working at the other end, and the final syllable drags in the unwilling first. My best reliance, however, is in the alphabet. By beginning at *a*, *b*, *c*, and going slowly down the letters, watching closely for the least sign of recognition, the smallest indication of that chemical affinity or magnetic attraction which the mental image of the person shows for its proper title when you come to its initial letter, I can commonly find the required proper name. Sometimes it happens that I have to give it up, for the moment, and by and by, when engaged

about something else, it “comes to me,” as the result of unconscious cerebration. I have an acquaintance named *Bonstead*, a most excellent dealer in some of the necessities of life. If he had any idea how I have struggled with his name, I believe he would hardly consider it friendly conduct on his part not to go and have it changed. Now there is no assignable reason why this name should slip my memory more than others. It is, on the face of it, a name of good augury, and has been borne by admirable people. To another mind my own name, or that of the reader, would as likely be the erring one. And so of the few exceptional words cited above. Another memory will doubtless have entirely different examples. My explanation is that these happen to be words of which, for some purely accidental reason, I got but a feeble hold when first encountered; so that, having slipped once, and again, and still again, they acquired the habit of slipping, and became permanently slippery.

—I am convinced that one important way to acquire a profound knowledge of human nature is to study it in chickens. The difference between the mental characteristics of the two sexes, for example: the hen is very peaceable, chanticleer very irascible; the hen is an industrious scratcher, while chanticleer is naturally an idler, and thinks that if he crows and fights, that is enough; the hen takes care of the chicks all day, chanticleer only occasionally giving them a bug, and oftener a dig; the hen takes care of them all night also, chanticleer elbowing them off the perch to get the best place for himself; the hen, having seized another hen about the head, never lets go till the feathers come out, and never stops fighting till nearly dead, while chanticleer fights only for glory, and gives up long before he is hurt much; when they are fed, the hen attends strictly to business and gets all she can, while chanticleer will pick up

a morsel, and wave it up and down with frantic eagerness to be seen of the hen, and values the flattery of having her take it from him more than the food.

These, so far, are well-known observations; but I wish to put on record one that is perhaps new, and, if new, important to the scientific world. It has been commonly supposed by evolutionists that the development of altruism and the benevolent sentiments in the lower animals reaches no farther than to the parental and sex points of view. But I have seen one of my roosters call his fellow and feed a bug to him. It may have been a bug that he did not specially want, himself, but this would only be a counterpart of much of our higher human benevolence. Does not most of our charity consist in giving away something for which we have no earthly use ourselves? (By the way, I have known this altruistic rooster to crow with great pride and pleasure when the object of his alms-giving had humbly swallowed the scratchy morsel.) I have seen a mother hen, also, when another brood of little chicks had got mixed up with her own for the moment, making a great pretense of pecking the aliens on the head, to teach them the difference between families in this world, but taking great pains not to hurt the fluffy little strangers. Furthermore, I have noticed that certain other hens, not mothers (but whether any who have never been mothers I have not yet observed), will peck all little chicks with self-restraint, giving them as much salutary discipline as possible without bodily harm.

It may be said that these phenomena occur only among domestic animals, who have caught some morals and manners from their betters by contagion. But I think this is a subtlety, and that we may as well admit that the development of the moral sentiments begins further back than we have been inclined to put it.

— There is a certain small and yet in the long run important hindrance that I often encounter in the act of writing, for which I should very much like to find the exact psychological explanation. It is very possibly a common experience with all toilers in pen and ink. When I am deeply absorbed in a piece of work, and my whole mind is fixed on a train of thought which I am trying to follow out and express in precise language, a sudden interruption (as by my wife's asking me a question) causes a peculiar and specific mental wrench or jar that is more than an annoyance, and amounts to a positive pain. What is it that happens in the brain as the physical concomitant or cause of this? I observe that the shock varies in intensity with the completeness of the absorption or abstraction of the mind in its work. This is so much a matter of instinct that I find myself, during any perceived liability to such interruption, withholding my attention from complete concentration on my writing, in order to lessen the force of the painful blow that I feel may come at any moment. (This secondary effort, by the way, or voluntary restraining of the mind from its desired track, always seems to produce in me, no matter how much I may resist it, a kind of irritation or sub-irritation of temper, after a little, which soon destroys the possibility of any satisfactory production.) Is the physical explanation of this interruption-shock, perhaps, that the sudden back-flow of the nerve currents, inundating tracts in the brain left empty by the concentration of the whole mind on its task, gives a kind of stab or jerk to the nervous centres? And does the effort to withhold a part of the attention, while consciously subject to interruption, correspond, physically, to a forcible keeping of all the channels partially filled against a too sudden wave, or jet, of energy?

The condition of things in the mind at such a time always seems to me (to

suggest it by the merest inadequate hint of metaphor) as if the effort to hold and carry on a train of thought were a muscular struggle, while grasping tightly a number of separate lengths of bamboo rod to keep them close together, end to end, and in a perfectly straight line, as the necessary condition of having a new length continually sprout out from the growing extremity. Now if, at the moment when every nerve is strained to hold these pieces in position, some one were to give us a sudden *shove* in the back, — such seems the kind of interruption I speak of.

Whatever be the correct explanation of the phenomenon, the suffering and hindrance from it are considerable, in the course of a lifetime; and we hereby bring it to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wri— But, come to think, there is no such benevolent organization as yet in existence.

— I sometimes occupy as a summer study a room in the Old House. Who knows not the Old House, that, having given place to the new, is still retained, at no great distance, as a convenient adjunct of the latter, to receive the overplus of domestic chattels, the half-worn and supernumerary things which either economy or sentiment cannot altogether dispense with? In this respect the Old House is a sort of kitchen attic on the ground-floor. The roof is mossy, and the eaves are well honey-combed by the boring-bees, whose low humming makes a pleasing accompaniment to a summer-afternoon reverie. The raspberry brambles which have sprung up by the wall bring the birds in a bickering company to dispute the feasts of small fruits. In at the window where I read or write a grape-vine sends a succulent branch, a yard in length. Tentative, delicately poisoning, it would like to attach itself, but can find no stay. I have a notion that if I would but reach out my finger the tendrils would take the hint, and

soon begin to curl and clasp about the proffered support. Thus, in the course of a summer, one might, if patient, become the trellis of a luxuriant vine growth, or even counterfeit the woody metamorphoses of classic story. At the opposite window hangs a curtain of morning-glory leaf and flower, often gently stirred by the breeze. From a crack in the sagging doorsill, containing a pinch of earth, there has sprung up a plant like those in the figured curtain before the window. This seedling has been an object of tenderest solicitude with me. Its cramped circumstances seemed to call for a special providence, and I have looked upon it as a pensioner in the doorway. In the two months since I first observed it there, it has attained the prodigious height of four inches; having been fretted by insects, it has but the fraction of a leaf remaining.

One morning a surprise awaited me. My poor, liberal plant, from which one could in reason expect no return for care bestowed upon it, had put forth a flower, small but perfect, up-looking of necessity, white-throated and rosy-lipped. Its hardihood and tact suggested the habits of arctic and alpine plants that bloom close to the ground. Those whom I brought to see my threshold flower had various opinions regarding it. One said, "Escaped from cultivation; you will find plenty of that sort in Oberon's garden." Another thought it represented infinite riches of summer in small room. A third remarked, "A tract left for you to read and reflect on." To this last opinion I incline.

Well, chide me, if thou wilt, courageous plant!
So I grow emulous to strive with thee,
What though my lot remote and straitened be,
Of kindly sun and dew my portion scant?
The shrewd denying Fate is ministrant,
And yet my life its hour of bloom shall see.

— I am not a musician professionally, or in any strict sense of the word; but I am fond of music, and, having a correct ear and some facility of touch,

I have played on a good many instruments without acquiring much skill with any one of them. One musical endowment there is which might have been strong in me, if it had ever received any proper cultivation: it is the power of composing tunes, of improvisation, on a very limited and unimpressive scale. Tunes make themselves in my head, — such as they are. When I “whistle as I go, for want of thought,” it is neither classical nor popular music, but such as makes itself as it goes along. It is very indifferent whistling, considered from the point of view of the “distinguished amateur” whistler, but unconsciously the tune, if “a poor thing, sir,” is nearly always “my own.”

All this personality only by way of prelude to a curious fact. From about the age of twenty I have found more and more frequently coming into my mind a peculiar sort of tune; a queer minor melody, like the Scotch, and yet not like the Scotch. Its angular yet taking wildness is more like the Irish tunes that one occasionally hears a genuine native Irish girl singing, or half humming, with unconscious pauses and sudden *crescendos* that follow the vicissitudes of her work. This habitual presentation in the mind of these broken, wavering melodies, always on a half-fierce and half-pathetic minor key, had continued for some ten years when I made my first acquaintance, by chance, with the folk-music of the Welsh. It was on a Cunarder in mid-ocean, on the voyage to Liverpool. One evening I was loitering up and down the deck in the warm moonlight, when a group of steerage passengers, sitting or reclining about the foot of the foremast, began to sing in a low and half-unconscious strain in the midst of their talk. They were, it seems, Welsh people, who were choosing this particular time to revisit the fatherland because of an approaching *Eisteddfod*, somewhere in South Wales. It was, I perceived instantly, the “music

of my dreams.” To the best of my knowledge and belief, I had never heard these tunes, or any such tunes, sung, whistled, or played anywhere before. It had so happened that I had never lived in or near any Welsh settlements. I had never chanced to make the acquaintance of so much as one solitary Welsh person, so far as I know. Yet here, sung by these returning Cymric exiles in the yellow moonlight, as we rose and fell on the gently heaving waves, — here were the very strains that had for years been floating, unbidden and unrecognized, through my brain. I do not mean to say that the precise phrases and cadences were here. But the character, the musical moods and tenses, the tone-color, were the same.

My explanation of the fact is simple, but to most will probably be incredible. I have Welsh blood in my family, far back on my mother's side. By some freak of heredity the music of my Welsh ancestors has come down through six, eight, or ten generations, as a dormant germ, and come to life again — a dim, somnolent, imperfect life, to be sure — in a corner of my brain. I could almost fancy (though this I do not soberly believe, for it is explicable in other ways) that there has come down with it a visual picture of wild torchlight marchings and countermarchings in savage Welsh glens. So plainly do I see in my brain, ever since that night on the steamer, and especially ever since the corroboration of that instantaneous recognition through a collection of Cymric songs which I afterward obtained, visions that befit this strange, barbaric music. I see mountain gorges at night, black-clad in stunted and leaning trees, under a wild sky, where an unshapely waning moon dives among scudding rags of storm. Wind-ing along the pass comes a procession of my Keltic ancestors: it is a burial, or some savage midnight gathering against the Saxon invader. Red torches flare in the midst of their flying smoke; some

indistinct dark mass is borne among the leaders; and now and again there are metallic gleams along the vanishing line. They are small, dark men, half clothed in skins of beasts, and their wild eyes shine under streaming locks of

black hair. A mountain stream beside them flashes its white bursts of foam out of the darkness under the crags, and continually there rises and mingles with its roar that fierce yet woful music, half shouted and half sung.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Poets and Problems, by George Willis Cooke (Ticknor), is a consideration mainly of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. Mr. Cooke says much that is good and reasonable; but he says a great deal also which is platitudinarian, and we do not discover that fine insight which alone makes such work really desirable. What does he mean, by the way, when he says, "I do not write as a professional critic, for I have little other than feelings of contempt for that profession and the methods by which it contrives to live"? To our thinking, amateur criticism is most to be deprecated, though it would be a pity to pour contempt upon that. — *Faust*, the First Part, translated in the original metres, by Frank Claudy. (W. H. Morrison, Washington.) The translator, himself a German, writes modestly of his own work, and certainly disarms the critic by the manner in which he speaks of the best known translation. His own work is well worth careful attention. — *A Study of Dante*, by Susan E. Blow, with an introduction by William T. Harris. (Putnams.) This study is not æsthetic, but philosophical, with a very decided theological cast. — *Comparative Literature*, by Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, is the fifty-fourth volume of the International Scientific series (Appleton), and will have peculiar interest as one of the most marked attempts at gathering the results of ethnological and sociological study, and applying them to the development of literature at different periods. Whatever may be the specific value of the conclusions reached by this author, his method of inquiry is quite sure to start many new thoughts about literature in the minds of students who are not content with an æsthetic treatment. — *Our Odyssey Club*, by Agnes Gragg (Lothrop), may be included here, though it might also be placed under Fiction. It is a slight book, which professes to sketch the results of study of the *Odyssey* by a club; one of the results, to be sure, being a wedding. The insight is not very profound, and one sometimes wonders why a writer who seems to be so clever as Agnes Gragg should after all have made so little of her opportunity. — *Specimens of English Prose Style*, from Macaulay, selected and annotated, with

an introductory essay, by George Saintsbury. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Saintsbury has attempted to make a collection of characteristic examples of written style. There is, of course, always a difficulty in giving any comprehensive impression of an author's style in brief passages, and Mr. Saintsbury undertakes to illustrate some hundred authors in less than four hundred pages; but the collection is an interesting one, and is made more useful by head-notes, which help to place the author, and by foot-notes. The editor also prefixes a readable paper on English prose style, which is of the unpretentious, business-like character which belongs to much contemporaneous critical writing. — *Three Americans and Three Englishmen* is the title which Professor Charles F. Johnson gives to lectures read before the students of Trinity College, Hartford, on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow. It is the personal judgment of literature, and that is often a fine humanizing method. At any rate, college students are better off for having the forces of literature presented to them through a study of the men who have given impetus to literary movements. Mr. Johnson writes naturally and with genuine interest in his theme; the book is not a great one, but it is generous and wholesome. It shows insight, and must reach many minds that are open to the love of literature. — *Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs*, by the Countess Evelyn Martinego-Cesaresco (George Redway, London), is a volume full of curious and interesting learning in the lines indicated in the title. The author covers a wide field in her researches, — to most readers, except philologists, a rather dry field, but she makes the subject entertaining by force of her own graceful manner. We shall probably hereafter speak of the work in detail; meanwhile, we commend it as one of the most valuable of its class. — *The Epic Songs of Russia*, by Julia Florence Haggood, with an Introduction by Professor Child (Scribner's Sons), is reserved for later notice.

Education and Text-Books. The School Room Chorus, a collection of two hundred songs for public and private schools, compiled by E. V. De Graff. (Bardeen.) The grade is not very high, neither do there appear to be many puerile

pieces; the book is of an average second-rate character. — *Manual Training*, the solution of social and industrial problems, by Charles H. Ham. (Harpers.) We are entering upon a new mode of education, and such books as this indicate the direction. It is natural that the apostles of the new gospel should be zealous and have faith, but the day will come when there will be a reaction, not to the too exclusively intellectual methods of the past, but at any rate to a juster view of the fundamental importance of abstract intellectual exercise than the prophets of the new school are quite ready to accept. Theoretically, the combination of manual and mental modes is admitted, but, practically the manual is brought to the front. — Though not professedly a text book, the translation by Sarah Frances Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott of Zeller's *Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy* (Holt) will serve an excellent purpose as an introduction to the study. The treatment is chronological, with a preliminary essay upon the origin, sources, and development of Greek philosophy. — *Delsarte System of Dramatic Expression*, by Genevieve Stebbins. (Edgar S. Werner, New York.) It is a little difficult to determine just where this book comes from. Delsarte is at the bottom of it, but the intermediary processes to Genevieve Stebbins are not clear. Is it a translation from the Abbé Delaunoy? — The Report of the Commissioners of Education for 1883-84 has been received from the Government Printing Office. It has the customary full statistical information. — Harper & Brothers have issued a very carefully prepared Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine. The work, which is compiled by Charles A. Durfee, is brought down to June, 1885. — *Primary Phenomenal Astronomy* for teachers and general readers, how to study and how to teach it, by F. H. Bailey. (Northville, Wayne Co., Mich.) A pamphlet mainly designed to set forth the author's scheme in his *Cosmosphere*. — The second volume of Gray's *Botanical Text-Book* (Iverson) is Dr. Goodale's *Physiological Botany* in two parts, *Outlines of the Histology of Phanogamous Plants* and *Vegetable Physiology*. The precision and lucidity of this writer are everywhere apparent, and the book bears the mark of great thoroughness of execution, but we are surprised at the inferiority of the diagrams and other illustrations. It may be that the harsh and unsympathetic paper is responsible, but we hardly think the paper only is at fault. — *Outlines of Universal History*, designed as a text-book and for private reading, by George Park Fisher. (Iverson.) When one considers the scope of this book, its compactness is remarkable. The judicious mind of the author, his fairness and catholic spirit, make the book very valuable. Of course the plan of the work is the most important feature. Nobody looks to an outline for details; it is the proportion and the distribution of parts that is chiefly to be considered, and in this respect the book is likely to wear well. — Ticknor & Co. have published numbers two and three of *The Olden Time* series, a selection from old Boston and Salem newspapers, arranged and annotated by Henry M. Brooks.

Religion and Philosophy. *Eventful Nights in Bible History*, by Alfred Lee. (Harpers.) A curiously arbitrary basis for historical narrative, but it results in bringing together a good many picturesque scenes and incidents. Bishop Lee writes with fervor and not without literary grace. — *Messianic Expectations and Modern Judaism*, lectures delivered by Solomon Schindler, of the temple Adath Israel, in Boston, with an introduction by Minot J. Savage. (Cassino.) An interesting exposition of American Judaism by an educated man. The book will serve as a corrective of many indolently held traditional notions; it will also set some to reflecting upon the extraordinary solvent of ecclesiasticism which modern democracy presents. One would infer from some passages in this book that what the wind of persecution could not do the sunshine of indifference was doing, in making the Jew throw aside his cloak. — *Religious Progress, the Practical Christianity of Christ*. (Trübner, London.) A somewhat feeble and not very definite attempt on the part of an anonymous writer to reconstruct organic Christianity upon a basis which shall exclude the supernatural. The earnestness and sincerity of the writer may be granted without denying his failure to conceive the historic meaning of Christianity. If Christ and his disciples held the faith as our writer supposes, and yet the present state of things has been historically developed, is there reason to suppose that a return to primitive Christianity, if possible, would be followed by any other development; and if by another, then is not the variation to be accounted for by the very growth of Christianity which the writer deplors? — *German Psychology of To-Day*, the empirical school, by Th. Ribot, translated by J. M. Baldwin, with a preface by President McCosh. (Scribners.) The new school of physiological psychology aims at careful observation, external and internal, as the basis of its deductions, and excludes, as far as possible, all metaphysical speculation, and, as the science is most advanced in Germany, this work may be taken as the latest survey of the field. — *The Lepers of Molokai*, by Charles Warren Stoddard (Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana), while from one point of view a sketch of travel, is more properly a record of devotion on the part of certain religious persons to the unfortunate lepers of the Hawaiian Islands. The book, as a piece of literature, is a little curious; it affects one like a strong smell of musk. — *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Church in London*, some time belonging to the Priory of the same in West Smithfield, edited, from the original manuscript, by Norman Moore. While a spiritual history, this pamphlet also contains a glimpse of life in London in the time of Henry II. — *The World and the Logos* is the title of the Bedell Lectures for 1885, delivered by Bishop H. M. Thompson. (Putnam's.) A somewhat rhetorical and fervid argument for a moral purpose in the universe.

Fiction. *A Ranchman's Stories*, by Howard Seely. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Ten stories which belong to the mixed drinks of literature. Sentiment, swagger, slouch, reminiscences of Bret

Harte, red-shirts, indifference to life and grammar, are all mingled, and to be taken hot. — *A Daughter of Fife*, by Amelia E. Barr (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a Scottish story, in which the severer virtues which figure in most Scottish stories are well represented. The story is the work of a writer who respects her work, but the class to which it belongs is apt to be most popular with readers not quite ready to appreciate an excellent piece of art. — *Atla*, a tale of the lost island, by Mrs. J. Gregory Smith (Harpers), is one of the painfully unreadable attempts at reconstructing Atlantis, and at the same time reading a lesson to modern civilization. — *The Sphinx's Children* and other People's, by Rose Terry Cooke. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Cooke is without doubt the best narrator of New England country life, after Mrs. Stowe, and she has more delicacy of touch than Mrs. Stowe. She is unequal, — who is not? — but her best is very good, and her poorest is rarely without a redeeming touch. In this volume she has collected a number of short sketches, which, taken together, make a singularly rich gallery of New England portraits. — *The Lost Name*, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Ticknor), has for its foundation the emigration of a French family to America after the French Revolution. The author, however, if she had a good basis of facts, has no skill in building a romantic structure. — *Tales of Eccentric Life*, by W. A. Hammond and Clara Lanza. (Appleton.) Ten short stories which bear something of the relation to normal human life, or to honest fiction, that description of *lusus naturæ* do to plain natural history. — *The Prelate*, by Isaac Henderson. (Ticknor.) A novel of life in Rome, with sub-reference to the explication of theological contentions. The book is apparently carefully studied, but it lacks spontaneity. — *Salammbô* of Gustave Flaubert, Englished by M. French Sheldon. (Saxon & Co., London and New York.) This historical romance has been called the "resurrection of Carthage," and the English and American reader may now possess the history and the romance, but at the cost, we regret to say, of idiomatic English. — *Love's Martyr*, by Laurence Alma Tadema. (Appleton.) A story of the early part of the century, pitched in a somewhat high key, and straining the reader's sympathy. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are, *Our Sensation Novel*, by J. H. McCarthy; *In Shallow Waters*, by Annie Armitt; *Tulip Place*, a story of New York, by Virginia W. Johnson; *With the King* at Oxford, a tale of the great rebellion, by

the Rev. Alfred J. Church; and *Sea Life Sixty Years Ago*, a record of adventures which led up to the discovery of the relics of the long-missing expedition commanded by the Comte de la Perouse. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library have appeared *The Strange Adventure of Captain Dangerous*, by G. A. Sala, and the *Mystery of Allan Grale*, by Isabella Fyire Mayo. — *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) A striking story, very clever in manipulation, but suggesting certain questions which one finds it somewhat difficult to answer, when once away from the fascination of the book. Of course, we know that the whole book is one interrogation mark, but the questions we would ask are such as may be put to Stevenson, the story-teller; for example, why should Mr. Hyde, the incarnation of evil, be troubled by any remorse at all? Was the drug anything more than whiskey? — Under the titles *A Vital Question* and *What's to be Done* we have two translations of a novel by Tchernychevsky, the Nihilist. The former translation (Crowell & Co.) is the work of Messrs. Dole and Skidelsky, and the latter is from the pen of B. R. Tucker, who appears on the title-page as publisher. Whatever the novel may be in the Russian, it is inexpressibly tedious in English.

Biography and History. — Cassell & Co. have issued the first three volumes of their *Actors and Actresses*, edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. The work, which is to be completed in five volumes, consists of a series of brief sketches, biographical and critical, of the leading stage folk of Great Britain and the United States from the days of Garrick to the present time. The editors have enlisted some clever pens in their enterprise, besides doing valuable service themselves. — *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, collected and edited by Allen Thorndike Rice (N. A. Publishing Co.), is a volume of very interesting personal recollections, of which we shall hereafter speak more fully. — *Massacres of the Mountains*, by J. P. Dunn, Jr. (Harpers), is a well-written and exciting history of Indian wars in the western wilds of the United States. The book is profusely illustrated.

Poetry. Edgar Fawcett's third volume of serious verse, *Romance and Revery* (Ticknor & Co.), is a great advance on *Song and Story*, though the new volume contains nothing so original and artistic as a certain group of lyrics in his earliest collection, *Fantasy and Passion*.